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POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FEBRUARY 29 · 1964 20c

POLITICS IN SPACE
By LYNDON B. JOHNSON

AMERICA'S NEGLECTED COLONIES
TROUBLE IN THE PACIFIC

The square life of
CLAUDIA CARDINALE:
Dazzling new European star

GREAT CREDIT FIASCO IN NEBRASKA

FICTION BY
JOHN O'HARA

Maiden of Ulithi in ceremonial dance

The Pope and the Nazis: A controversial play / New Orleans: Where Cosa Nostra does its banking

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She opened doors in the sky...

On the evening of May 20, 1932, she opened up the engine for the rush of take-off. A minute later she lifted the wings of her small plane and headed out over the vast lonely sea.

Amelia Earhart was the second person in history to make a solo flight across the Atlantic.

She did it because she felt that "women must try the things men have tried. When they fail, their failure must be but a challenge to others."

But mostly she did it because she loved flying. And she loved the sky. She loved the beauty of it, the silence of it, the limitlessness of it. And its challenge. Even its danger.

She had a soft voice, an almost shy manner. She wrote poetry, dreamed dreams. She seemed like others.

But she was different. She had the driving spirit that sets some people apart from the rest. The courageous, inquisitive, imaginative, wise ... and sometimes seemingly foolish spirit that makes these people *do* ... while others only dream of doing.

With other aviation pioneers she found pathways in the unknown sky. She raced time and won. She flew through space and made distance shrink between people and nations.

On July 2, 1937, on a trans-world flight with her navigator, Fred Noonan, the plane vanished into the sprawling Pacific. Her courageous spirit was never heard from again.

But Amelia Earhart will be remembered as one of those gallant Americans who opened the doors of the sky. And through them, progress followed.

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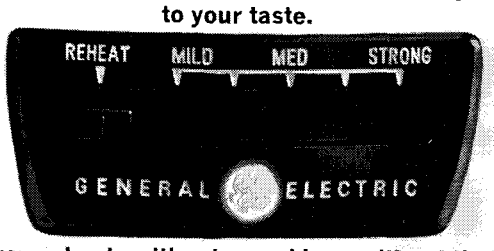

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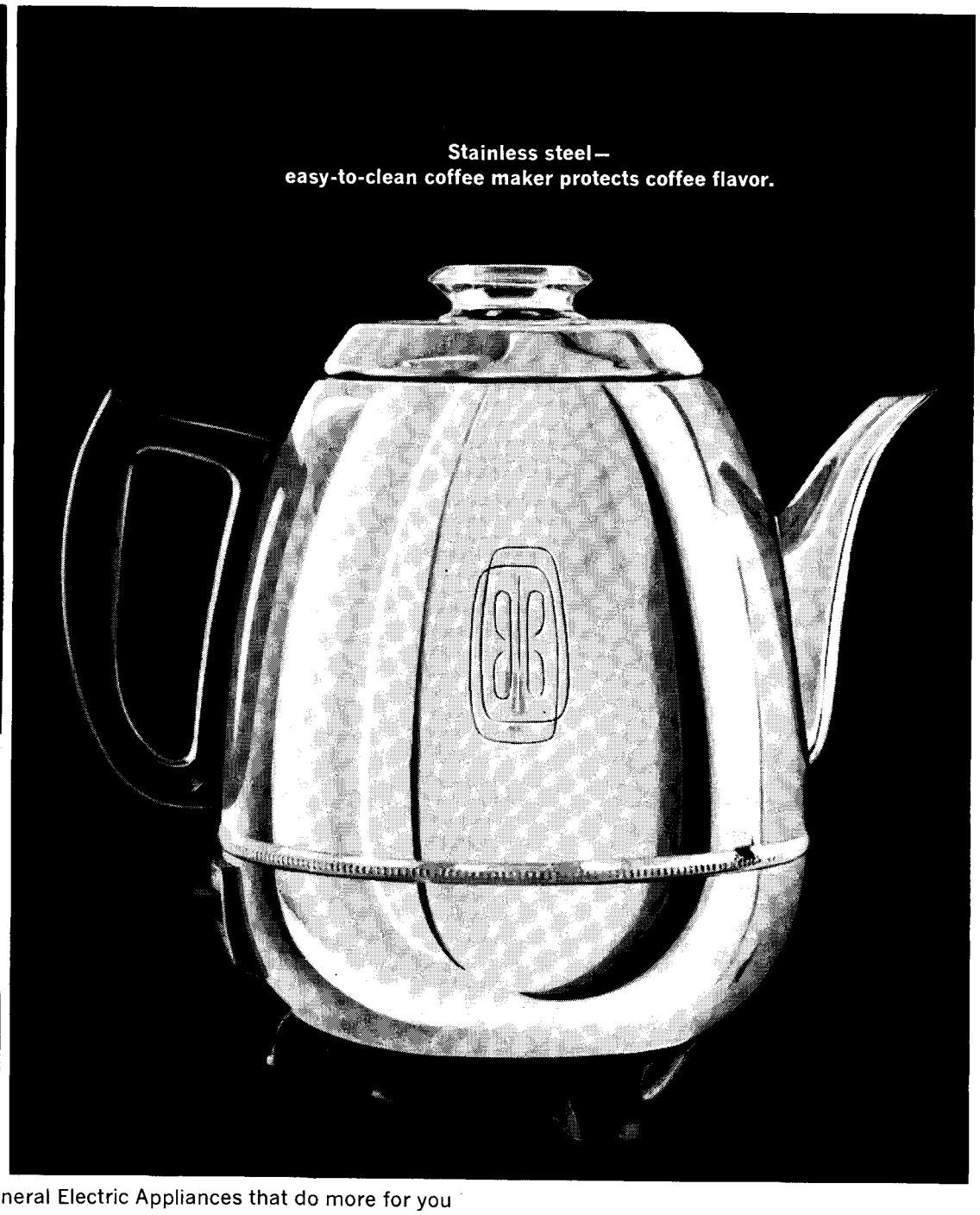

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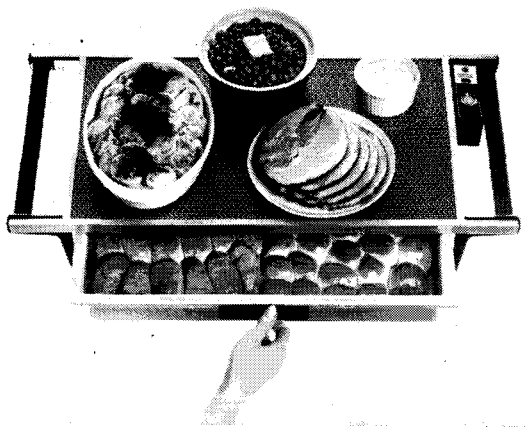

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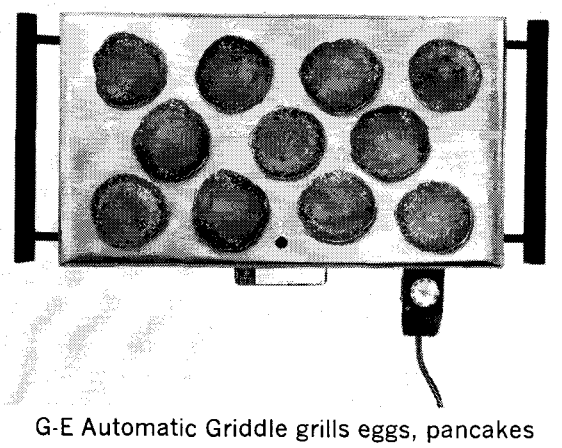

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POST

FEBRUARY 29, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 8

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New Orleans: Cosa Nostra's Wall Street . . . . . *by Bill Davidson* 15

In the rich, murky world of organized crime, the New Orleans area is known as *Cosa Nostra's* banking center. The Mafia's annual income is over one billion dollars, which makes it Louisiana's largest industry. Its overlord is Carlos Marcello, according to testimony before the McClellan Committee. A former narcotics peddler, Marcello wears triple-sized pants pockets in which he carries huge sums of money. To penetrate the mob's operations, veteran crime reporter Bill Davidson and photographer Lynn Pelham posed as out-of-town businessmen. Davidson, who spent six weeks digging out the facts, shows the inner workings of the Syndicate's money capital and tells how public indifference and police cooperation bring wealth and power to the underworld's New Orleans branch.

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The authors. **President Lyndon Baines Johnson** acquired an intimate knowledge of the politics of space as chairman of the Senate Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences. . . . To learn about Micronesia, contributing writer **Don Oberdorfer** accompanied a presidential survey mission studying the problems and possible future development of our neglected Pacific colonies. . . . **Alfred G. Aronowitz,** a contributing writer with a long interest in the theater, predicts that *The Deputy* will become "probably the most controversial drama of our time." . . . For his interviews with Italian film star Claudia Cardinale, free-lancer **Pete Hamill,** a transplanted New Yorker who now lives in Barcelona, dropped in on Miss Cardinale while she was shooting the epic motion picture *Circus World* in Spain. The interviews were held in Miss Cardinale's Barcelona hotel suite as well as on the set of the new movie. . . . **John Skow,** reporting on Nebraska's credit fiasco, found a legislative blunder had created endless installments of confusion there. . . . **Robert K. Massie,** who profiles Harlem's bitterness over living conditions and its recent "pocketbook attack" on the slumlords, is a contributing writer.

The cover. Free-lancer **Jack Fields** photographed this smiling Micronesian maiden during a ceremonial dance on Ulithi Atoll in the Carolines.

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LETTERS

After the Fall

I was enthralled with Arthur Miller's thought-provoking new play [AFTER THE FALL, Feb. 1]. Your timing and the illustrations made me feel I was on Broadway rehearsing its lines with the cast.

MRS. MARY J. BECKER
Akron, Ohio

• I'm appalled that the *Post* allowed this to be published. It's trash. How can people accept this as a play?

MRS. BUD CHASE
Fairbank, Iowa

• My opinion of the little I read of Arthur Miller's play? Disgusting.

MRS. EDNA LEA HAVARD
New Orleans, La.

• I only read some of the last page and then the whole magazine went into the furnace.

W. WALTHER
Packers Prairie, Minn.

• Who wants a printed play?

MARY C. POTTER
Seal Beach, Calif.

• I'm grateful to the *Post* for publishing *After the Fall*. Even determined New Yorkers can't get tickets for it for months. I'm glad to be able to read it, at least, while comment is at its height, and thus have the pleasure of bringing my own judgments about it to my reading of the reviews.

SYBILLE BROWN
New York, N.Y.

• *After the Fall* is a forceful and frightening work of art—frightening in its portrayal of a descent into the abyss of alienation from life. Mr. Miller does us great service in helping us to see ourselves as others see us.

GRANT ASHER
Cornville, Ariz.

• I found this confession not only too embarrassingly personal, but also somewhat dubious in its sincerity.

ANTOINETTE LE DONNE WILCOX
Grand Rapids, Mich.

• Playwright Miller's statement that it is clear "that the one common denominator in all violent acts is the human being . . ." reveals, at best, an astounding ignorance of the biology of other species. At worst, Miller's dogma of violence-by-necessity is the naked essence of the doctrine of original sin (in which Cain believed) and the doctrine of historical necessity (in which Oswald believed). Whenever man has initiated violence against man, it has been with some form of that dogma as "common denominator" *and* as justification.

KERRY THORNLEY
Arlington, Va.

• If Arthur Miller has achieved objectivity through his exhausting *roman à clef*, then it was all worth the effort. Perhaps now he can again turn out a "Death of a Salesman" or a "Crucible." It is devoutly to be wished.

CLARA TANNENBAUM
Miami Beach, Fla.

• *After the Fall*—that curiously cathartic exposé of a modern man, who seems steeped in self-pity, with little learned from past mistakes—leaves one with a greater appreciation of Shakespeare than ever. The Bard never violated the first principle of good narration—the viewpoint of the omniscient author.

RITA BOSCIA
Tuckahoe, N.Y.

• Thank you for publishing Arthur Miller's powerful play. This departure for the *Post* was a joy for your readers.

CATHARINE SOUTH-CHENEY
Los Angeles, Calif.

• I was very pleased with your "fireside presentation."

MARY MAYO
St. Louis, Mo.

• The play is a monologue of the self, with the self, for the self—searching darkness. Miller holds to stoic courage as long as his man can speak, then concludes with the proper end of that philosophy: "The darkness takes them all."

ROBERT RAYNOLDS
Newtown, Conn.

• Mr. Miller's new play is hardly a sugary offering, but it contains, I think, some ideas from which all of us might profit.

ARTHUR LYONS
New Brunswick, N.J.

Green death

I must sympathize with Mrs. Smith BLACK DEATH ON THE LIVING-ROOM FLOOR by H. Allen Smith, Feb. 1], having recently banged a parsley leaf to death with my husband's shoe.

MRS. MARGARET O'KANE
Teaneck, N.J.

Under the sheet

We got a tremendous kick out of your integrated Ku Klux Klan [POST SCRIPTS, Feb. 1].

MRS. FRED LINDSAY
Everett, Wash.

Rubles talk

I wonder whether we really have a choice in the matter of trade with Russia [SHOULD THE U. S. TRADE WITH ENEMIES? by Robert K. Massie, Feb. 1]. If we close our stores to her, she will only take her rubles elsewhere.

CAPT. FRANCIS A. BONNET, USAF
Goose Bay Air Base, Labrador

Indian territory

Surely if this is a Christian nation it will act like one and give the land we stole from them back to the Indians [DO THESE INDIANS REALLY OWN FLORIDA? by Roy Bongartz, Feb. 1].

DAN WILCOX
Lincoln, Neb.

• Put me down as a charter member of the National Association for the Advancement of Indian People to help the Indians toward an equal chance.

THERON R. COOPER
Averill Park, N.Y.

• I note with interest that the Micosukee grow "grits," as the article says, and would like to know where to get some seeds.

VIRGINIA WHITE
Raleigh, N.C.

Lo, the rhinoceros

I enjoyed Lewis H. Lapham's A PASSION FOR RHINOCEROS [Feb. 1] and feel that Peter Ryhiner's concern about the possible death of a species that has been in existence for 50 million years is justified. His effort toward preservation of *sumatrensis* is at least as worthy as the preservation of historic sites and buildings, a cause which occupies many groups.

WILLIAM E. JORDAN
Clayton, Mo.

• Well, I might never have known or cared about this subject, but after reading about Mr. Ryhiner, I sincerely hope he is able to find a male *sumatrensis*.

EVELYN PLATT
Greenacres, Wash.

Lakonia

It has been my pleasure and privilege to make three North Atlantic crossings, as a passenger, with Captain Mattios Zarbis [LAST VOYAGE OF THE LAKONIA by Pete Hamill and Frank Lee, Feb. 1] when he was Master of the Greek Line's *Columbia*, and I remember him as a kind man and a genial host. Of course, I have no way of knowing what actually happened on the *Lakonia*, but as a seasoned seafarer I would not hesitate for one minute to sail again on a ship under his command.

SAMUEL M. OSGOOD
Springfield, Pa.

Guns and freedom

Did the Congressman [TOO MANY PEOPLE HAVE GUNS by Rep. John V. Lindsay, Feb. 1], in his study of history, miss the point that one of the first acts of a political despot is to restrict the possession of private firearms?

H. C. BACH
Minneapolis, Minn.

• I disagree violently that the armed citizen is no longer necessary. Consider the ease and speed with which an army can be transported today. In a few years, we may be as open to invasion as Britain was in 1940.

E. H. HILLIARD JR.
Englewood, Colo.

• At the present time there is a movement afoot in Canada calling for confiscation of handguns and registration of all weapons. Look out, Yanks! You're next.

A. R. WARNER
Tofield, Canada

• Judging from the crime rate in New York City, I would venture to guess that not *enough* people in Congressman Lindsay's "Silk-Stocking District" have guns.

BILL DAVIDSON
Tucson, Ariz.

• In my opinion, a remedy for this problem with guns might be a law requiring that anyone convicted of a crime in which a gun has been used have a mandatory ten years added to the penalty for the act.

GEORGE J. HAUGHEY III
Vineland, N. J.

COMING SOON... in The Post

How Dick Nixon could win

PARIS *as it has never been seen before*
A revolutionary 14-page picture essay
by DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

THE TREASON OF SGT. DUNLAP
Washington playboy and Soviet spy

A hilarious new story
By GRAHAM GREENE

LAWYERS ARE FAILING THE LAW
By Morris L. Ernst

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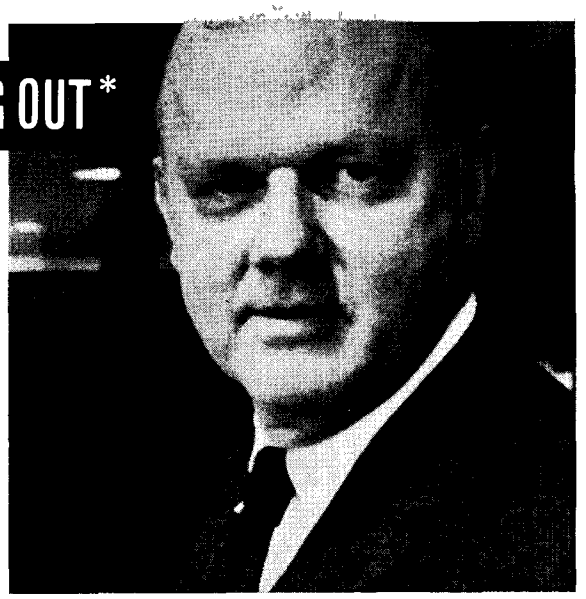
SPEAKING OUT*



John A. Patton is a management engineer and an advisory director of five leading corporations. For many years a consultant, he specialized in setting up wage plans.

DOWN WITH TIPPING

Sick of greasing palms, a businessman tells how he broke the habit of paying bribes for service.

By JOHN A. PATTON

We have gone haywire over the practice of tipping. We have tipped so long and so hard that the practice has become a silly reflex action; tipped to the point where any resemblance between a tip paid and service received is purely coincidental. We tip because we feel forced to, not because we enjoy any choice in the matter.

As a constant traveler, I find myself in a tipping situation almost every day and usually several times a day. I'm fed up with it. I'm sick and tired of the tip seekers—of the glint of greed in their eyes and the word "gimme" on their lips. Not that the word is spoken; it seldom needs to be. Silver saucers blinking with shill coins convey the message. So do phony RESERVED signs on restaurant tables, lists of suggested tips for building employees slipped into apartment-house mailboxes, and polite explanations of the local dole systems tacked up prominently on the walls of summer cottages. Hovering waiters, supercilious *maître d's*, towel-snapping restroom attendants and even shoeshine boys know how to convey the message tacitly. They have no need to shout, because the full force of habit and social custom is working with them.

I resent the intimidation, and I also resent being robbed. Why should I pay the price of four new hats each year just to check my old hat while I have lunch? Figuring three tips of 25 cents to the hatcheck girls each week, that's what it comes to. I have no serious objection to paying a quarter to a pretty hatcheck girl who gives me a smile. But I feel that when I go into a good restaurant, the management ought to be willing to provide me with a free place to hang my hat while I'm spending my money. The fact that most or all of my tip goes to the syndicate that owns the hatcheck concession, not to the hatcheck girl, does nothing to lessen my resentment.

I have another reason for criticizing our tipping habits. In some 25 years of experience as a management consultant, I've developed a deep respect for the philosophy of "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work." I've found that both management and unions support this idea. But current tipping practice makes a mockery of the principle. It creates salary inequities and morale problems, weakens management control, corrupts incentive and kills pride. As costly as it is for the tippers, I think the tipping system is even more costly to the two million Americans who are largely dependent on tips for a living, and to their employers.

I'm not advocating an immediate general strike of tippers, though this just might work, since polls have shown that most Americans are against tipping. (The American Hotel and Motel Association reports that in its frequent surveys of hotel guests, a no-tipping policy is consistently listed as the improvement in service the guests want most.) I think the first step is to examine the practice with a hard eye, to see just why we continue to tip compulsively without any regard for what we're getting in return.

Psychologists tell us there are many reasons. They say that tipping has become involved in the quest for social status—that we lather palms to impress our friends and to prove that we have the *savoir-faire* associated with the higher rungs on the social ladder. Some of us, they say, have deep-rooted inferiority complexes that drive us to try to buy the respect of those who serve us, or to pay generously for the privilege of displaying our superiority over somebody else who is in a demeaning position.

The sorriest of all tippers, however, are the defeatists—those who admit the wrongs of tipping yet defend the practice simply because it is venerable.

"Don't fight it," they warn. "It's bigger than all of us. Learn to live with it."

"Don't protest," write the etiquette columnists. "It's the accepted thing."

This sort of advice turns us into cringers, too fearful to stand up for conviction. So cowed have we Americans become, that when traveling in Europe we often add tips on top of the 15 percent service charges already added to our bills.

There are those, of course, who have the guts to buck the system, to demand good service and to skimp on the tip or omit it entirely when service is not forthcoming. One such stalwart was Judd Gray, who in 1926 was accused of murdering Ruth Snyder in Queens, N.Y. Judd Gray based his defense on protestations that he was not in the vicinity of the crime at the time. Then a cabdriver recalled hauling this man to the neighborhood of the crime. The cabdriver was adamant in his identification of Judd Gray as his passenger.

"I remember him so well," the driver explained to the jury, "because the guy gave me a lousy nickel tip."

That is probably the only time anyone ever died in the electric chair for undertipping. But dozens of my friends have told me of the dented fenders, soup burns, lost luggage and other revenge they have suffered for holding back tips they did not feel were deserved.

I have learned that waiters and other tip seekers have their own jargon for describing a man by the way he tips. For example, a nontipper is a "stiff," or a "fishball," a "frog," a "mossback," a "clutch," a "snail" or a "lemon." An overtipper is a "live one" or a "mark."

Some people who get tips have made an exact science out of sizing up tippers. Your clothes, your manner, the way you walk, even the timbre of your voice may reveal to one of these tip experts whether you are a snail or a mark. Apparently the ardent nontipper who "stiffs" for the principle of the thing, not just to save money, is the easiest to spot. One waiter told me that this individual can be identified by flashing eyes, jutting chin and a general air of irritation.

Many times I have been on the verge of taking an aggressive stand. I give thanks to a wiry, white-thatched, fish-tailed waiter for the final shove that pushed me over the brink and made a new kind of tipper out of me.

I had come to this expensive restaurant in one of New York's most famous hotels to dine and talk business with two guests. No sooner had we been seated than our waiter demonstrated his desire to increase his tips by means of the rapid-customer-turnover approach. He raced between the kitchen and our table, almost simultaneously delivering and whisking away each course. He refilled our coffee cups with reluctance, then dusted crumbs onto our laps. The tab for this accelerated dinner came to just under $30. After paying it, I dropped a five spot on the waiter's silver tray—a dollar short of the 20 percent that is expected by waiters in such fancy restaurants but exactly five dollars more than was deserved in this particular case.

The waiter picked up the tray and sniffed at the tip as if it were a dead bird. As we started to leave, the waiter followed me, held out the tray and said, in a loud voice intended to embarrass me, "Sir! Didn't you forget something?"

I turned, enraged.

"Oh yes, my change," I said, sweeping up the five spot and stuffing it back into my pocket. Then I added, in a tone as loud as the waiter had used, "I wouldn't mind tipping you, but I'm not going to let you decide what my tip should be."

And I left him there with his empty silver tray.

That was how I began to break the compulsive tipping habit. I began to talk up the idea among my friends, pointing out how illogical it is to reward disservice with tips. I even studied the history of tipping and found, not to my surprise, that it has some sinister roots.

In the Dark Ages as now, tipping was a form of banditry. Journeying feudal lords would meet groups of leering mendicants along their paths. It was understood that by tossing handfuls of coins to these beggars, the traveler could perhaps hope for a safe journey.

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

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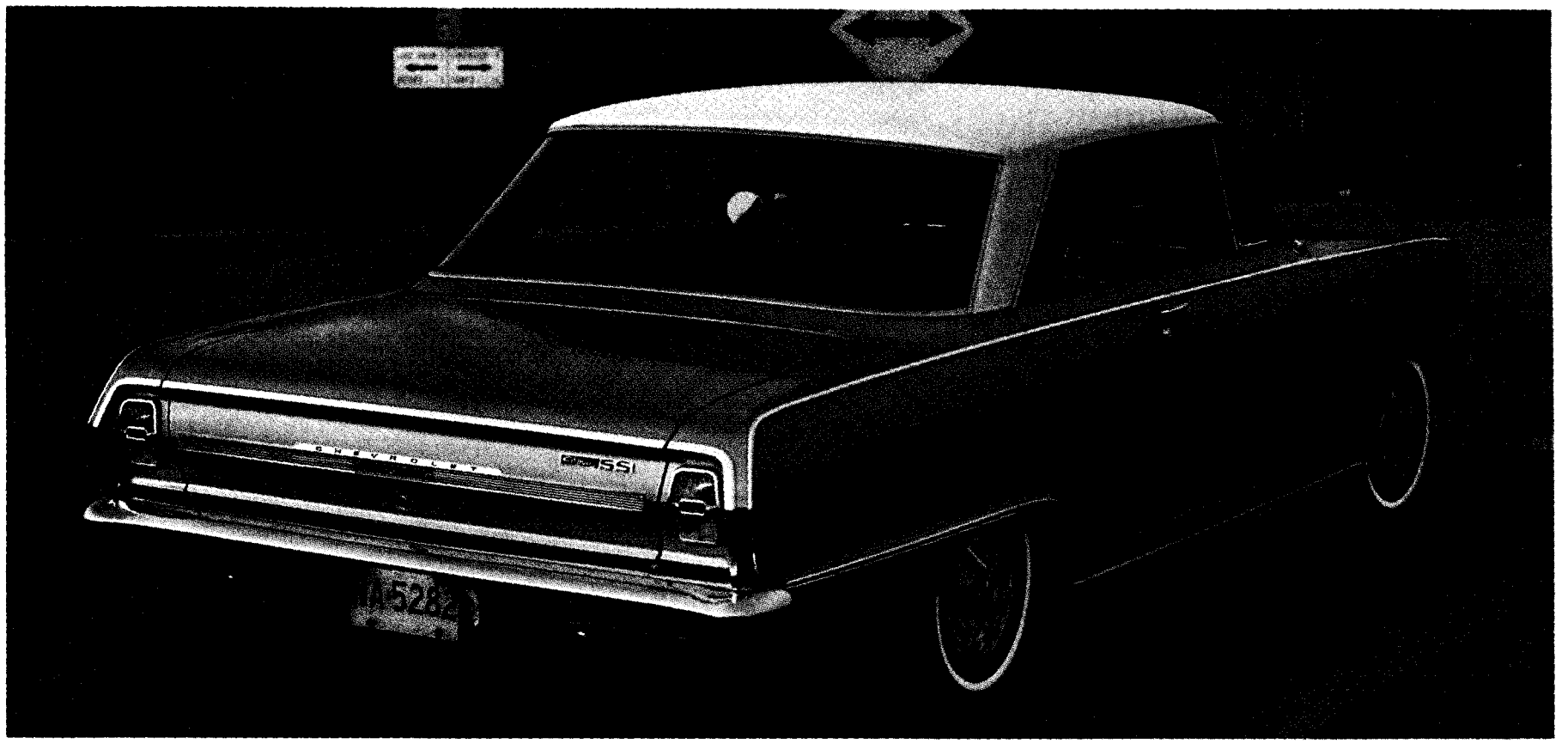

Chevy II Nova Super Sport Coupe with bucket seats

Radio and side view mirror optional at extra cost

'64 Chevy II Super Sport with V8 power

and just the place to enjoy it

With its standard 120-hp six, it's no slouch. But just wait till you try its new extra-cost 195-hp V8 with Four-Speed or Powerglide.

Find out for yourself what this Chevy II can really do. If there are hills nearby, let it give them a good going-over. Then see how quickly it gives slow-moving trucks the run-around. With its new extra-cost V8 all you ever have to do is give the accelerator an inch, and this Chevy II Super Sport Coupe will take a mile.

And this great highway performer looks the part it plays so well. A glance at its all-vinyl interior will tell you that. Those inviting bucket seats are made of ultra-soft foam cushioning. The door-to-door carpeting is so thick you can feel it through your shoes. There's your choice of either the floor-mounted Powerglide or Four-Speed Synchro-Mesh transmission. Both are optional at extra cost, as is a Positraction rear axle, simulated wire wheel covers and many other sporty accessories.

And for all its new power, Chevy II rides so smoothly it seems to glide along the highway. That's because it has high-mounted independent coil springs in the front and Mono-Plate single-leaf springs in the rear. Its unitized well-insulated Body by Fisher shuts vibrations out and keeps road noise down to a whisper.

With everything this new Chevy II Super Sport has going for it, it's no surprise your Chevrolet dealer is anxious to show you its price tag. Because that's the only thing about it that *isn't* super. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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CHEVROLET

THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

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(BASED ON COMPANY FILE #62-3877)

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Within three hours, a claim man was with us. He saw we were upset, unable to think straight. But he knew exactly what to do.

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SPEAKING OUT

Much later, English pubs began to tantalize their thirsty customers by slowing up the service until a prominently displayed "T.I.P." box was fed. The initials meant "To Insure Promptness." This way of getting something for nothing rapidly spread throughout Europe.

At the turn of the century in America, tipping ran head on into organized resistance. In 1905 more than 100,000 traveling salesmen formed the Anti-Tipping Society of America. Largely through their efforts, tips were outlawed in Mississippi, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Washington and Iowa. But in 1919 antitipping laws were judged unconstitutional.

Thus the fine art of palm greasing managed to make a comeback in time for the Roaring Twenties, an era of profligate spending and flashy tipping, especially by gangland's *nouveau riche*.

In the depression years the practice diminished because few people could spare a dime. But it sprang up again and thrived in the labor shortages during and immediately after World War II. As scarce waiters and bartenders migrated like nomads from one good tipping oasis to another, even private clubs were compelled to abandon no-tipping policies in order to attract and keep employees.

Today, as we all know, tipping is epidemic. Those who serve—even some in the semiprofessions—are willing if not eager to risk a loss of respect or pride for the almighty tip. And that's not all they lose. If the employee thinks he is ahead by working for tips, he is only kidding himself. Typically, his income is unpredictable. Banks consider him a poor credit risk. His Social Security benefits are small because they are based on his token wages, not on the tips he receives. Furthermore, certain exceptions notwithstanding, the tipped employee does not get a fair day's pay for the work he does.

Some years ago officials of a Chicago hotel association asked me to design an equitable wage schedule for hotel employees. Over the years, they said, the various wage rates had become jumbled and confused, with the result that some workers were earning much less than other workers in different but equivalent jobs. Employees were complaining, they said, and morale was low. Looking into the situation, I found that tipping was flagrantly perpetuating many of the inequities. I learned, for example, that thanks to tipping the *maître d'hôtel* and the doorman sometimes made more than the hotel's manager—and that they would continue to even if their token wages were cut to zero. Realizing that setting up an equitable wage scale is impossible where tipping is involved, I quit as the consultant. The association thereupon hired another consultant; he reached the same conclusions.

Often the strongest supporters of tipping are the hotel owners, restaurateurs and other businessmen whose employees subsist on tips. This is a pathetic case of self-delusion. Who can deny that customers are driven away by the insolence that tipping often breeds? Can there be any doubt that employees who depend on tips feel less like members of a trained team working together for the establishment and more like self-employed individuals seeking their own interests first?

Nevertheless, these businessmen feel that tipping keeps their payroll costs low. This may be true, but the argument overlooks the proven fact that among businesses of the same kind, the one that pays the highest wages usually has the lowest total operating costs. This may seem strange, but as a consultant I have discovered over the years that it is true. Higher wages attract top-caliber employees, and top-caliber employees bring costs down. If I were a hotel owner, I would be bold enough to pay my personnel not only as much as they could ordinarily cull from tips, but somewhat more. Then I would fire the first man who pocketed a tip or who failed to live up to his obligation to provide top-notch service to my customers.

No incentive without a tip? What incentive do salaried men have for devoting their fullest talents to their firms? They have good bank credit, a stable income, a decent retirement fund. And they have self-respect. Aren't these worth working for? Giving service for?

Customers would support my no-tip hotel, I am sure. I have a feeling they would come in droves. They would know they'd save the money they would otherwise have spent on tips. In addition, they would be getting something they seldom can buy these days—real service with a sincere smile. I would advertise my hotel with negative signs like, "If you must satisfy an inferiority complex by tipping, don't come to the Patton Hotel," and positive signs like, "The total cost of your stay will be no more than if you tipped."

The incurable tippers

Cynics may pooh-pooh this visionary idea, pointing out that some people *have* tried it and failed. For example, Longchamps, the New York restaurant chain, once banned tipping but had to abandon the plan because customers kept leaving extra money on the tables anyway.

But even if the idea is not timely—yet—we've got to start somewhere. You can't legislate it away. Even the Communists, who have declared it illegal and labeled it a decadent Western custom, have failed to stamp it out. It persists in Moscow and Leningrad, and in Poland no wheels turn until they have been greased by tips. (This is not surprising; in countries where incomes are standardized and government-controlled, mooching and bribe-taking are about the only forms of free enterprise left to be enjoyed.)

Only a gradual change in tippers' attitudes will bring on the millennium. Thus, until the old system changes, I will continue tipping, but not with the old indiscriminate formula method I formerly used. I have stopped using any set percentage figure to determine the size of tips. In fact, I have adopted the practice of a friend of mine who gives no tip at all when he feels a tip is not deserved, but doubles the tip he would normally give to the next waiter, bellhop or cabdriver who provides him with extra service or with a smile.

It's easy, if you work at it. In a New York restaurant not long ago, I bet a friend that I could visit the washroom without tipping the particularly persistent attendant who inhabited the place. I managed to win the bet, even though the attendant displayed his full repertoire of beguilements, inquiring about my health and the weather, proffering towel and comb, brushing nonexistent lint from my jacket and taking a swipe at my well-shined shoes with a shoeshine cloth. I simply offered to flip the man double or nothing for his 25-cent tip, called "heads"—and walked out scot-free. THE END

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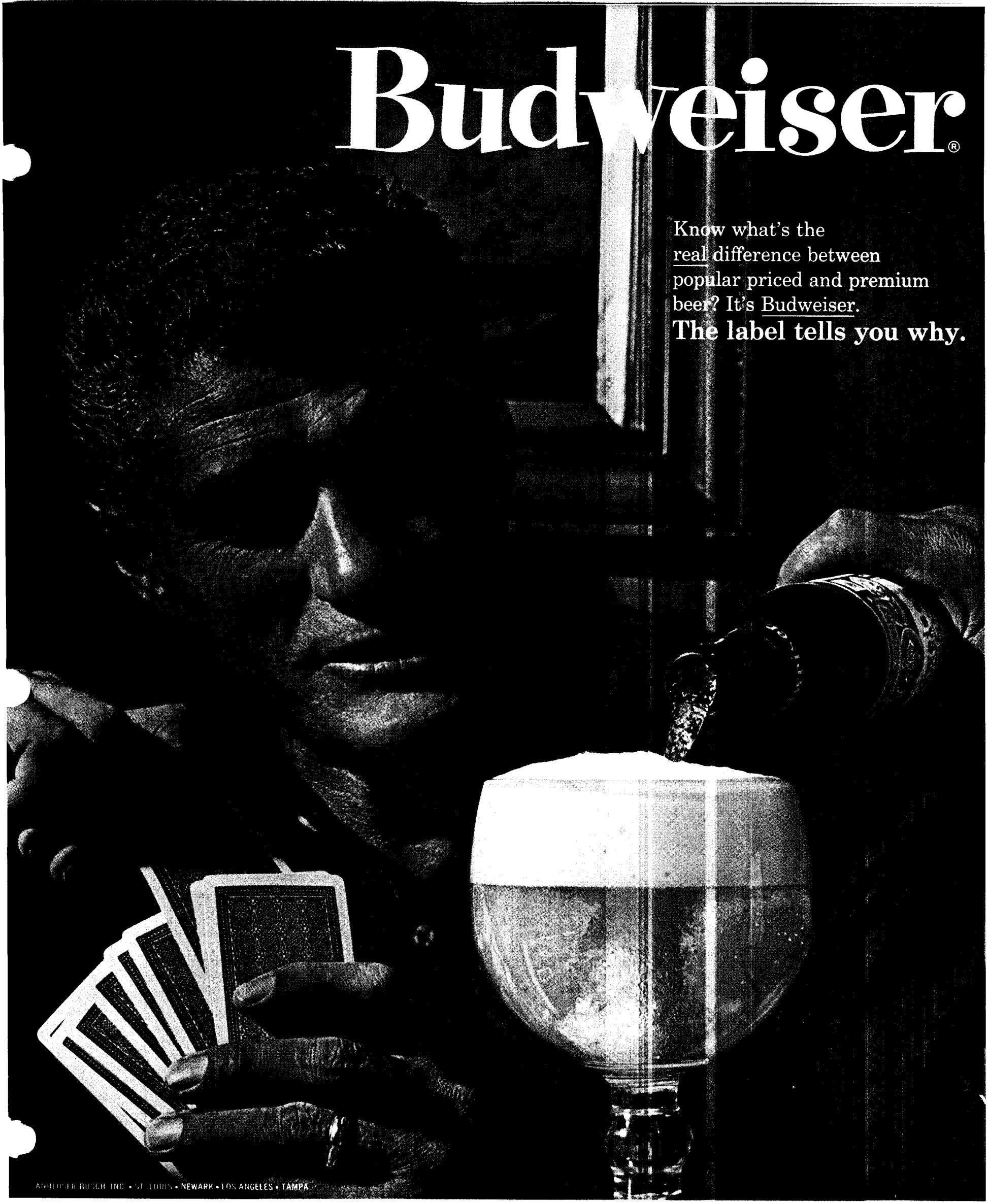

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LBJ AND RFK

Robert F. Kennedy

WASHINGTON: The most fascinating human-political equation in Washington today is the relationship between President Lyndon Johnson and Attorney General Robert Kennedy.

President Johnson has had a severe heart attack, and he is constitutionally incapable of taking life easy. He is also a heavy favorite to win the election in November. For both reasons, the man who is nominated for the Vice Presidency by the Democrats probably has just about as good a chance of becoming President as the man who is nominated for the Presidency by the Republicans.

To sense something of the political significance of these facts, consider the following series of imaginary headlines:

March: BIG NEW HAMPSHIRE WRITE-IN VOTE FOR KENNEDY FOR VICE PRESIDENT

April: DEMOCRATIC POLITICAL LEADERS HEAVILY FAVOR KENNEDY FOR SECOND PLACE

May: RFK EASILY TOPS ALL OTHERS FOR VICE PRESIDENCY IN POLLS

June: KENNEDY WILL ACCEPT NOMINATION IF OFFERED

August: OVERWHELMING SENTIMENT FOR RFK AT CONVENTION

These imaginary headlines are not only credible—on present form they are just about predictable by the public-opinion polls. Robert Kennedy is already a country mile ahead of all potential rivals for the Vice-Presidential nomination. The Democratic leadership, which is largely Kennedy-created, is strongly pro-Kennedy outside the South. Thus Robert Kennedy only has to pass the word at the right moment to become far and away the leading candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination. It will then be remarkably hard for President Johnson to turn him down.

Suppose Johnson passed over Kennedy to choose, say, Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota. Humphrey is an able man, a northern liberal, and at the same time a personal friend of such powerful Southerners as Senators Byrd and Russell. He is also a personal friend of Lyndon Johnson, which Robert Kennedy is not.

But in the likely situation envisaged in our imaginary headlines, choosing the Protestant Humphrey over the Catholic Kennedy would entail great risks for Johnson. It might well alienate many Catholics, as well as many Negroes, and many people who simply admire all Kennedys. Johnson must at all costs hold the votes of the Catholics, Negroes and Kennedy-lovers in the big northern industrial states.

Then how about Peace Corps director and Kennedy brother-in-law Sargent Shriver?

Shriver is a Catholic, also very able, and he gets on well with Johnson. An obvious White House effort to propel Shriver front and center has been going on, and there have been plenty of hints that he is the President's personal choice for second place.

He may well be. But if Robert Kennedy were the leading candidate, and Johnson chose Shriver instead, this, too, might alienate a lot of crucial votes. Why, the Kennedy admirers would ask, take half a Kennedy when a whole Kennedy is available? Moreover, the Kennedy tribe has its own laws, and it is hard to imagine Shriver taking the nomination against his brother-in-law's wishes. Shriver himself, significantly, has recently remarked that Robert Kennedy would make a "terrific" Vice President.

Then how about another Catholic candidate, like Senator McCarthy of Minnesota, Mayor Wagner of New York or Governor Brown of California? Given those headlines, it might be very dangerous for Johnson to choose one of these men. For it would seem to many Catholics—and Protestants as well—too slick a ploy, too obvious an attempt to appease Catholic voters after turning down the brother of the first Catholic President in history.

This is enough to suggest why one good judge believes that "Lyndon is boxed in—if Bobby really wants it, he can have it." Thus a key question is: Does Bobby really want it?

In the bad time after his brother's death, Robert Kennedy made only one decision about his future—that he would stay on as Attorney General until the election. For the rest, he decided, he would let events shape his course. But events are likely soon to force him to decide whether he "really wants it." Certain political situations generate their own pressures. Robert Kennedy is going to have to say, at some point in the weeks to come, whether or not he would serve as Lyndon Johnson's Vice President.

Like all Kennedys, Robert Kennedy loves power. The idea of being Lyndon Johnson's powerless subordinate, perhaps for years after three years of being second in power only to his beloved brother, is certainly not very tempting to Kennedy. But those unique Kennedy tribal laws are also an important element in the Johnson-Kennedy equation.

Long ago tribal chieftain Joseph Kennedy, the family lawgiver, laid down the law: "If something happened to Jack, Bobby would take over." It is entirely obvious that Bobby Kennedy's best chance—perhaps his only chance—to "take over" his brother's unfinished business is as Lyndon Johnson's Vice President. If Johnson were elected, reelected, and served two terms, Robert Kennedy at 46 would be the heir apparent in 1972.

The final factor in this peculiar equation is, of course, Lyndon Johnson himself. One man very close to Johnson says categorically that Johnson will never under any circumstances choose Robert Kennedy as his running mate. "Bobby's so unpopular in the South," he explains, "that Lyndon could even lose Texas. But that's not all—when he was Vice President, Lyndon always thought Bobby had a knife out for him."

There is also, for a man of Lyndon Johnson's vast pride, an appalling risk in having a Kennedy as a running mate—the risk that people will say, and the historians will believe, that "Johnson owed his election to a Kennedy." But in the circumstances envisaged in those all-but-predictable headlines, there is another risk, which by next August may seem to Johnson even more appalling. This is the risk that he might lose the big northern states, and thus the Presidency itself, if he passed over the much-admired brother of the late and much-loved President.

It is in this sense that Johnson may be "boxed in." And this is why it seems a fair guess that the odds are about even that the final headline in the series will read: IT'S LBJ AND RFK.

Stewart Alsop

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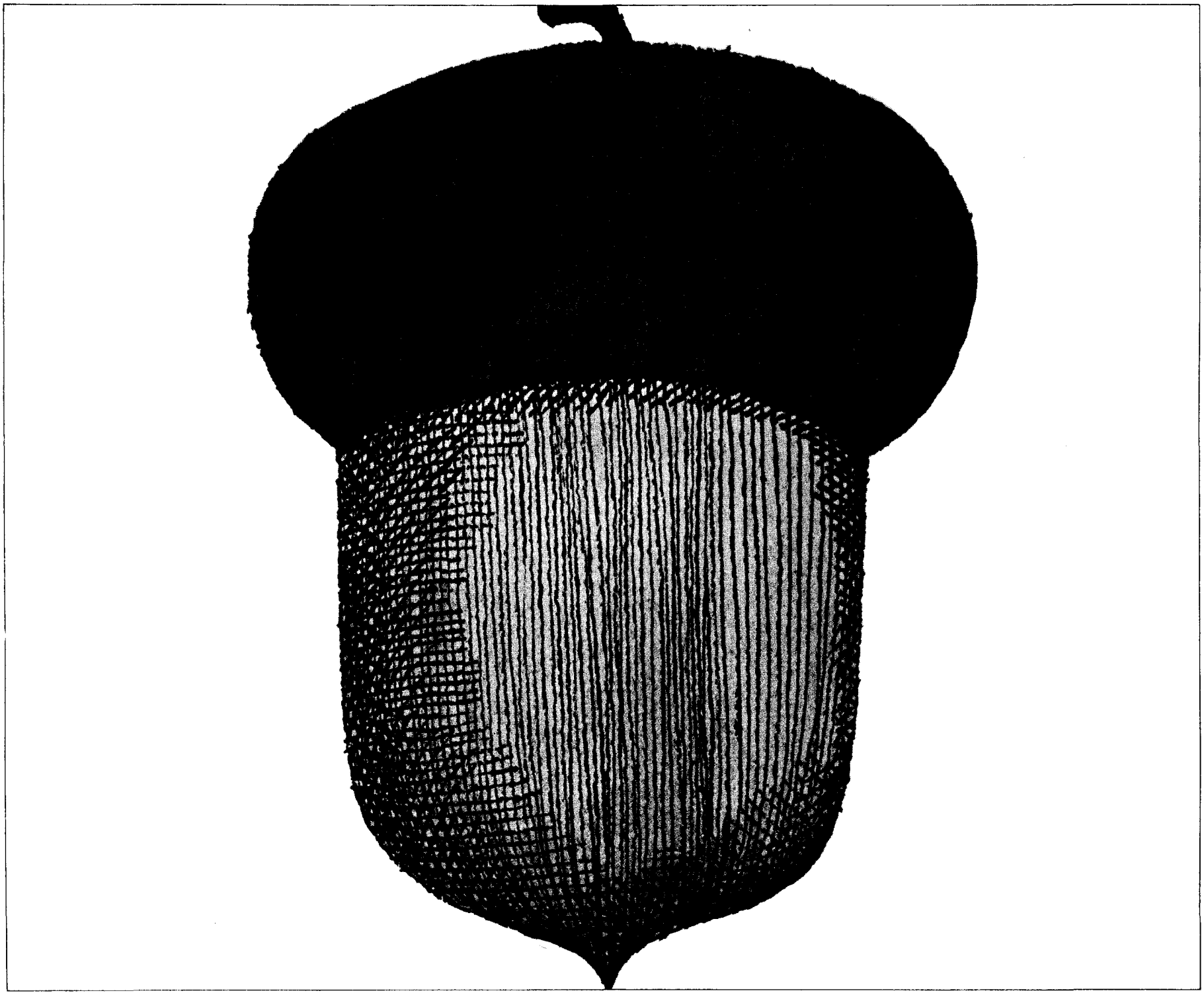
GROWTH



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FOR CITIZENSHIP, COMMUNITY SERVICE

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TO

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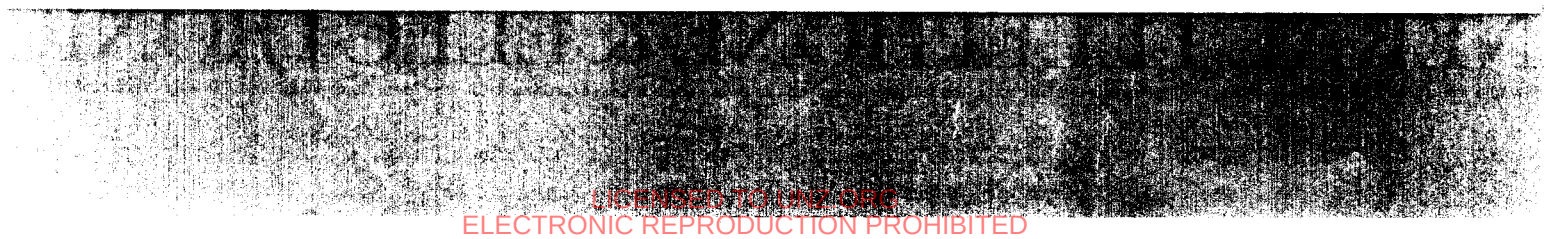
1964



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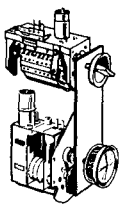

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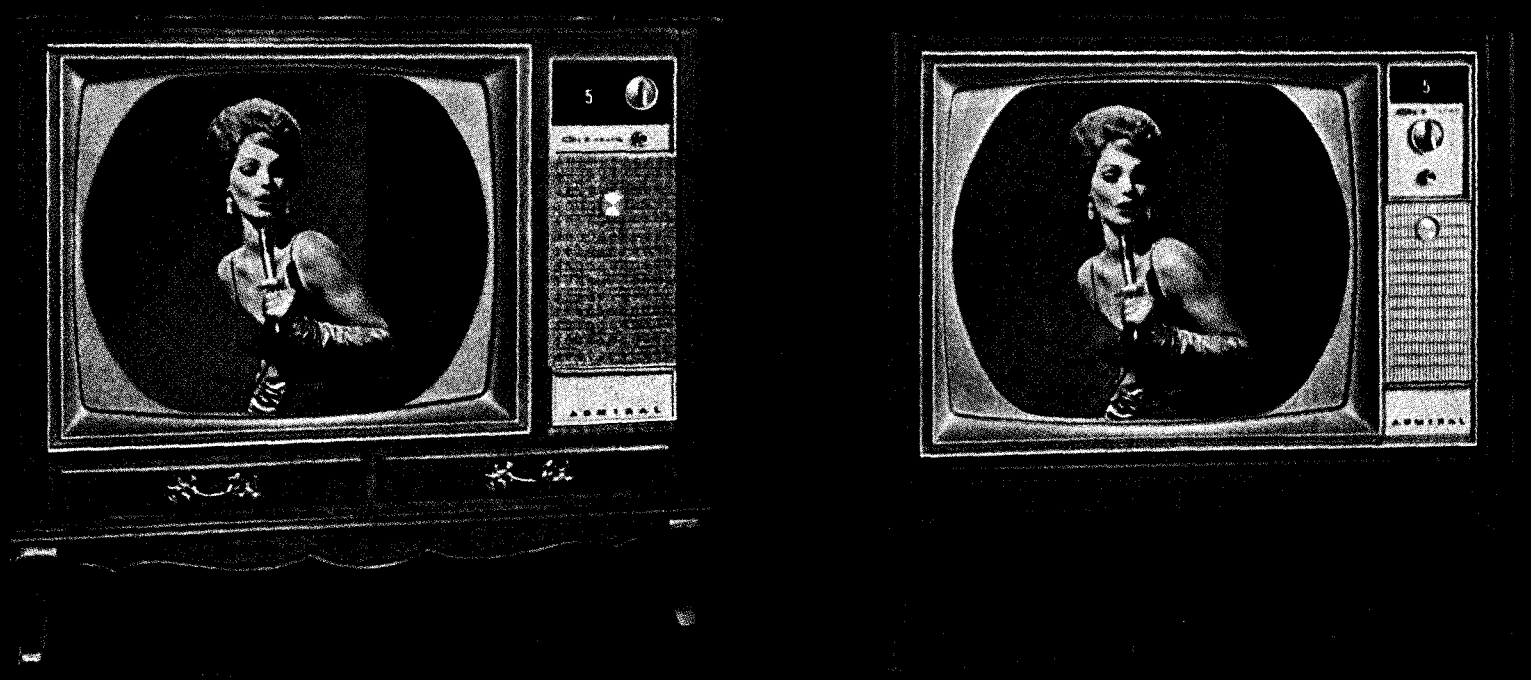

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Shown above (left) The Chanceford, Model L1629, (right) The Courtney, Model L1311. *5 micro-inches applied by electro-deposition. †UHF-Sonar, optional extras. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ont.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

NEW ORLEANS: COSA NOSTRA'S WALL STREET

Just outside the city limits, the Syndicate runs a billion-dollar empire.

By BILL DAVIDSON

LIGHTS BLAZE FROM DOORWAY OF GAMBLING CASINO, THE OLD SOUTHPORT CLUB.

CRIME IN AMERICA: VI

A couple of years ago, in the midst of a McClellan Committee crime hearing in Washington, Sen. Karl E. Mundt of South Dakota was so shocked by a witness's account of organized racketeering in southern Louisiana that he exclaimed, "You have a situation that stinks to high heaven down there in New Orleans!"

The same utterance has been made by officials for 300 years, thousands of times and in three languages, ever since the original French colony of Louisiana—later a Spanish possession—was peopled by a working force of convicts and prostitutes from the homeland. The stink that assailed Mundt's nostrils, therefore, is an ancient and cosmopolitan one. And the situation the Senator mentioned has subtleties of evil that are considerably more sophisticated and European in flavor than are found in such cities as Chicago. Thus, the New Orleans area branch of *Cosa Nostra*—one of those identified by Joseph Valachi in last year's Senate hearings—is unique today among the Mafia mobs in America.

One of the things that distinguish this branch is its talent at high finance. So adept has it become at handling large sums of money—both for itself and for the national organization—that it is sometimes called the Wall Street of *Cosa Nostra*. Its annual income runs to $1,114,000,000, making it by far the state's largest industry, according to Aaron Kohn, managing director of the Metropolitan Crime Commission of New Orleans, a private organization set up by civic leaders in 1954. The sum is all the more remarkable in that it compares with the estimated two-billion-dollar racketeer take in Chicago and environs, an area with more than five times the population of metropolitan New Orleans.

The city of New Orleans itself, with a record of effective law enforcement in the last few years, is comparatively clean today, but its neighboring county, Jefferson Parish, is as firmly controlled by the mob as Cicero, Ill., was at the height of the Capone era. In fact, the town of Gretna—directly across the Mississippi River from New Orleans—is known as "the Cicero of the South."

The aerial photograph of the heart of Gretna on page 18 shows no less than 14 mob locations, most of them no more than a stone's throw from police headquarters. These places alone do an estimated $250-million-a-year business in gambling, prostitution, narcotics, burglary, hijacking, usury and mayhem. One of the mob properties, the Billionaire Lounge, is directly across the street from the entrance to the police station and is frequented by Gretna police. In it recently I was offered a number of illicit distractions—a $20 prostitute, $10 worth of barbiturates, and gambling in the form of a slot machine, three blackjack tables and a completely equipped horse-betting room behind a wide-open door at the rear of the lounge.

Other mob-owned or controlled buildings in the harmonious cluster around the police station house

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Gambling brings in $500 million.

NEW ORLEANS

a firm which places illegal slot machines and payoff pinball machines in bars, the biggest lay-off bookie center in the area (at 330½ Huey P. Long Avenue), and a building listed in the telephone directory as a real-estate office, which intelligence agents strongly suspect is the brain center of a big-time burglary and holdup ring operating in the Louisiana-Mississippi-Alabama area. However, an even more interesting example is another building, a few blocks away, which the *Cosa Nostra* neither owns nor operates. It is a cavernous illegal gambling casino in which I played blackjack, roulette and keno, and where we photographed the action with a tiny camera secreted in a cigarette package. Among the operators of this establishment, the New Garden Club—according to federal gambling stamps issued to them at that address—are Joseph A. Miller, John P. Kremer Sr. and Michel W. Kremer. All three are relatives of Gretna's chief of police, Beauregard Miller Sr. As the Crime Commission's Aaron Kohn put it, "Not even in Tangier was there ever a cozier arrangement between the mob and the law."

According to McClellan Committee testimony, the overlord of the local mob is a former thug and narcotics peddler named Carlos Marcello, known variously as "The Big Man," "The Little Man"—he stands only five feet, four inches in his elevator shoes—or simply "The Man." Marcello is far more urbane than such *Cosa Nostra* peers as Chicago's Sam Giancana and New York's Vito Genovese. In his rare public appearances—usually in a courtroom—he is a suave, graying 54-year-old with a mild manner and a practiced air of injured innocence. He wears well-tailored $300 suits which differ from those worn by other successful businessmen only in that he has had triple-sized pants pockets sewed into his clothes. These are for the huge sums of money he almost always carries with him.

Just as Marcello is more urbane than men like Giancana, the Syndicate's methods in the New Orleans area are more sophisticated than those in, say, Chicago. A case in point is that of Walter Richardson, a Jefferson Parish barkeep who recounted his woes—on the record—to the McClellan Committee. He had been peacefully using a jukebox in his establishment for some time, he said, when he was visited by two officers of the law who told him that he would have to get rid of his old machine and install one belonging to the Huey Distributing Company, a notorious mob outfit. The officers were Malcolm Coci, the chief criminal deputy sheriff, and James Arnoult, the chief civil deputy sheriff.

When Richardson refused, the deputy sheriffs simply delivered the Huey box and plugged it in. When Richardson, in turn, unplugged the mob-operated box, he was neither beaten nor bombed. Instead, sheriff's deputies proceeded to raid his bar every Friday and Saturday night for two months, never filing charges but arresting and searching Richardson's customers. Richardson finally ended the harassment by having the courage to tell his troubles to federal authorities—but in thousands of similar unreported cases the technique has been inordinately successful. "For the most part," says Aaron Kohn, "the philosophy of our mob is: Why risk the penalties of the law when you can use the law to impose your penalties for you?"

This philosophy applies equally to other mob enterprises. Among the more profitable syndicate operations throughout the United States these days is "shylocking"—usurious moneylending. In other cities, when you borrow from *Cosa Nostra* shylocks at the usual rate of 240 percent a year, the penalty for nonpayment is generally death, arson, torture or a combination of all three. In the more urbane Louisiana *Cosa Nostra* the mob is satisfied with mere confiscation.

A typical *Cosa Nostra* shylocking contract recently fell into the hands of the Crime Commission. It called for repayment of a $4,000 loan with a flat $7,500, plus an additional eight percent interest on the entire $7,500, plus a mortgage, which, in the event of default, would allow the mob to acquire a $20,000 property.

By this method, among others, *Cosa Nostra* members have acquired properties worth tens of millions of dollars in Jefferson Parish alone. The New Orleans Crime Commission has compiled a partial file of court-recorded real-estate acquisitions by local mobsters, and the file is already three inches thick. The Commission's files also show mob involvement or ownership in banks, truck dealerships, motels, housing subdivisions, bars, restaurants, finance companies, linen-supply services, beer and whiskey distributorships, shrimp fleets, shipbuilding firms, taxi and bus companies, souvenir shops, gas stations, ceramic-tile companies, phonograph-record wholesalers and shops and electrical-appliance stores.

Income from these and similar enterprises, Aaron Kohn estimates, accounts for about $400 million of the *Cosa Nostra*'s annual billion—second only to the $500 million take from illegal gambling. Another $100 million comes from illegal operations in 1,500 mob-controlled bars (B-drinking, watered whiskey, rolling of customers and the like); $8 million from professional holdups and burglaries; $6 million from prostitution. And $100 million represents, in effect, income from Uncle Sam, in the form of nonpayment or underpayment of taxes. All in all, it adds up to a lot of money.

Too much money in town

"In fact," says Frank Klein, chief assistant district attorney of Orleans Parish (New Orleans), "we think there's *too* much money here. We feel that it's flowing in from other *Cosa Nostra* organizations in other parts of the country for investment by the local mob. This could be their financial center, with a lot of nice safe places where campaign contributions and outright bribery have pretty well insulated them from the law."

The Federal Government, too, is concerned with the flow of mob money into the *Cosa Nostra*'s Wall Street in southern Louisiana—but for a different reason. A Justice Department official says, "Our Number One problem in the organized-crime field today is stopping the illegal outpouring of racketeering income—such as unreported money from the Las Vegas gambling casinos—from the United States to bank accounts in Panama. These bank accounts, like those in Switzerland, have numbers and no names, and once the money gets into them it can't be traced. Then it flows back into the United States as legal money and it is used to finance other mob operations."

There is certainly no place in the United States from which it would be easier to export Syndicate money to Central America. There is constant traffic of Latin-American diplomats and private planes to such countries as Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador—all just a short jump from Panama. Also, the sea routes are wide open. Louis LaCour, U.S. attorney for the Eastern District of Louisiana, recently pointed to a map on his wall and said, "Just look at that coastline. Literally thousands of coves and bayous, where the mob's shrimp boats could put in and leave a hundred times a day and we'd never know it. The whole U.S. Navy couldn't guard that coast and the uninhabited swamps behind it against sneak shipments of money, narcotics, anything—any more than it could have stopped Jean Lafitte, the pirate, in the days when he was operating there."

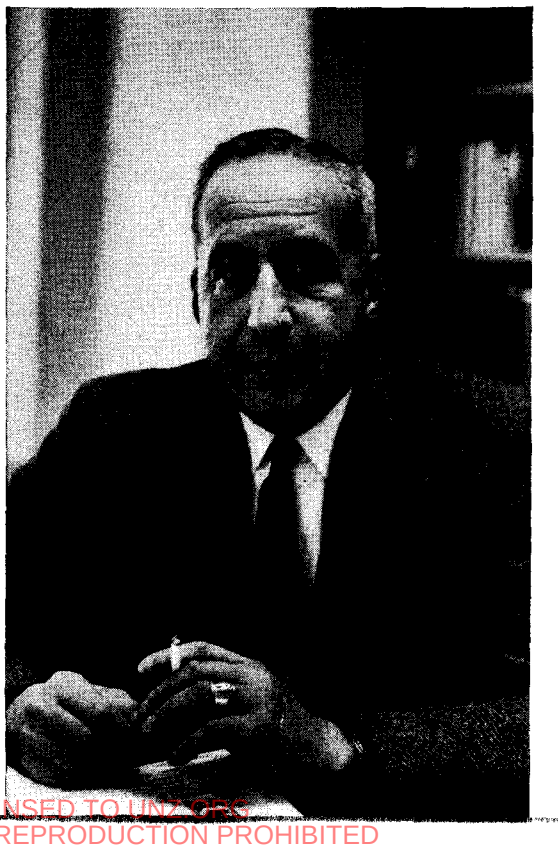
The reference to Lafitte was interesting, since the New Orleans area *Cosa Nostra* can trace its spiritual if not its blood lineage back to that suave early-19th-century cutthroat. Actually, today's *Cosa Nostra* had its beginnings in the 1880's when Sicilians in great numbers began to pour into the United States, mostly through the port of New Orleans. The majority remained to become fine upstanding citizens, but with the immigration wave came members of the dread Sicilian Mafia, who established their first and longest-lasting American foothold in New Orleans. They quickly inaugurated a reign of terror among law-abiding Italian-Americans, and for several years they engaged in open warfare with Louisiana authorities. They murdered New Orleans police chief Dave Hennessy in 1890, and once the state militia had to be called out to prevent them from storming a prison and releasing Mafia members who were under sentence of death for belonging to the organization.

With the beginning of the 20th century, the Mafia began to merge with other gangsters of Jewish, Irish, French and Spanish descent and the present subtle sophistication of the mob began to replace the crude, bloody methods of the so-called Black Hand. The leadership, however, remained in Sicilian hands. Sam Carollo ruled the Syndicate until he was deported in 1947. Carollo established the mutually satisfactory system of working *with* the police instead of against them. This resulted in the incredible situation—revealed by the Kefauver Committee hearings and by subsequent grand-jury proceedings—in which not only were there wholesale graft payments to the New Orleans police to purchase immunity for racket operations, but some police officials actually were in the rackets themselves, owning and operating gambling establishments, lotteries and houses of prostitution. These disclosures led to mass firings of cops in the 1950's and resulted in the current comparatively clean situation in the city of New Orleans itself. But the mob merely consolidated its operations in Jefferson Parish and other neighboring localities, where the officialdom continued to be cooperative.

With the deportation of Carollo in 1947, Carlos Marcello ascended to the throne. In the 1961 McClellan Committee hearings, Aaron Kohn testified: "Carlos Marcello is the most powerful, most influential, the most sinister racket boss in Louisiana. His wishes are considered

Immigration officers speed Carlos Marcello to brief deportation in 1961.

Aaron Kohn of Crime Commission is top mob fighter.



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Photograph taken last month by a miniature camera hidden in a cigarette pack shows gamblers at roulette table in the Old Southport Club, the biggest Jefferson Parish casino.

orders by numerous persons in public office, obligated to him for their election or appointment to authority. . . . His activities and interests extend across the State of Louisiana and beyond its borders into Texas, Mississippi and elsewhere."

Marcello conducts his business from a ›om next to the office of the million-›llar Town and Country Motel (of which he is an owner of record) and from another luxury motel in the New Orleans area. He lives in a $125,000 mansion in an exclusive section of Jefferson Parish, directly across the street from the posh Metairie Country Club; and for relaxation he goes to his lavish duck-hunting preserve, "Churchill Farms," in the almost-inaccessible marshes near New Orleans, or to his "fishing camp," a sumptuous white frame dwelling at Grand Isle on the Gulf of Mexico. Both of these rural retreats are well guarded and have boat landings for the shrimp boats and other craft which ply the Gulf on his business. He frequently uses these hideaways—leaving his wife Jacqueline and his three children at home—to entertain judges, sheriffs, district attorneys and other allies, with lavish dinners. (In the old days, when less heat was on, he used to sup publicly with these officials at the many fine Jefferson Parish restaurants which he owns or controls.) Of late, as part of his attempt to build a new image of respectability, he also has befriended several Louisiana clergymen, one of whom, a Baptist minister, presented him at a revival meeting as "a brother who once was fallen but who now has found Christ."

So jealous has Marcello become of his reputation that one or more of his 46 attorneys now threatens libel suits against news media which have used or might use such terms as "gangster" or "mobster" to describe him—a warning which has generally been heeded by both the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* and the New Orleans *States-Item*, but not by the three New Orleans television stations.

Despite the efforts of his battery of attorneys and publicists, Marcello has found it difficult to shake his record as a hoodlum. His real name is Calogero Minacori, and it is pretty well established that he was born in 1910 to Sicilian parents in the city of Tunis in North Africa. He was brought to the United States by his father and mother when he was eight months old and raised mostly in New Orleans' across-the-river slum section of Algiers. By the time he was 21 years old—a birthday that he celebrated in the Louisiana State Penitentiary—

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New Orleans itself has cracked down on the mob in recent years, but the town of Gretna, directly across the Mississippi River, remains in the grip of the Syndicate. This aerial photograph of Gretna, centered on Police Headquarters (circle) includes fourteen different locations—mostly bars—owned or operated by Cosa Nostra members.

Photographs by Lynn Pelham

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Carlos Marcello—"THE BIG MAN"—has faced deportation ever since 1953.

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he had already had an impressive career in crime. At the age of 19 he was charged with being an accessory in a bank robbery. When he was barely 20 he was sentenced to 9 to 14 years at hard labor for assault and for burglarizing a grocery store, using two boys, 13 and 16 years old, as gun-wielding accomplices.

Although he served nearly five years in the Angola penitentiary, neither the crime nor the incarceration appears on Marcello's record. The manner in which they were expunged no doubt taught the young man the value of the criminal-politician alliance which he was to use so effectively later on. This was the period when notorious New York gangsters Frank Costello and "Dandy Phil" Kastel moved their vast slot-machine rackets to New Orleans at the behest of Huey Long, after they were kicked out of New York by Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia. One of their partners in New Orleans was Peter Hand, who served in the state legislature while at the same time owning and operating two profitable bookie joints. Costello and Kastel needed a young man who knew the Algiers section and could handle their slot machines there. They apparently decided that Marcello fitted the bill, and Hand took on the task of getting him sprung from prison, though he didn't even know the youth.

In a remarkable tape-recorded confession to Aaron Kohn of the Crime Commission just before Hand died a couple of years ago, he explained how he obtained a full pardon for Marcello. "Oscar Allen was governor, and favors were very easy to get for a fellow like me, because I was a very good administration man," Hand said. "So it wasn't a hard job for me to get him a parole or a reprieve. I just went in to Governor Allen and told him I know this boy's people for so many years, and it was the first time he was in trouble, and it took me about five minutes."

So Marcello got out of jail, went to work with the Costello-Kastel combine, and learned all the tricks of his trade. He also dabbled in narcotics on the side, and in 1938 he was picked up by federal agents as part of "the biggest marijuana ring in New Orleans history." He pleaded guilty on October 29, 1938, to the sale of more than 23 pounds of marijuana and was sentenced to the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta. When he emerged the following August, he was older and wiser. Although his subsequent record is studded with arrests and complaints for crimes such as assault, and even a conviction (reversed on appeal) for contempt of Congress, he has never spent another day in jail.

The closest he came to any sort of incarceration was during the Government's 11-year attempt to deport him as an undesirable alien. He has been under a continuous order of deportation since February, 1953, after the Kefauver Committee's revelations about his crime overlordship in Louisiana, and the case has some of the overtones of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. Using his phalanx of attorneys, including Jacob Wasserman of Washington, D.C.—possibly the nation's most skilled immigration lawyer—Marcello spent an estimated one million dollars in an unsuccessful fight against the deportation order, going all the way up to the U.S. Supreme Court. But Italy wouldn't take him and neither would France—his birthplace, Tunis, was in a former French protectorate—and neither would the new nation, Tunisia.

Finally, in April, 1961, a strange birth certificate showed up indicating that a Calogero Minacori had been born in the obscure village of San José Pinula in Guatemala. The date of birth and the name of the parents matched Marcello's. At one P.M. on April 4, 1961, Marcello walked into the District Immigration Office at the Masonic Temple in Jefferson Parish for his required routine quarterly appearance. Before he had a chance to open his mouth, he was seized and handcuffed by Immigration officers, rushed to the airport in an Immigration Service car, and by 1:30—a half hour from the time he had checked in—he was on his way to Guatemala City in an Immigration Service plane, officially deported.

The not-welcome mat

But the deportation was short-lived. Marcello barely had time to settle in his Guatemala City hotel suite and establish contact with local entrepreneurs who wanted him to take over Central American slot machines, racetracks and gambling casinos, when the public outcry over admission of such a notorious personality rocked the Guatemalan government. On May 3, 1961, eight secret agents took Marcello from his hotel under a Guatemalan deportation order and unceremoniously deposited him at the El Salvador border. The El Salvadorans whisked him across their country and deposited him on top of a mountain in the wilderness at the border of Honduras, from which point he had to walk 17 miles to the nearest village. Marcello, apparently out of condition, claims that he fainted three times during this journey and that he fell and fractured several ribs.

Actually, the details of Marcello's bizarre itinerary did not come out until later. At the time, U.S. agents knew only that Marcello had vanished in Guatemala and that he was not seen for a month. Significantly, just before his disappearance, he was photographed at the Guatemala City racetrack with Felice Golino, the biggest shrimp-boat-fleet operator in the Gulf of Mexico. The mysterious Golino has been identified in newspapers as Marcello's uncle and, by the Metropolitan Crime Commission of New Orleans, as Marcello's partner in various enterprises, including the shrimp fleet. In any event, the Golino fleet was operating off the coast of Honduras in late May, 1961, when Marcello was there. On June 1 Marcello was reported as having been seen in Grand Isle, La., near his fishing camp on the Gulf of Mexico. On June 2 a Marcello lawyer notified the U.S. attorney in Shreveport, La., that Marcello had reentered the country illegally and that he would surrender voluntarily the next day. On June 5 Marcello's attorneys met Immigration agent Bruce Hemstad and drove him less than a mile to Marcello's Jefferson Parish home. They honked the horn, and out strode Marcello. He bade everyone a cheery good morning and stepped into the car.

Marcello spent a few days at the Federal Alien Detention Center in McAllen, Tex., and was released on bond while the Government faced the same old problem—that no country would accept him for deportation. Marcello was subsequently indicted for conspiracy to commit fraud in obtaining the fake Guatemalan birth certificate, for committing perjury in swearing he had nothing to do with obtaining the fake birth certificate, and for unlawful reentry as a deported alien. Marcello is yet to be tried on the perjury and illegal-reentry indictments. Last November, however, he went to court on the conspiracy charge in New Orleans, and this episode merely added another bizarre chapter to the story.

The principal Government witness was an ex-convict named Carl Noll. Noll testified that he had been a "runner" for Marcello-controlled bookie joints in New Orleans and that, after he got Carlos Marcello's personal OK, he was allowed to borrow money from a Marcello henchman and run a bar which featured the henchman's gambling operations in the back room. In 1956, said Noll, he made several trips to Guatemala to consummate business of his own and met the Guatemalan minister of the interior, Eduardo Rodriguez Genis, and Genis's law partner, Antonio Valladares. It was about this time that a Marcello deportation to Italy seemed imminent, and Noll testified that Marcello asked him to try to obtain either Guatemalan citizenship or a Guatemalan birth certificate for him—on the theory that if he was deported to Italy, he could immediately fly to Guatemala, which would be much closer, by private plane, to his operations in Louisiana.

Noll said that the minister of the interior provided him with a car and chauffeur and that he and Valladares drove from village to village in Guatemala looking for a birth ledger which would have room for an additional entry on February 10, 1910, the day Marcello was born. They finally found such a page in the ledger of the hamlet of San José Pinula. They paid an old man to mix up the type of primitive ink used at that time and to write in the name Calogero Minacori in the handwriting of the period. They had the minister of the interior issue a birth certificate based on this entry, and they flew with it to Marcello in Louisiana. It was testified that this birth certificate was subsequently filed with the Italian government, which is presumably how it later fell into the hands of the American authorities.

At the November trial the U.S. Government attorneys supported Noll's story with airline and hotel records and with witnesses from Guatemala, including the chauffeur who had driven Noll to the Guatemalan villages. Marcello's attorneys concentrated on discrediting Noll as a witness, pointing to his six previous convictions as a con man and swindler. The jury was out for exactly an hour and 35 minutes on November 22 before returning a verdict of not guilty. The acquittal gave rise to a current local joke in New Orleans: "Carlos probably will be kicked out of the *Cosa Nostra*, now that they've found out he's a Guatemalan and not a Sicilian."

As the joke indicates, the average citizen of New Orleans and environs does not take Marcello as seriously as honest law-enforcement authorities do. In fact, a good many people seem to consider him a sort of Robin Hood-type folk hero. Members of the Syndicate—and those who have business relationships with it—are under no such illusion. Even though the mob generally eschews murder, *Cosa Nostra* discipline can be harsh.

Some years ago, for example, the mob found it necessary to chastise a sub-lieutenant who had been guilty of a lapse which, in Chicago or New York, almost certainly would have resulted in his trussed-up body being found stuffed into the trunk of an abandoned car. The hoodlum, a hulking, gorillalike man of less than standard intelligence, is a mob prostitution specialist named Peter Ysasi. In 1952 Ysasi got into an argument with one of his mob superiors in a bar in the French Quarter of New Orleans and shot him in the leg. Ysasi was thereupon taken to Arabi, La., to the home of Mike Roach, managing director of prostitution operations for the mob. Ysasi's wrists were broken, he was partially scalped, and his face and body were permanently scarred with a red-hot flatiron. When he recovered from this exercise in discipline, bygones were allowed to be bygones, and Ysasi went back to work at his old stand.

Because the mob generally manages to avoid publicity about such matters, however, the citizenry continues to be unimpressed by the extent of Syndicate power in the New Orleans area.

"Our biggest problem is the attitude of the people," says New Orleans police superintendent Joseph I. Giarrusso. "We closed up half of the mob-operated strip joints on Bourbon Street and elsewhere in the city because tourists were being drugged or getting their heads bashed in and robbed in them. But we can't close up the rest because certain businessmen feel that, with no place to sin, the tourists won't come to New Orleans anymore. The bookies come across the line from their main base in Jefferson Parish, and we raid them; the prostitutes come across the line from Jefferson Parish on a call-girl basis, and our Vice Squad makes arrests nearly every night. But the courts tend to give out light, slap-on-the-wrist fines and they're back again. Our people just can't understand that what seems to them to be a little harmless gambling is really tied in with far more serious crimes. They can't understand that these are not just local boys they've known all their lives and that they really *are* tied in with the national crime syndicate."

With a local press that reports such matters only perfunctorily, it would probably shock most residents of the New Orleans area to learn what some of their supposedly harmless local boys are up to. Nick Nuccio, for example, has been a chief Marcello lieutenant for years, a well-known man-about-town with a profitable $4,000,000-a-year bookie business. He has handled football and race-track bets for some of the leading citizens in the area. Last September 27, however, he was caught in the act of burglarizing the safe of a large dairy near Baton Rouge, La., and was captured after a gun battle with the police. He was sentenced to the State Penitentiary for ten years on the burglary charge and fined for illegal possession of burglar tools and narcotics.

"This harmless local boy is a gunman, a shylock, a trafficker in burglar tools," the Crime Commission's Aaron Kohn said recently. "His common-law wife, Debbie Nuccio, is a notorious prostitute. And we

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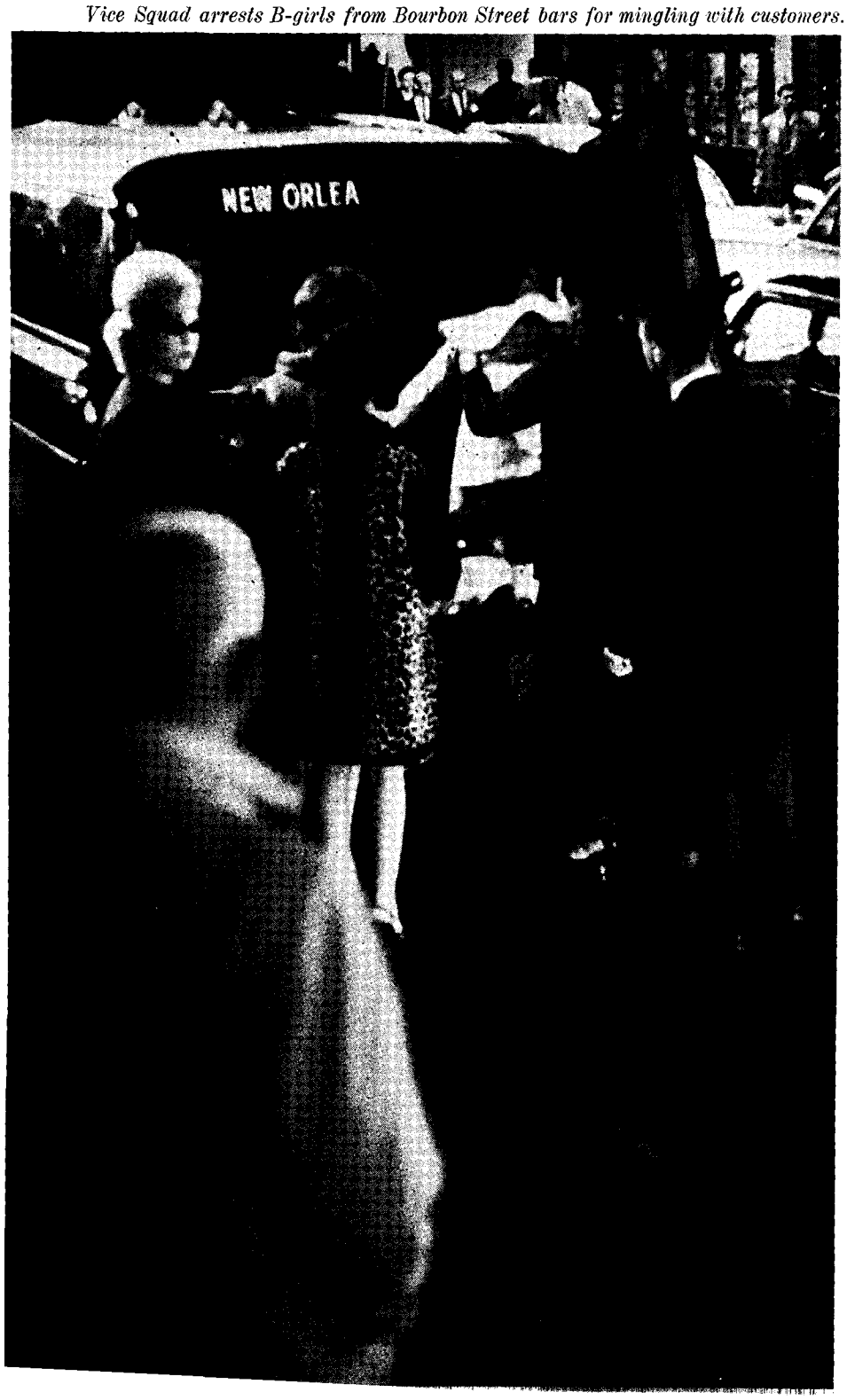
Some local citizens think a certain amount of sin is good for business.

New Orleans Police Superintendent Joseph I. Giarrusso briefs his men before a raid.

Vice Squad arrests B-girls from Bourbon Street bars for mingling with customers.



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have evidence that Nuccio participated in burglaries in Jefferson Parish for years, but he seemed to enjoy an immunity from arrest and prosecution. His big mistake was pulling a job in East Baton Rouge Parish."

Marcello's personal involvement with illegal activities is hard to establish. For one thing, he has placed control of many of his operations in the hands of his six younger brothers, Peter, Pascal, Vincent, Anthony, Joseph and Sammy—all of whom were born in the United States and are therefore not subject to deportation, as he is. Since his first clash with the Immigration authorities in 1953, moreover, he has not even acquired any of his vast collection of properties in his own name but has used fronts.

He himself is still the owner of record, from the old days, of a number of properties, including the rambling warehouse-like structure which houses the Old Southport Club in Jefferson Parish—the biggest gambling casino in the area. Yet it has not been established that Marcello has anything to do with the gaming inside, and it is perhaps a coincidence that one of the casino's managers, Salvadore Boemia, has frequently been spotted by the Crime Commission at Marcello's home at 7:30 P.M. When Boemia leaves, with what might be a bag of money, he goes straight to the Old Southport Club, where gambling begins at eight P.M., immediately after his arrival.

About a year ago, under public pressure, deputies of Jefferson Parish Sheriff Jack Fitzgerald visited the place and—with some 200 patrons' cars parked outside—reported the building to be "boarded up, unused and unoccupied."

How can such longtime immunity continue to exist? A clue to the answer lies in the story of two recent secret meetings uncovered by this reporter, in which Carlos Marcello participated. The first of these meetings occurred last fall, during Louisiana's primary-election campaign. A candidate for sheriff of Jefferson Parish was approached by a henchman of Marcello's who said, "The Little Man would like to see you. He just wants to ask you some questions, and if you give the right answers, there's $50,000 for you." The candidate went to see Marcello, and the Little Man said, "I just want us to be friends. You understand, of course, that I'm not mixed up in the rackets anymore, but I've got a lot of friends who are, and after all, what are friends for except to do favors?" The Little Man then asked just one question: "You believe in home rule, don't you?" (In Louisiana, home rule means one thing: nonenforcement or relaxation of state criminal laws by a sheriff against the racketeers in his locality.) The candidate said he was against home rule, which was the wrong answer. The interview then was abruptly terminated. Although the candidate was on the same ticket with a close friend of Marcello, a tremendous amount of money was spent to defeat him, and he was badly beaten in the first primary.

The second of Marcello's secret meetings took place a short time later. On this occasion the party of the second part was an official in the office of crusading New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison. The DA's man was dining in a Chinese restaurant one night when a hoodlum came over to his table and made the same approach: "The Little Man would like to see you." The official was driven to Marcello's remote swampland hideaway, Churchill Farms, where he was wined and dined by the Little Man. Then Marcello said, "We got a new type of electronic slot machine, and we want to get back into the city of New Orleans with it. All we want from your boss is for him to do his job. We'll put out two of the machines and we want Garrison to seize them. Then we'll bring a test case and get the machines declared legal. We just don't want Garrison to raise so much hell that it goes to a higher court. After we get the machines ruled legal, we'll put three hundred of the machines in the city, to start. Garrison will get ten dollars per machine for doing this favor for us—or three thousand dollars a week."

Like Marcello's offer to the candidate for sheriff, this bribe was refused—something that hasn't happened often in Louisiana history—and promptly reported to the Crime Commission. This is quite a tribute to Aaron Kohn, the Syndicate's most implacable foe over the last decade. Kohn, a former top FBI agent, has based his entire anti-*Cosa Nostra* campaign on the election and appointment of honest officials and on hounding them until they dry up the main sources of sustenance for the mob—vice and gambling. The campaign finally is bearing fruit, with cleanups in New Orleans and neighboring St. Bernard and St. Charles parishes. Now only Jefferson Parish remains. "But," says Kohn, "this is the main fortress, the Kremlin, the Citadel. It will take a long time to fall."

The assault may soon begin. In the recent elections a forthright young lawyer named Alwynn Cronvich was elected sheriff of Jefferson Parish over several openly mob-dominated candidates. "I will enforce the laws," Cronvich says. "I'm going to close down gambling and prostitution and narcotics trafficking wherever I find it." If Cronvich means what he says—and Kohn believes he does—Louisiana's crime empire will receive a serious blow in June, when Cronvich takes office.

"Serious, but not necessarily fatal," says Aaron Kohn. "Never forget that these men have developed the art of crime to such a sophisticated degree that they can go underground and still survive with their vast financial operations, and so on. The answer really lies with the people. When I make speeches, citizens complain to me about the United States Government spending a million and a half dollars of the taxpayers' money to try to deport Marcello. I point out to them that they, the people, are financing Marcello by putting money in his slot machines and placing what they think are innocent bets with his bookies. I tell them that this is the money that enables him to hire the best lawyers, whom the Government can't afford to hire, and he defeats them."

Kohn concluded sadly, "It's the same old story throughout the United States. The governed are defeating their government through the financing of the offenders."

THE END

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When Patrolmen Byron Gorman and Robert Grevemberg raided Al Iachino's Kiwi Bar recently, Iachino put up a fight. Gorman held him while Grevemberg handcuffed him.

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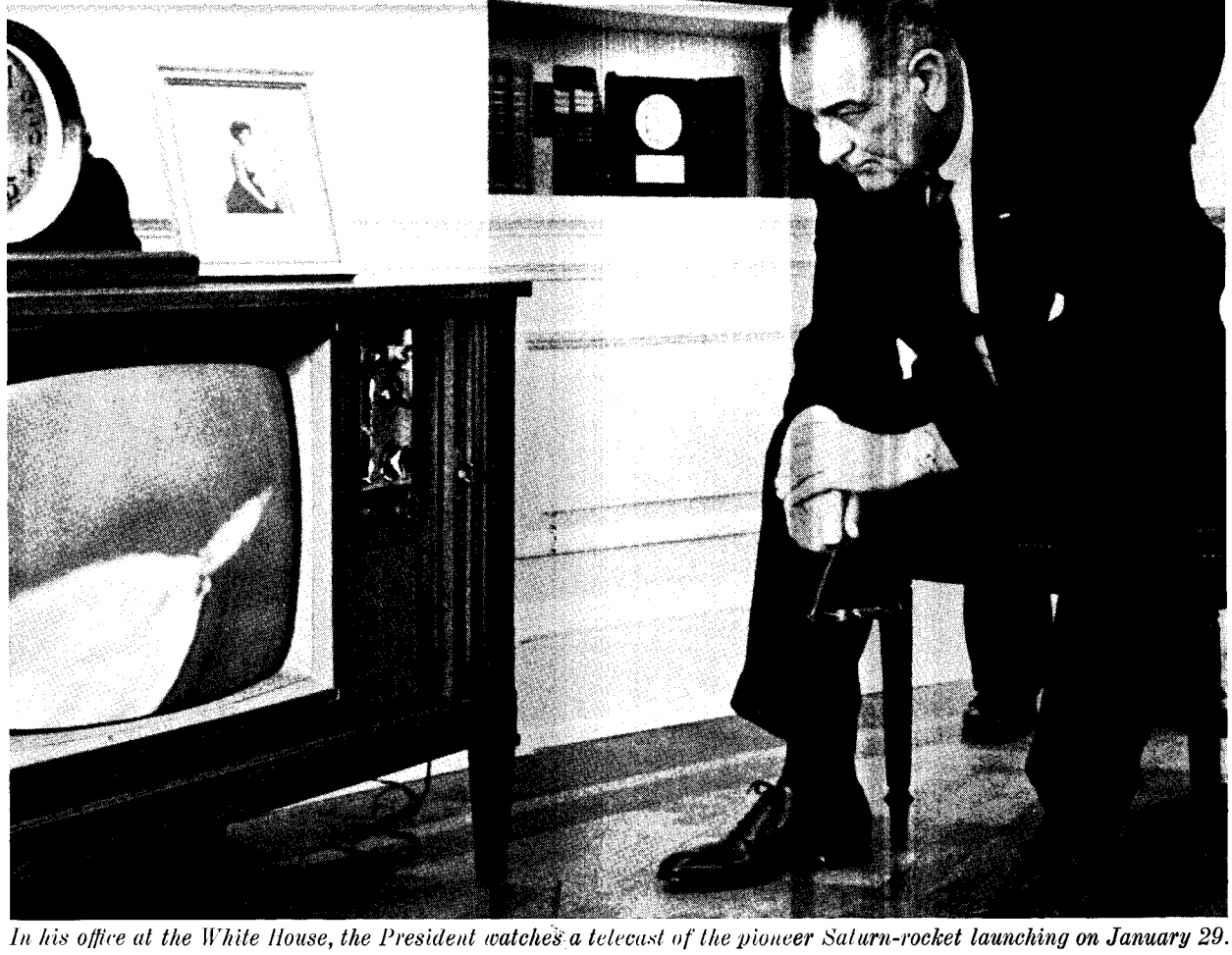
This article is an abridgment of a chapter from the forthcoming book, *Space: Its Impact on Man and Society*, edited by Lillian Levy, to be published this fall by W. W. Norton & Co.



In his office at the White House, the President watches a telecast of the pioneer Saturn-rocket launching on January 29.

By Lyndon B. Johnson

THE POLITICS OF THE SPACE AGE

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TELLS HOW THE CONQUEST OF SPACE CAN BRING AN END TO HOSTILITY AMONG NATIONS HERE ON EARTH.

The history of man is a history of triumphs, but a history of the governments he has devised to serve his needs is a history of failures.

Since the 18th century, man has substantially changed the nature and potential of his existence on earth with an outpouring of scientific inventions and discoveries. Over that same period the casualty rate among man's political forms, systems and values has been high. Of the 18th century's creations of political science, only the forms and values of the United States' system of representative, constitutional government survived unchanged through the impact of the 19th century's industrial revolution to flourish and flower in the 20th century.

This perspective is important. Any discussion of the "politics" of the space age is, necessarily, a discussion of politics in the classical sense, not the convention-and-campaign sense. If the space age has not eliminated the smoke-filled room, it has at least opened a window and given air to fundamental and sometimes obscured values.

The fate of the free society—and the human values it upholds—is inalterably tied to what happens in outer space, as humankind's ultimate dimension. While the response of our technology is important, no less important is the response and role of our political institutions—both to the challenges of the present and to the opportunities of the future.

The vital role of politics in the space age has been evident since October 4, 1957, when the Soviet's Sputnik I was launched. The orbiting of that first unmanned earth satellite was a feat of science. But the worldwide impact and importance were essentially political. Sputnik I was proclaimed by the Soviets as validation of Communist prophecies about the superiority of their political system. Such conclusions have been proved premature and excessive by our own subsequent successes. But the fact remains that the Soviet "first" in space exploration resulted primarily, if not entirely, from misjudgments by our political leadership, not from deficiencies of our scientific community.

The price of underestimating space exploration has been much more tangible than a "loss of status" in world opinion. Whatever uncommitted nations and their leaders may have thought, the chief impact of Sputnik I was registered directly upon the Kremlin. Communism's leaders were convinced that the time of fulfillment for Marxian prophecy had come. They were emboldened to begin a period of belligerence and bluff toward the West which did not run its course until the abortive Cuban venture in 1962.

The review of these events is as important for what it does not mean as for what it does mean. Most emphatically, it is not to be inferred that the free society should accept as its goals those set by the ambitions and undertakings of the totalitarians. We would dishonor our trust to do so. The goal of free systems is human progress; the goal of the systems which compete against us is human enslavement. By definition, our work is never done. Human progress is a mountainside, not a mountaintop—political systems and politicians serving human progress may climb or fall, but never rest.

In our domestic American politics this is the lesson learned from Sputnik I. After the sustained climb of our postwar "consumer-goods" boom, some of our political leadership elected to rest, as though a summit had been attained. In that moment of illusion we were passed by—in the technology of space.

Why did this occur? Self-examination is imperative. In retrospect, the answers seem to be these:

1. Despite two decades of intensive scientific advance, we had failed to establish adequate relationships between the scientific community and the political community—to the blame of each and the disservice of both.

2. Inherent in the political miscalculation toward space exploration was the influence of the unfortunate anti-intellectualism of the early 1950's. American political leadership repeated the classic error of the profession through the ages: assuming that the summit of power is also the summit of wisdom. The open contempt with which the Sputnik I success was greeted by some in positions of political trust betrayed a degeneration of the respect for intellect which is indispensable to the governing of a free and open society.

3. Perhaps the greatest failure of all was devaluation of the first—and hardest—responsibility of elected representatives of the people in our system: the responsibility to lead. Elective office entails more than merely serving the comfort of the electorate. In the 1950's higher values were attached politically to "pleasing" than to "pushing," and this uncharacteristic transposing of America's traditional values led to a lulling of national effort and momentum toward the "new" and "unknown."

No purpose is served, at this late date, by excessive recrimination. Sputnik I jolted us out of the lethargy and bad habits into which we had drifted. Our political structure reacted responsibly. Science was accorded its rightful place as a resource and strength of integral concern to national policy making. The blight of anti-intellectualism was erased from responsible political leadership circles—and, no less important, the scientific community lost much of its anti-politician bias which inhibited accord, understanding and cooperation. Executive and legislative branches alike reassumed a responsibility for leading—for defining the higher goals and higher potentials of our society and system.

In the years since 1957 the American political system and its politicians have acquitted themselves well, as have our scientists. An orderly program of space exploration has been devised and financed without unbalancing the values of our free society. We have reached for the stars above us without forgetting the slums here among us. We have resisted the impulse toward totalitarian secrecy to conceal our failures, while also resisting the totalitarian monopolization of the knowledge acquired through our successes. These are significant achievements.

Our most important achievement politically in the space age has been this retention of basic national character, purpose and political values in our space program. It is reflected by a primary objective of our program, clearly stated at the outset, to gather knowledge for the benefit of all nations and to join with all nations in this endeavor. It is underscored by the fact that in the earliest days of the space age the United States formally insisted that the exploration of space should be a joint adventure of nations with the express objective of fostering

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peaceful uses. This has been, and continues to be, our position both in word and deed.

It is a landmark achievement of our political system that the original National Aeronautics and Space Act authorized our Government to cooperate with other nations in pursuing the legislation's basic objectives. During the past four years we have cooperated with more than 50 other nations: sharing scientific information, training their scientists and, in several instances, launching their space payloads with our rockets. Our communications and weather satellites have convincingly illustrated both the potential for peaceful uses of outer space and our unhesitating willingness to share those benefits. While this is only a first primitive stage, these developments underscore the fact that space exploration is the first human experience with the potential of joint participation by all nations on earth.

In my own judgment this potential—which lies clearly in the political realm—of bringing nations together in joint productive common labors to share common benefits is one of the greatest potentials space affords, at least for the remainder of the 20th century. Such common endeavors are basic to any real hope for peace. It is my conviction that space can be mankind's first real avenue to peace by giving all men and all nations a common self-interest and joint adventure.

This common self-interest is the hope of making a better world tomorrow for today's children. The recent United States and Soviet cooperative space effort in communications marks what may be an auspicious beginning for better East-West understanding through the advancement of knowledge. We would like to see this understanding broadened by joint space endeavors in meteorology, astronomy, lunar and interplanetary exploration. For in the exploration of space, knowledge is both the key and the quest. When we reach for the moon and the stars, we reach for answers to the deepest secrets of the universe. How much more accessible these would be if we but strove upward together!

An era of great change

Since time began, change has been the mortal enemy of the political systems man has devised to give order to his own existence, to safeguard his person and property, and to preserve and perpetuate the ideals of his culture. The age of space is to be one of the great eras of changing human experience; it is, perhaps, a mistake to restrict the concept of this new era by characterizing it as the age of "space"; it is, more accurately, an age of exploration and extension for all the fields of human knowledge and progress. In this age of increasing emphasis on science and technology it is imperative that we not lose perspective of the challenge it presents to our political form, systems and values.

America's special contribution to the world has been in the political realm. Our greatest success has been at devising a pragmatic political system capable of transforming spiritual ideals into realities for the lives of all our people. In the age now beginning, our scientific and technological progress can mean great strength for our political institutions, at home and abroad, but we must not displace democracy with an overriding technocracy.

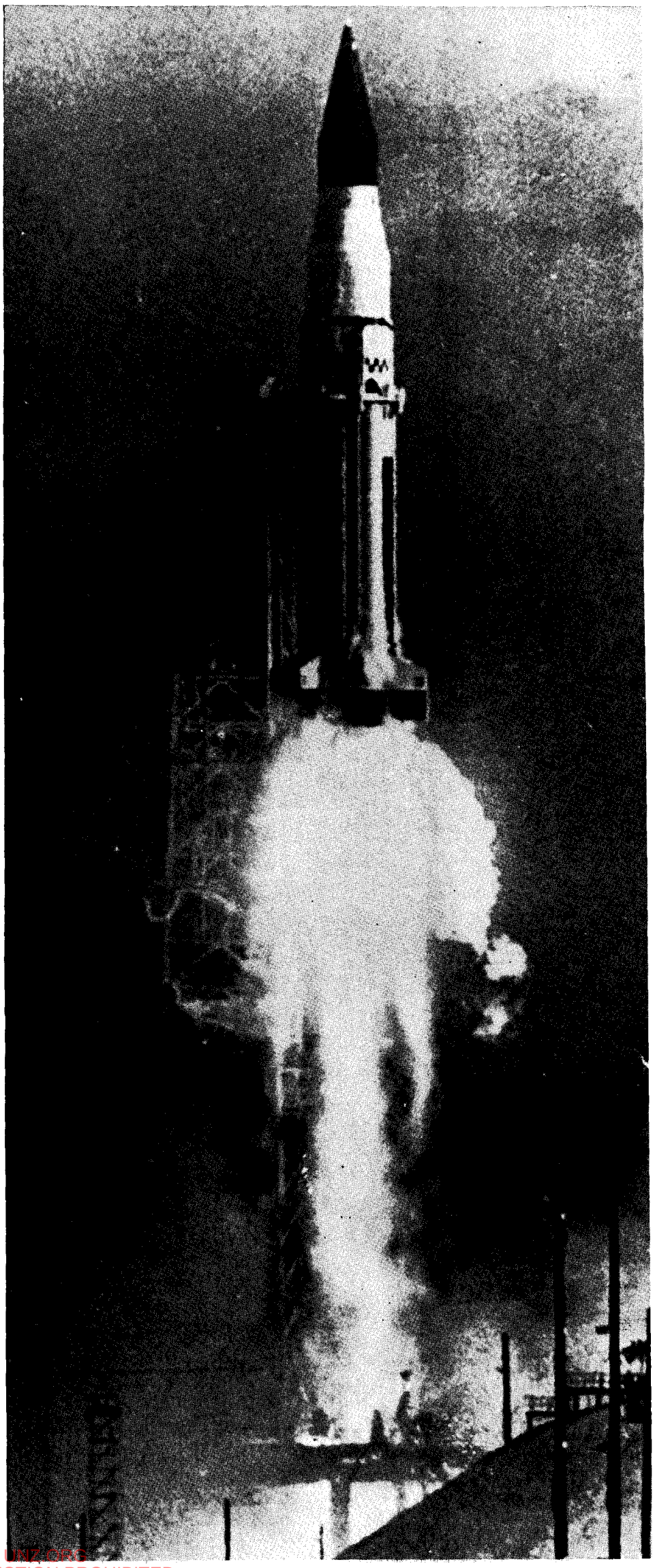
We must commit our national resources to the support of achievements in space—as we have done. But that commitment must not be blind to balance and proportion. We must not proceed on the dangerously oversimplified logic that money alone is the root of all national successes—in space or other endeavors. That is a false premise, as is the premise that niggardliness is the root of all failures of our political system.

This new age is a time of growth for our national capabilities. Such growth requires the free system's politician, and the free system's voter as well, to grow also. We must all have greater breadth and perception, appreciating that the value of our new capabilities is the support and strength they give to our oldest values of freedom.

Domestically the age of space, like the industrial revolution, will mean dramatic upgrading of the promise and potential of the lives of all our people. If our political institutions are to serve the people effectively during this period, those institutions must function to improve the quality and availability of education, permit and foster growth and expansion of our economic system, and stimulate, by vigorous leadership and vision, aspiration toward higher national goals.

Internationally our capabilities in this new age will permit us to exercise a new leadership of hope. The technical accomplishments of the age of space will be enemies of war. Improving international communications, for example, will serve to lessen the likelihood of misunderstandings leading to nuclear disaster. More importantly, the accomplishments of technology, in the not-too-distant future, will permit attacks upon human poverty, agricultural deprivation, illness, illiteracy, etc., such as have never been possible in the past. We must exercise the inherent resiliency of our system to conceive meaningful applications of these new capabilities which will advance our goals of a world of peace, justice and freedom.

Thus far the space age has been characterized as a period of competition. It is important, however, that we keep in mind the fact that the competitiveness is between political systems, not between national scientific communities. In the world of science the logical instinct is toward cooperation without regard to political boundaries. This impulse we must preserve. The real challenge of the space age is for the politician to tear down the walls between men which have been erected by his predecessors and contemporaries in the political field, rather than to raise its barriers higher into the free and peaceful vastness of space. If the potentials of the age of space are fully realized, this period will someday be known—and blessed by all people on earth—as the Golden Age of Political Science. THE END



Cape Kennedy: Saturn blasts off to hurl the heaviest of all satellites into earth orbit.

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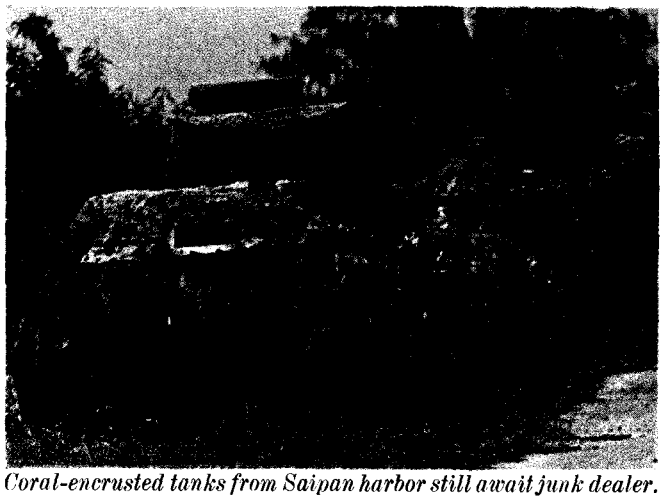
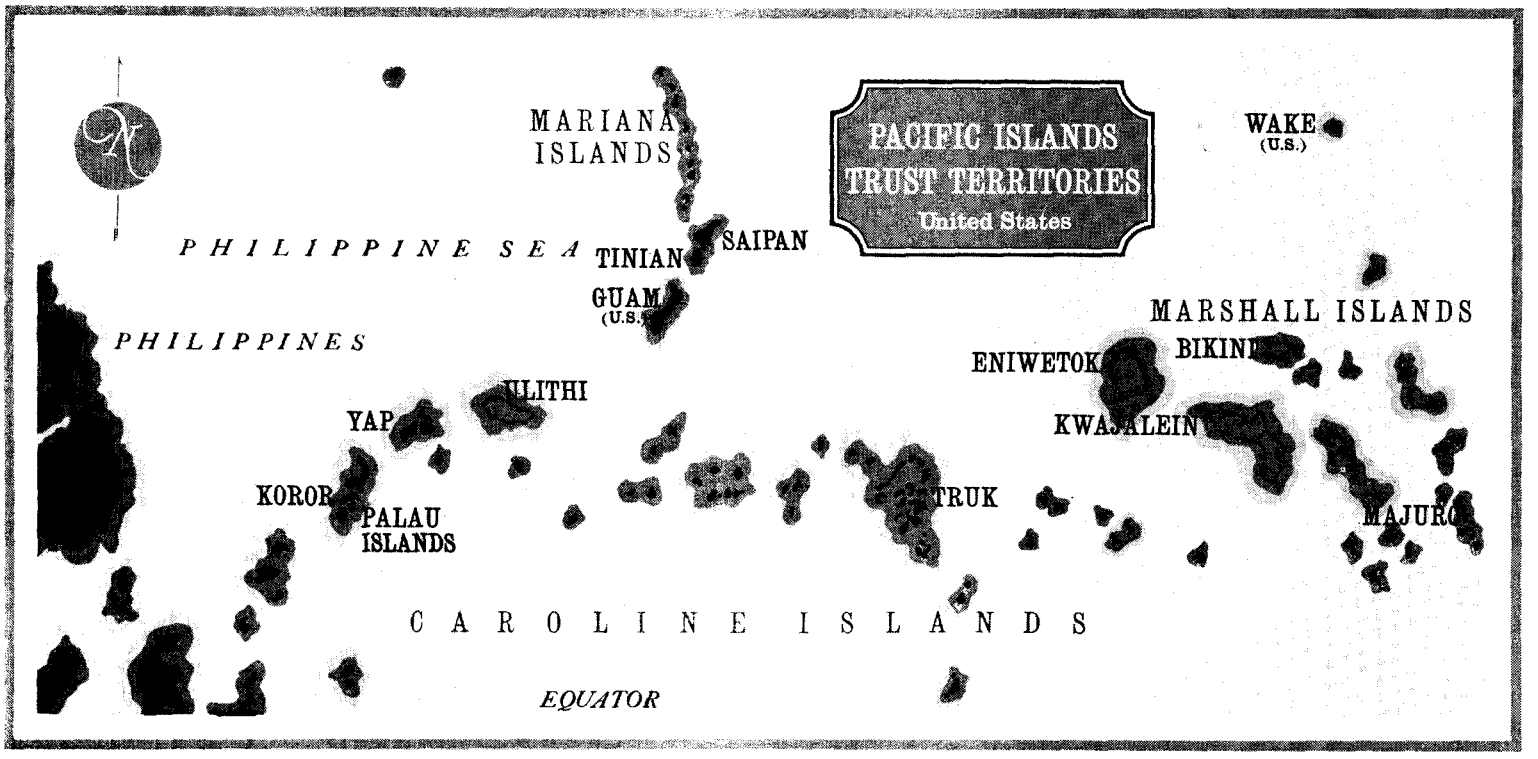
Ulithi students (left) dance at dedication of new high-school building.

In World War II the U.S. captured an immense Pacific territory from Japan. Today our island domain is a scandalous mess and a serious threat to our international prestige.

AMERICA'S NEGLECTED COLONIAL PARADISE



Coral-encrusted tanks from Saipan harbor still await junk dealer.



Micronesia, administered by America under United Nations trusteeship, sprawls across a Pacific area almost as large as the continental U.S.

Koror is a tiny island. Most Americans do not know that it exists. Yet Koror and 2,140 other tropical islands constitute the largest colonial area in the world today, the Pacific Islands Trust Territory. The colonial power that administers this vast ocean region, approximately the size of the continental United States, is the United States. For the nation which took form by revolting against colonial status has become one of the last nations in the world to retain control of a people who have no self-government. As administrator of a United Nations trust, the U.S. has failed to fulfill its treaty obligations. We have stood idly watching as the region decayed into a shambles of dilapidated buildings, crumbling roadways, inadequate hospitals and neglected schools.

Koror is in the Palau Islands, part of the Micronesian group fabled as a paradise of deep blue lagoons, orchid-hung forests, dazzling beaches, laughing children and bare-breasted women in grass skirts. Before World War II the island was a thriving urban center known as Japan's colonial Miami Beach. There were modern houses on modern streets, a radio station, neon-lit cafés, and geisha houses.

On Koror today little of paradise remains. American bombardment in 1944 destroyed much the Japanese had built, and a misguided U.S. Navy "cleanup" after the war finished the job. The water system, virtually obliterated when a U.S. bomb fell on a reservoir, has never been adequately restored. Cisterns and polluted wells furnish water for houses where dry faucets protrude from the ground outside. Not long ago two people died and 239 others became acutely ill from infectious hepatitis spread by Koror's water. On Yap, Truk, Ponape and other island centers conditions are no better.

The Micronesians have appealed to American authorities for improvements, but usually without effect. "We are tired of promises without results," says Indalecio Rudimich, the magistrate of Koror and a successful businessman. "Nothing ever seems to come to pass."

This remote island territory, completely unknown to the majority of Americans, will never be forgotten by the families of 6,288 U.S. servicemen who died there. Kwajalein and Eniwetok, Saipan and Tinian, Pelelieu and Angaur were important Micronesian way stations on the road from Pearl Harbor to Tokyo. The Japanese—who gained a League of Nations mandate over Micronesia as the secret price of entering World War I against Germany—had made the area their overseas bastion. Truk had become a mighty naval center, Saipan and Tinian hardened island fortresses. But even before its military ambitions mounted, Japan developed the area into a humming, productive empire. By the mid-1930's energetic Japanese had colonized extensively, building sugar mills and pearl centers, mines, fisheries and a thriving trade in copra. The major islands, bustling centers of commerce, became progressively modern in their mode of life.

Then came the war. The Japanese were rolled backward, but rooting the defenders out of their stronghold required massive

By Don Oberdorfer · Photographs by Jack Fields

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Because the U.S. neglected its trust, Micronesia has never fully recovered from the war.

destruction on every island they yielded. Bombing, naval gunfire and artillery reduced cities and villages to ruin. The Micronesians, who had been subjected to successive colonization by the Spanish and Germans before, found themselves hosts to the Americans. The experience has not been totally unlike that of the American South after the Civil War—with the important difference that the Micronesians had no part in the war.

Micronesia has never recovered. For the unpleasant truth is that the U.S. has done almost nothing to repair the damages of World War II. The rusted hulks of landing craft block harbors and disfigure beaches. On the island of Yap, Zero fighter planes are falling apart alongside the airfield. In many places fertile farmland is withheld from its owners because live artillery ammunition, hand grenades and mortar shells are strewn everywhere. On Saipan, two lone Navy technicians struggle to demilitarize an area so large that the job will take them half a century at the present rate.

The U.S. has been on the job in Micronesia for almost 20 years already. Military and naval commanders began to administer the conquered area even before the war in the Pacific finally ended in 1945. Because geography makes Micronesia of great strategic value, the U.S. was reluctant to relinquish a region it had won by the loss of American lives. The U.S. arranged to keep Micronesia under its control in trusteeship with the United Nations. Under the terms of the 1947 treaty, the U.S. undertook to lead the islanders toward self-government and economic independence. When the U.N. Trusteeship Council began operations, five nations, including Britain, France and Belgium, were responsible for vast territories throughout the world. Now, although Britain and New Zealand nominally are still trustees for the small Pacific island of Nauru, only America and Australia retain trusteeship powers. As well as being the actual administering power in Nauru, Australia administers eastern New Guinea—to the apparent satisfaction of at least some of its residents, who sent a delegation to the most recent meeting of the Trusteeship Council to ask that Australia not withdraw.

In the U.S. territories, however, a touring U.N. mission found "considerable dissatisfaction and discontent" among the 81,000 Micronesians under U.S. protection. The 100-page report, which was made public on June 8, 1961—the same day that America let it be known in the U.N. that it would side against Portugal on the issue of colonialism in Angola—greatly embarrassed the Kennedy Administration. The four-member commission reported that the Micronesian economy had "been allowed to remain static for too long," and that young and eager islanders were unable to get capital and technical advice with which to help themselves. The report found "no coordinated plan for economic development," and urged "greater and speedier efforts" to

Left where it stranded under U.S. attack, Japanese ship disfigures sunset at Truk.

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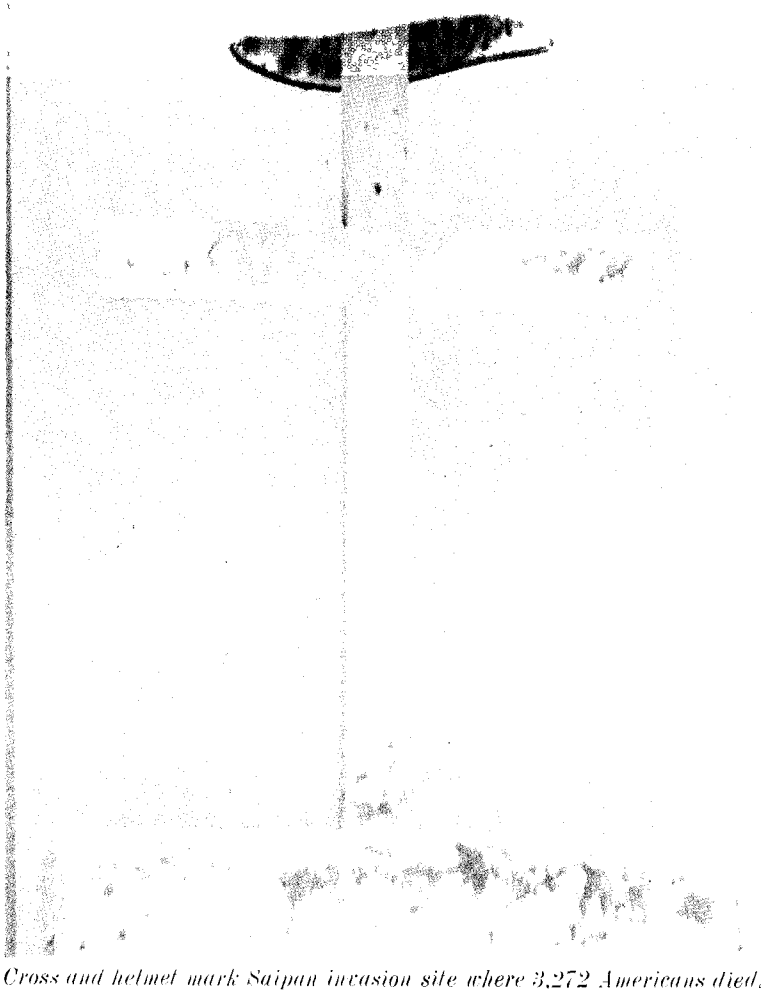
Technicians stack live projectiles strewn over Saipan since ammo dump burned in 1944.



Cross and helmet mark Saipan invasion site where 3,272 Americans died.

Shoal waters wash over a U.S. Sherman tank that never reached shore on Saipan's Blue Beach Two, a primary assault objective in the bloody battle for the strategic Marianas.

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Micronesia is a vast potpourri of tribes and cultures scattered over 96 island groups and

Seventh-graders on Asor rehearse for music program with teacher Lavinia Stahl.

prepare the islanders for self-government or independence. President Kennedy, apparently surprised to learn of unrest in paradise, demanded to know what was going on out in the western Pacific.

At about the same time, M.W. Goding, the recently installed U.S. high commissioner, was making a first tour of his estate. On the island of Tol, Goding waded through a quagmire that was the only road to what passed for a school. "It was a decrepit building with no screens, a dirt floor and a leaky tin roof," he recalled recently. "I felt like weeping." Goding's deputy, José A. Benitez, was more actively moved on a visit to a similar site. "This is not a school!" he roared, delivering a furious kick to the quivering tin walls. "This is not America!"

And it is not. But it is an American obligation, and one that the richest nation in the world has neglected. Part of the trouble is poor organization. The U.S. has been trying to run a colony without having a colonial office in its government. It is imprecise to call the islands an American colony, of course. But the distinction is one of words and of treaties rather than of fact. The Trust Territory was an orphan child whom no one knew how to care for. The Navy retained control until 1951, when President Truman decided that military rule of an international trusteeship could no longer be justified. The U.S. Department of Interior then got the job. Interior was a logical choice because of its previous experience with such U.S. territories as American Samoa. But this choice ignored the supreme illogic of giving Interior dominion over an immense exterior region more than 6,000 miles from Washington.

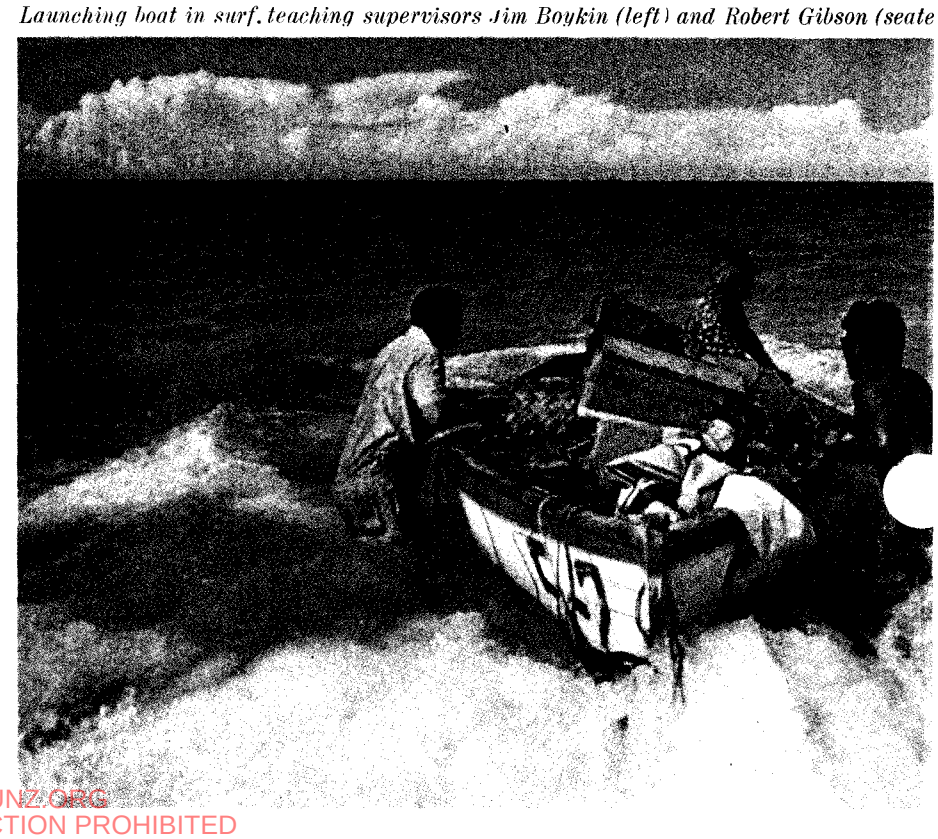
The Trust Territory administration became a minor branch of Interior's sprawling network. The department already had one million square miles of

American teacher Paul Scott hacks coconuts open with a machete for his class on Yap.

Touring his vast domain, U.S. High Commissioner M. W. Goding says good-bye to an Americ

New Yorker Amy Eisentrager, a teacher on Saipan, plays ball with students at school.

Launching boat in surf, teaching supervisors Jim Boykin (left) and Robert Gibson (seate



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divided by nine languages.

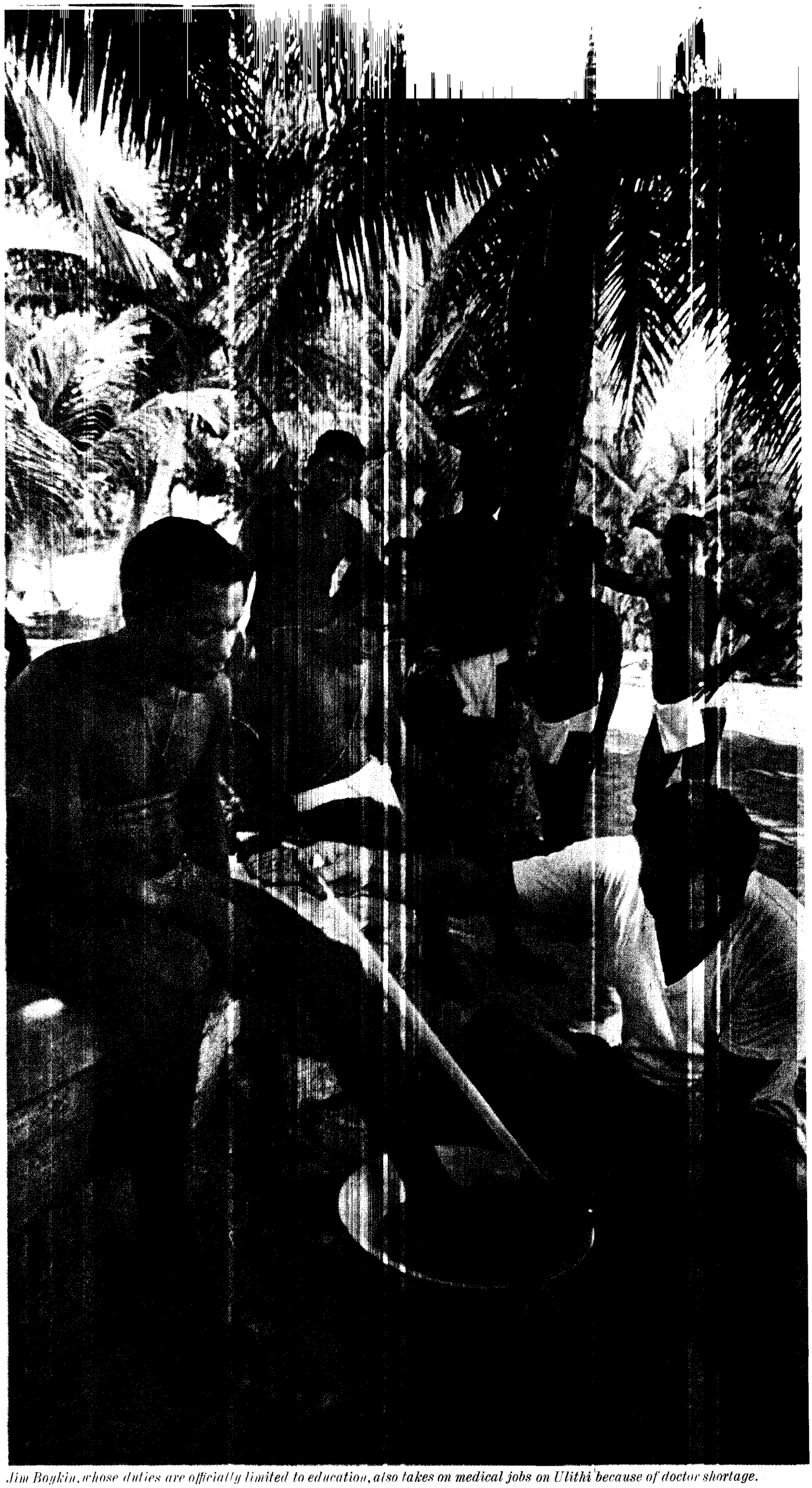
federal lands to worry about, national forests to administer and assorted Indian tribes to care for. The Territory drifted into a bureaucratic limbo. Constantly rising costs of salaries, goods and services, when applied to a stagnant budget, yielded smaller and smaller returns in educational and economic development.

At the same time, Kwajalein, Eniwetok and Bikini remained closely guarded testing grounds for U.S. guided missiles and nuclear weapons. Saipan became an important Asian training base for the Central Intelligence Agency. Outside these military installations, most of Micronesia was left virtually unattended.

The paradise in the Pacific became a sort of never-never land—never the object of domestic concern and never the recipient of foreign aid. Domestic agencies, busy with our own economically depressed areas, claimed they could not provide health, welfare and agricultural

icer at Angaur airport in the Palau Islands.

ove off from Falalop after inspection visit.



Jim Boykin, whose duties are officially limited to education, also takes on medical jobs on Ulithi because of doctor shortage.

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Outside the high-roofed **men's house,** *a communal hall, a gray-bearded Yap villager watches boys romp on an inner tube. Child's seat is ancient Yap money.*

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"Zoo theory": Leave the natives in primitive bliss. Weakness of theory: No bliss.

services to a foreign land. The Peace Corps and the foreign-aid agency, occupied at hundreds of spots around the world, refused to bestow their benefices on a U.S.-administered territory. Micronesia belonged to nobody. In the field of broadcasting, for example, the Federal Communications Commission considered the region a foreign domain outside its jurisdiction, while the Voice of America could not concern itself with broadcasts to a domestic area. In the meantime, Radio Moscow and Radio Peking let no jurisdictional squabbles prevent them from beaming in propaganda in both Japanese and English. Natives heard the Communist side of the news, but until about a year ago could not tune in any programs sent out by the United States.

But when President Kennedy got mad, things began to happen. Within a year the National Security Council had called for a "greatly accelerated" program of development. As a first step, Congress more than doubled the Trust Territory's seven-million-dollar annual budget, with emphasis on education. The school buildings which so affected Goding and Benitez are being replaced. A $220,000 appropriation has been made to repair the reservoir on Koror.

Yet a great deal remains to be done, for a quick infusion of money cannot totally resurrect a region left so long to decay. When a nine-member White House survey mission visited Micronesia last summer, they found everywhere the disturbing results of years of neglect. The waterworks on Koror that treats and pumps what water there is—mainly to the homes of Americans and to public installations—is sinking into the hillside where the Japanese built it 30 years ago.

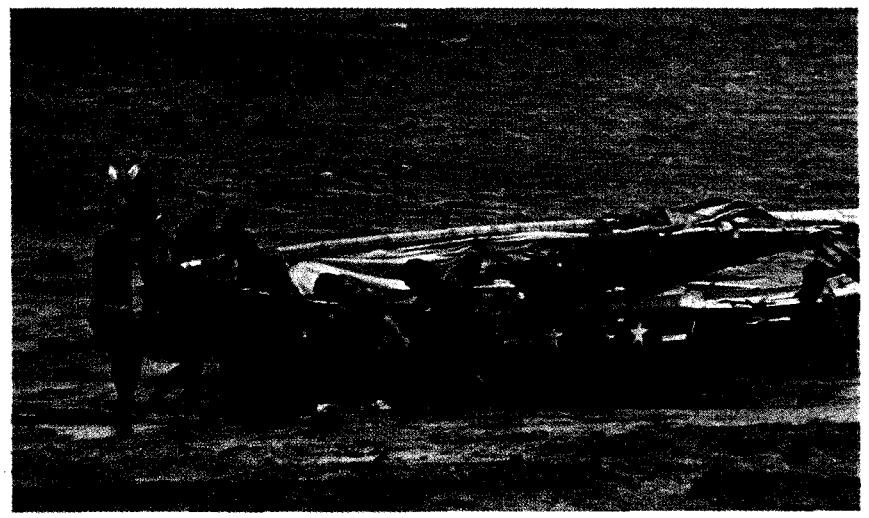
"One day this system is going to go, the whole damn thing," complained Jim Murray, the American supervisor. "And it won't be long from now," he said, pointing to cracks in the purification tanks. Inside the tanks, water seeped through sand the color of malted milk. It has not been cleaned in 15 years.

Trust Territory headquarters are on Saipan in the Marianas, on a hillside above the former site of Garapan. In prewar days Garapan was a bustling city of 25,000, with department stores and modern houses fronting paved streets filled with honking automobiles. Almost totally destroyed by the American assault, Garapan today consists of a few unpainted shacks built by the Navy just after the war. In the middle of a dense jungle that has overgrown the former city are the ruins of a prison. Lizards and toads live in the shell-pocked walls. On one wall is the handwritten epitaph USS INDIANA 1944. No other structure remains.

Over on Yap, a tradition-conscious island in the Carolines where the ancient doughnut-shaped stone money is still highly valued, the White House group found government workers crowded into a jerrybuilt slum at Yaptown, the administrative center. Some workers are separated from their homes in thatched-roof villages only 10 miles away by a canal built by the Germans in 1901. The Japanese spanned the canal with a small but serviceable concrete bridge. Our contribution was to bomb the bridge in 1944. Now Yap workers commute to their homes on weekends, when they pass over the canal in canoes or motorboats—but only at high tide, for the canal has not been dredged since 1947.

The district hospital at Yap was built by the Navy in 1948 on a peninsula overlooking Yaptown harbor. When the presidential survey commission visited the hospital, a mother lay asleep in the

Preparing a coral foundation, unpaid Gagil-Tomil Island volunteers build a school.



Mogmog islanders beach their canoe after sailing to Asor for school dedication.

Students on Babelthuap play in the schoolyard at Airai. Pending completion of an adjacent building, classes are still conducted in this bombed-out Japanese headquarters.

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"It's simply absurd to expect us to go back to grass huts again."

maternity ward on bloody sheets that had not been changed in 24 hours. Cobwebs dangled from overhead light fixtures. The dentist's sterilizer sat on a dusty shelf above his toilet, and in the operating room a stethoscope hung limply on a corroded nail along with two flyswatters. Anthony M. Solomon, chairman of the visiting group, asked for some salve to treat an eye irritation.

"This medicine is out of date," he said when given a tube marked for use before September, 1958.

"Most of our medicine is like that," replied the unruffled medical chief.

Three new hospitals have been opened in the last two years, but supplies of drugs and equipment are still inadequate. New schools are going up, too, but conditions in many places are like those on Dublon, former Japanese naval headquarters in the Truk Islands. Not long ago Keigo Ezra, Truk's sheriff, showed a visitor the large masonry schoolhouse that the Japanese built, and where Ezra was himself a student in the 1930's. As they walked through the long, barnlike buildings, Ezra pointed out the changes since his student days.

"All this open space used to be partitioned into classrooms," he said, his voice echoing in the empty school. "Up there, where you see bare rafters, we had a painted ceiling. Those insulators had wiring strung between them. That was back when we used to have electricity."

The Japanese also provided stern but competent instructors, tables and chairs, schoolbooks, adequate water and toilets. Now the children sit on the floor of the schoolhouse, which has for its only decoration two worn posters showing the sleek, glass-sided United Nations building in New York. Taped to the wall is a Micronesian teacher's lesson plan:

For 3th Gread

8:30-9:00—Arith
9:00-9:30—English
9:30-10:00—Writing
10:00-10:30—Long resses
10:30-11:00—Reating
11:00-11:30—Social studies

Micronesians are enthusiastic about education, sensing it to be the key to their future. Local teachers did the best they could for years without help from U.S. officials. Classes were supposedly taught in English, but many teachers could not themselves speak the language. However, last summer the first of 140 new schoolteachers, hired after increased funds became available, began arriving from America. In most places only tumbledown buildings awaited them, although 240 new elementary classrooms are being built.

New schoolrooms, hospitals and waterworks, though critically needed, are only palliative treatments and not remedies for the Territory's immense problems. Many of these problems stem simply from geography. Micronesia is not a nation but a potpourri of tribes and cultures divided by broad expanses of ocean and nine different and obscure languages. Its 81,000 people are dispersed over 96 scattered island groups with a combined land area of only 700 square miles—smaller than Rhode Island. Traveling from Trust Territory headquarters on Saipan to Majuro, district center for the Marshall Islands, is like going from Salt Lake City to Norfolk, Va.—over almost unbroken ocean. The Trust Territory's two interdistrict cargo ships take 40 days to make their circuit; the airplanes of its tiny fleet make one trip a week to major centers. Yet budgetary limitations in 1954 prompted one former U.S. high commissioner to propose reducing even these limited services in order to save money.

Throughout this island network, Micronesian customs vary widely. Dress ranges from loincloths and grass skirts, worn without tops and seen mostly in outlying islands, to high-necked muumuus and sport shirts, slacks and sneakers. On one island maidens are carefully chaperoned; on others they are encouraged to take many lovers and have at least two or three babies before considering marriage.

But as diverse as Micronesia is, even the most backward areas do not want the 20th century to leave them behind. On the island of Mogmog in the Ulithi lagoon, bare-breasted native girls in lavalavas perform energetic dances for American visitors. Yet they wear mail-order wristwatches and carry American cigarettes and lighters in their hand-woven bags.

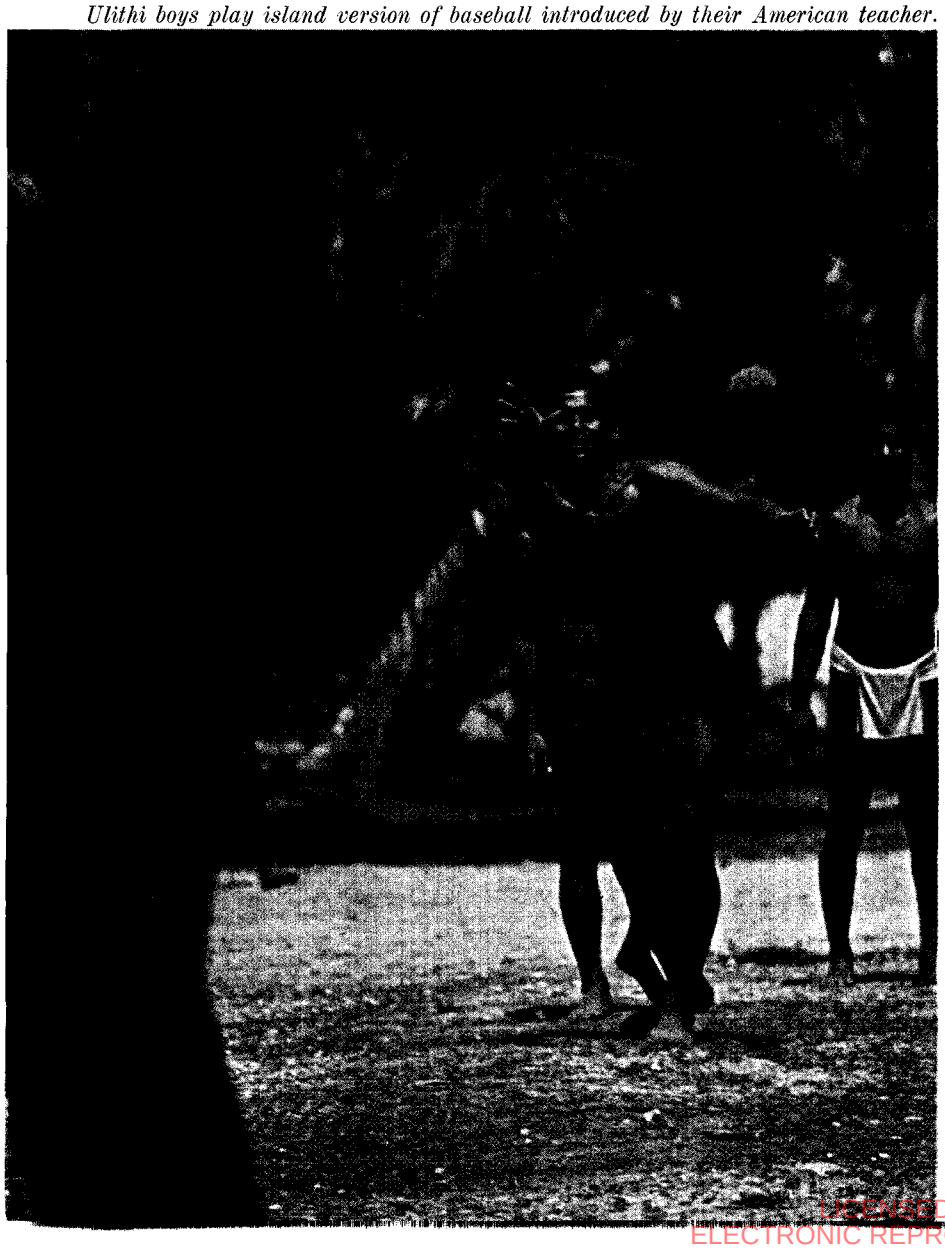
"These kids know the names of the American astronauts better than I do," commented Jim Boykin, a South Carolinian who is teaching supervisor on the atoll. And in 1962 Ulithians sold enough lavalavas and primitive monkey-man statues to amass $435 to send two local boys to college at Guam.

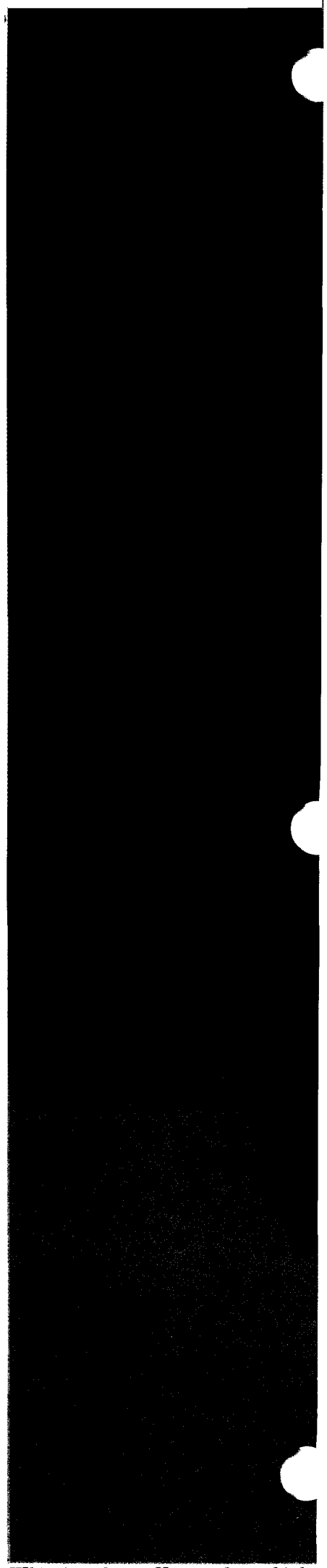
This bewildering blend of the ancient and the modern varies with the size, the heritage and the location of the community. But everywhere there is eagerness for faster development. For too long Washington adhered to the reasoning of an early naval administrator, who declared in 1947, "The best thing we can do for our new wards is to let them completely alone." According to one administration official, Micronesia became an "anthropological zoo," to be carefully preserved as an example of native bliss. Under this policy potential investors, including American businessmen, were coldly turned away. The official attitude discouraged any move that might spoil the happy natives.

The trouble was that Micronesians were neither as happy nor as primitive as advocates of the "zoo" theory supposed. "When I was a boy on Koror," says David Ramarui, who worked his way through college in Hawaii and then returned to help educate his people, "our class used to go to the radio station to sing on the air. We grew up under modern conditions. It's simply nonsense to expect us to go back to living in grass huts and sitting under coconut trees."

What is vitally needed in Micronesia today is a sound program of development

Ulithi boys play island version of baseball introduced by their American teacher.





Whizzing along a Yap road, two high-

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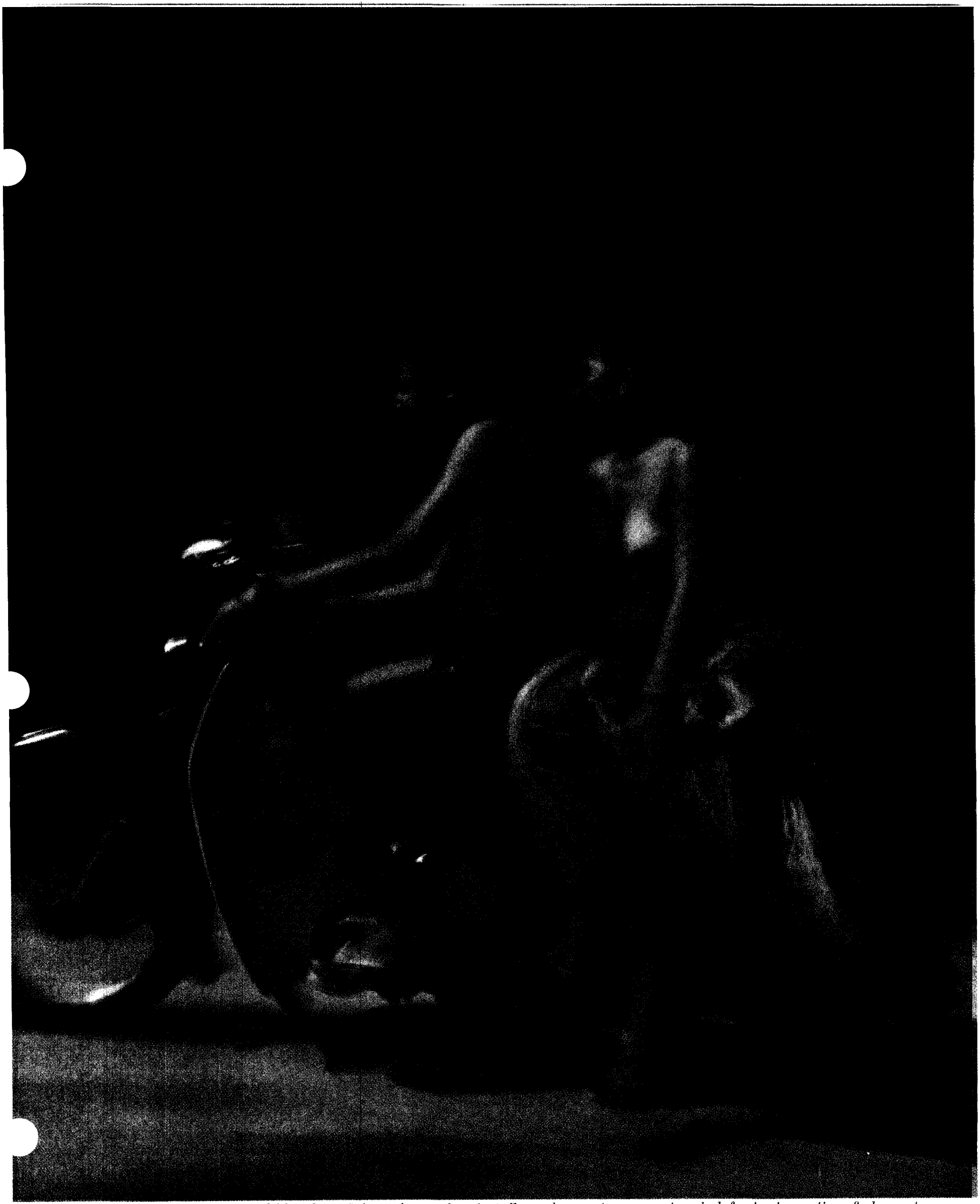

school students on motorbike typify islands' blending of the modern and ancient. Even where customs are entrenched, foreign innovations find acceptance.

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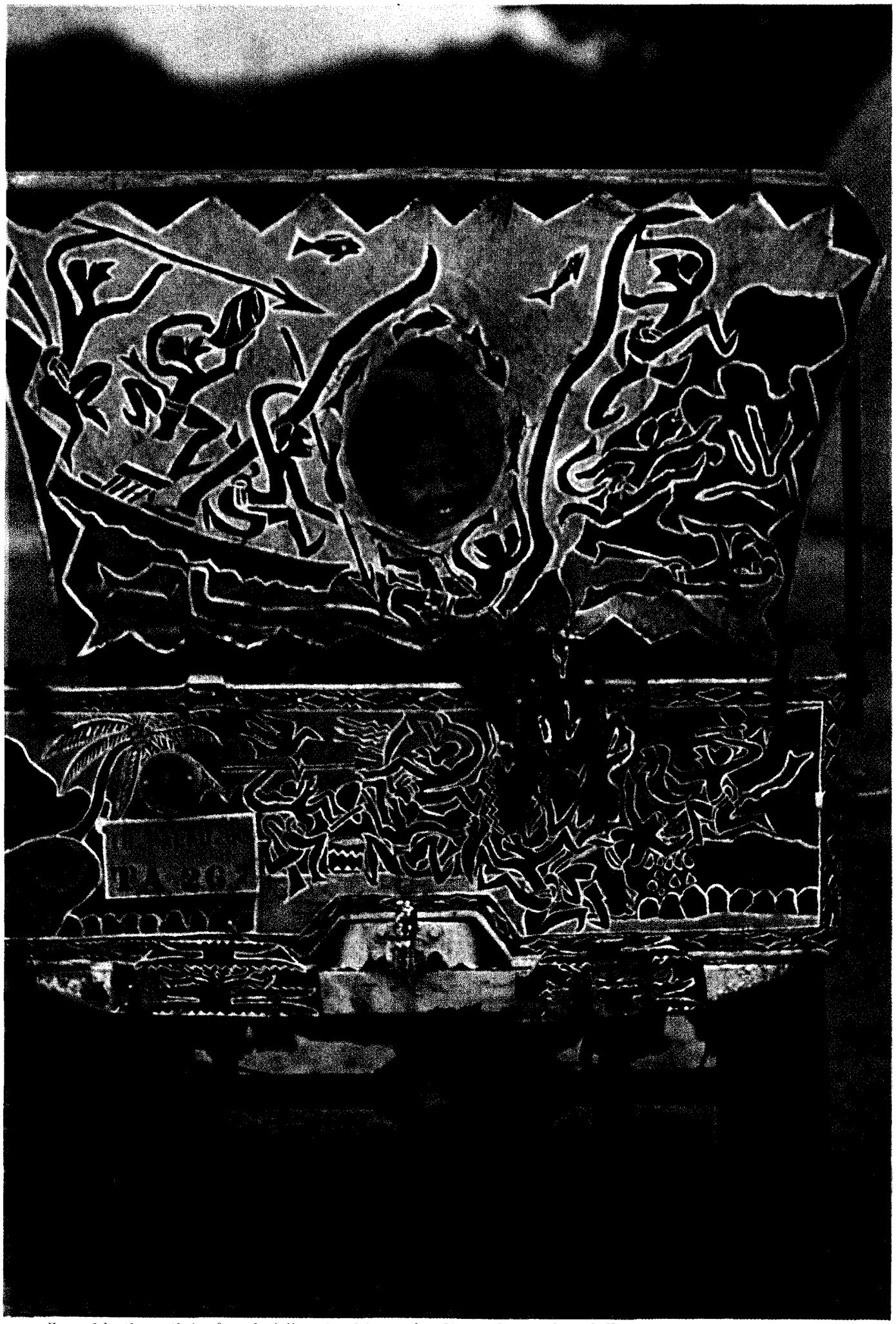
"If we are going to keep these islands, then the very least we can do is to pay a decent rent."



Framed by the porthole of a colorfully painted jeep, a laughing girl rides through Koror. Most cars on island are decorated.

NEGLECTED PARADISE

administered with the cooperation of the American business and scientific communities, to bring the region at least back to the level of economic activity it reached under the prewar Japanese administration. The presidential study mission recommended combining the efforts of the Peace Corps, experienced Hawaiian schoolteachers and private American businessmen. A capital-investment program costing $41 million over a four-year period would restore essential roads, bridges and vital public utilities.

President Kennedy had approved this program shortly before his assassination, but the new Administration has not yet given its endorsement. Although only one section of the study report involves national security, the State Department has stamped the entire document "CONFIDENTIAL," apparently to avoid the embarrassment that would follow disclosure of the group's findings. Even when the new program is proposed by the Administration, many lawmakers will need to be persuaded to give it their support.

"It's going to be a tough battle," predicts Rep. Leo W. O'Brien, chairman of the subcommittee that handles Trust Territory matters. "A lot of congressmen look at the expense rather than at our solemn obligations." Another member of Congress points out, "There are no voters out there. Naturally it will be difficult."

While Washington has been waiting to make up its mind about what to do with Micronesia, another U.N. visiting mission arrived in Saipan week before last. When the four-nation commission returns to New York in mid-March, it will begin preparing its report for the Trusteeship Council. When the report is made public later this year, it will certainly point out U.S. failure to push economic development. A typical example can be found on Saipan, which once exported huge quantities of fish to Japan. Now unable to feed itself, Saipan imported $47,000 worth of canned fish in 1962.

Even though the visiting mission represents nations friendly to the U.S.—New Zealand, Britain, Nationalist China and Liberia—it will be impossible for the members to avoid the obvious truth: The American Government has neglected its responsibilities. Some U.S. residents of Micronesia see the results every day.

"The trouble with us," says a thoughtful American missionary, "is that we haven't wanted anything from these islands except possession, and until recently we haven't wanted to put anything into them either. Sure the Japanese exploited the area for their own ends, but the islanders got jobs, schools and a measure of prosperity. All we've done is maintain services for the Americans who administer the place—which is little help to the Micronesians. Sometimes out here I've been ashamed to be an American. These people didn't ask for us; we asked for them. If we are going to keep these islands, the least we must do is pay a decent rent." THE END

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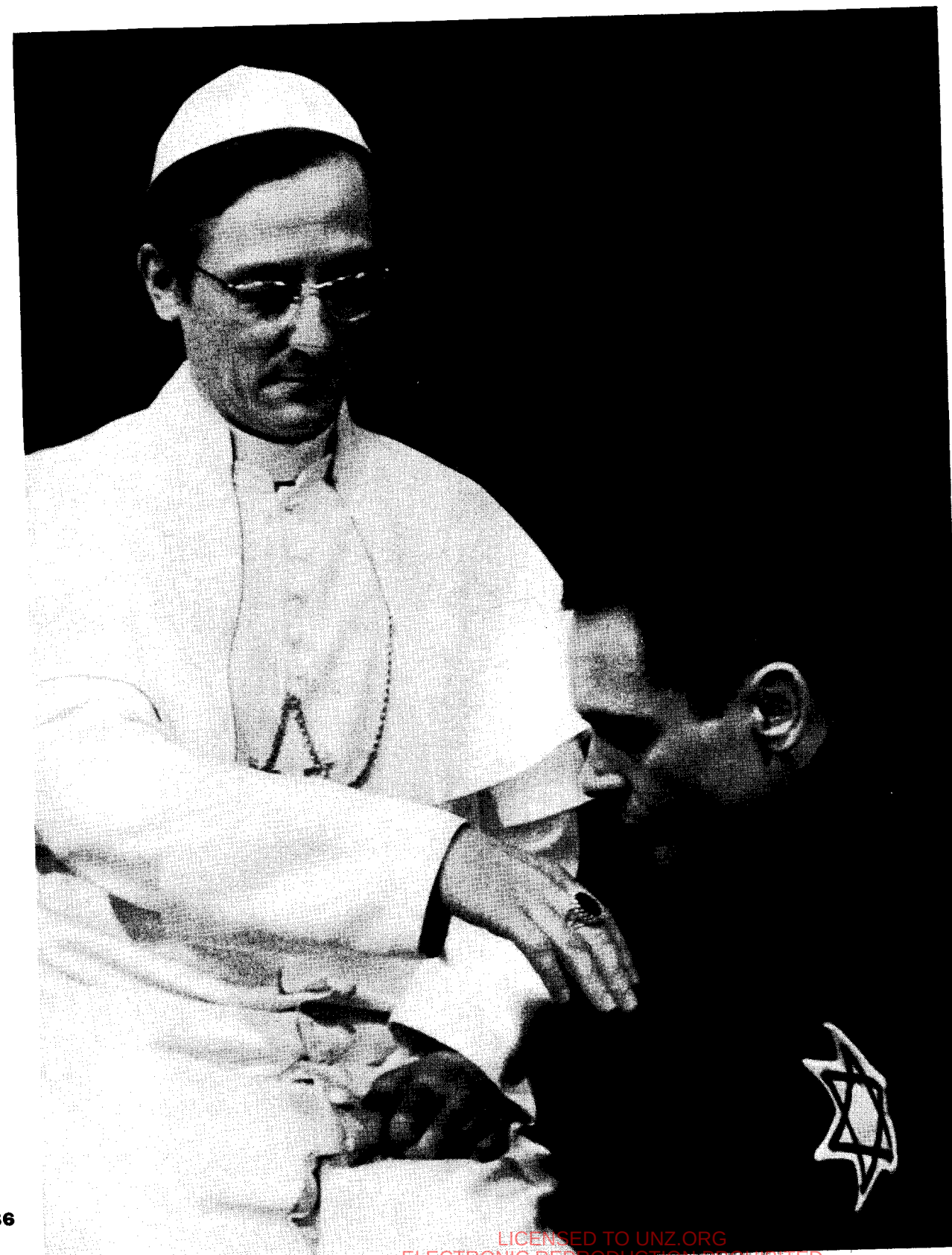
By Alfred G. Aronowitz

"The Deputy," opening on Broadway, has touched off a storm of controversy by accusing the late Pope Pius XII of guilt by silence in the Nazis' murder of six million Jews.

THE PLAY THAT ROCKED EUROPE



Playwright Hochhuth

WHEN the play opened in West Berlin, the numbed audience sat for a few moments and then filed out in silence. When it opened in Basel, 2,500 pickets carried banners and torches into the first riot in the history of that peaceful Swiss city. In another Swiss town, Olten, a mob stormed the theater, broke windows, pummeled ushers, beat members of the audience and slashed the tires of a truck loaded with scenery. In London, where the official censor refused requests to ban the play, demonstrators handed out leaflets, scrawled slogans across the theater posters and telephoned threats against one of the leading actors. In Paris each night, a claque of self-appointed critics hurled obscene insults, a barrage of stink bombs and, ultimately, themselves, catapulting out of the balcony toward the stage, falling into the laps of spectators, and battling with police.

The play, *The Deputy*, is a drama which accuses the late Pope Pius XII of guilt by silence in the Nazis' murder of six million Jews. In New York, where the play is scheduled to open this week, the battle lines already have been drawn. They were drawn, in fact, months ago, when Herman Shumlin, who is sometimes referred to as Broadway's Angry Old Man, first announced that he would produce and direct the play.

Some theater owners told him they would refuse to allow it on their stages. Broadway angels fluttered off in the opposite direction. Actors turned down roles in it. Vigilante groups began composing slogans for their picket signs. One group of Catholic laymen proposed a libel action to keep the play off the boards. Another planned to protest the opening. "Sure we're ready to picket," said one official of the Catholic War Veterans. "We'll be out there in force." At the chancery office of the New York archdiocese a priest commented, "When a father is attacked, naturally the children will respond." And last month in the Israeli sector of Jerusalem, where he had become the first pontiff in history to return to the land of Christ, Pope Paul VI

In Paris actors playing pope and Jesuit hero of "Deputy" were harassed nightly.

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When Hochhuth's "The Deputy" opened in Basel, Switzerland, 2,500 enraged pickets, carrying banners and torches, staged the first riot in the history of that once peaceful town.

devoted an entire speech to an indirect denunciation of the play and a defense of Pope Pius. "We are happy to have the opportunity," he said, "to state on this day and in this place that there is nothing more unjust than this slight against such a venerated memory. Those who intimately knew this admirable man know how far could go his sensibility, his compassion for human suffering, his courage, his delicacy of heart."

The creator of all this controversy is Rolf Hochhuth, a 32-year-old member of the German Evangelical Church. Since the appearance of *The Deputy* he has been called an anti-Semite, an anti-Catholic, a Nazi, a Communist, a bearer of great truth and a liar. He also has been labeled an apologist for Nazi atrocities. "Another manifestation of that unloading of guilt on the part of the Germans," snapped the Manchester *Guardian*. To which Hochhuth replies, "No one who has read the play could say that it was written to reduce the guilt of my own folk. The questions in my play occupy the mind of every German, and so does the question of why the most prominent Christian acted in the way he did."

The Deputy is set in the Vatican, and pits Pope Pius XII against a young Jesuit priest, Father Riccardo. To Catholics, who believe that the pope is the vicar of Christ, the play would seem to be blasphemy. In his stage directions, Hochhuth describes the "smiling aristocratic coldness" of Pius and "the icy glint of his eyes." And his hero, Father Riccardo, openly denounces the pope for not condemning the Nazi persecution of the Jews. "A deputy of Christ who sees these things and nonetheless permits reasons of state to seal his lips," says Father Riccardo, "who wastes even one day in thought, hesitates even for an hour to lift his anguished voice in one anathema to chill the blood of every last man on earth—that pope is . . . a criminal."

Hochhuth contends that the refusal of Pius to condemn Hitler's Germany publicly makes him partly responsible for the mass murders of the Jews. "Perhaps never before in history have so many human beings paid with their lives for the passivity of a single statesman," Hochhuth charges in a 46-page appendix to the play. Hochhuth's view is that the pope was ambitious to play the role of mediator between the Germans and the Allies, and believed the Allied policy of demanding unconditional surrender was folly. While Pius clearly detested Hitler, Hochhuth accuses him of envisioning the dictator as a buffer between Western Europe and Stalin. "Hitler alone . . . is now defending Europe," he has the pope say, "and he will fight until he dies, because no pardon awaits the murderer."

Hochhuth admits that his play is "not scholarly work and is not meant to be." His characterization of Pope Pius, he says, is an imaginative one. Father Riccardo is also fictional—modeled after two real-life figures, Maximilian Kolbe and Bernhard Lichtenberg, two Catholic priests murdered by the Nazis. Hochhuth has dedicated *The Deputy* to them. "It is these priests," Hochhuth has written, who are the true martyrs, in Kierkegaard's sense, of the church in our century."

Caricature of a pope

So bitter is Hochhuth's historical judgment of Pope Pius XII that not one kind word is said for him in the play. The result, according to critics, is that Hochhuth has painted not a portrait of the pope but a caricature, and not even a caricature of a pope but of a devil. Even when Pius opens his mouth in self-defense, Hochhuth arranges the words so that Pius always ends up condemning himself. When the pope, in answer to Father Riccardo's pleas, finally does agree to dictate a message protesting the deportation of Roman Jews, the message is weak and ineffectual—it does not even use the word Jews. "Words, words," notes Hochhuth in his stage directions, "a rhetoric totally corrupted into a classic device for sounding well and saying nothing."

In the climax of this scene an event occurs which some observers have termed both insulting and incredible—Father Riccardo, a Jesuit sworn to unconditional obedience, argues with the pope at the top of his voice and in the pope's own chambers. He then affixes, before the pope's very eyes, a yellow Star of David to his own priestly cassock. Finally, he deputizes himself to act as Christ's representative at Auschwitz, where he follows Christ's example of martyrdom and accompanies the Jews to death.

To some observers, Hochhuth's drama appears to be a kind of inflexible Protestant morality play, presenting only one choice—that between all good or all evil. To Hochhuth there is only one issue: the need for Christ's deputy to speak out against a diabolical evil, regardless of risk, just as Christ would have done. But a number of critics have sharply attacked Hochhuth's version of Pius's actions. Novelist Evelyn Waugh, a Catholic convert, has called it "false as history and negligible as entertainment."

"Hochhuth's so-called 'research' is a complete fraud," stormed Dr. Edgar Alexander, a Catholic historian. Pope Paul, in a letter written to the London

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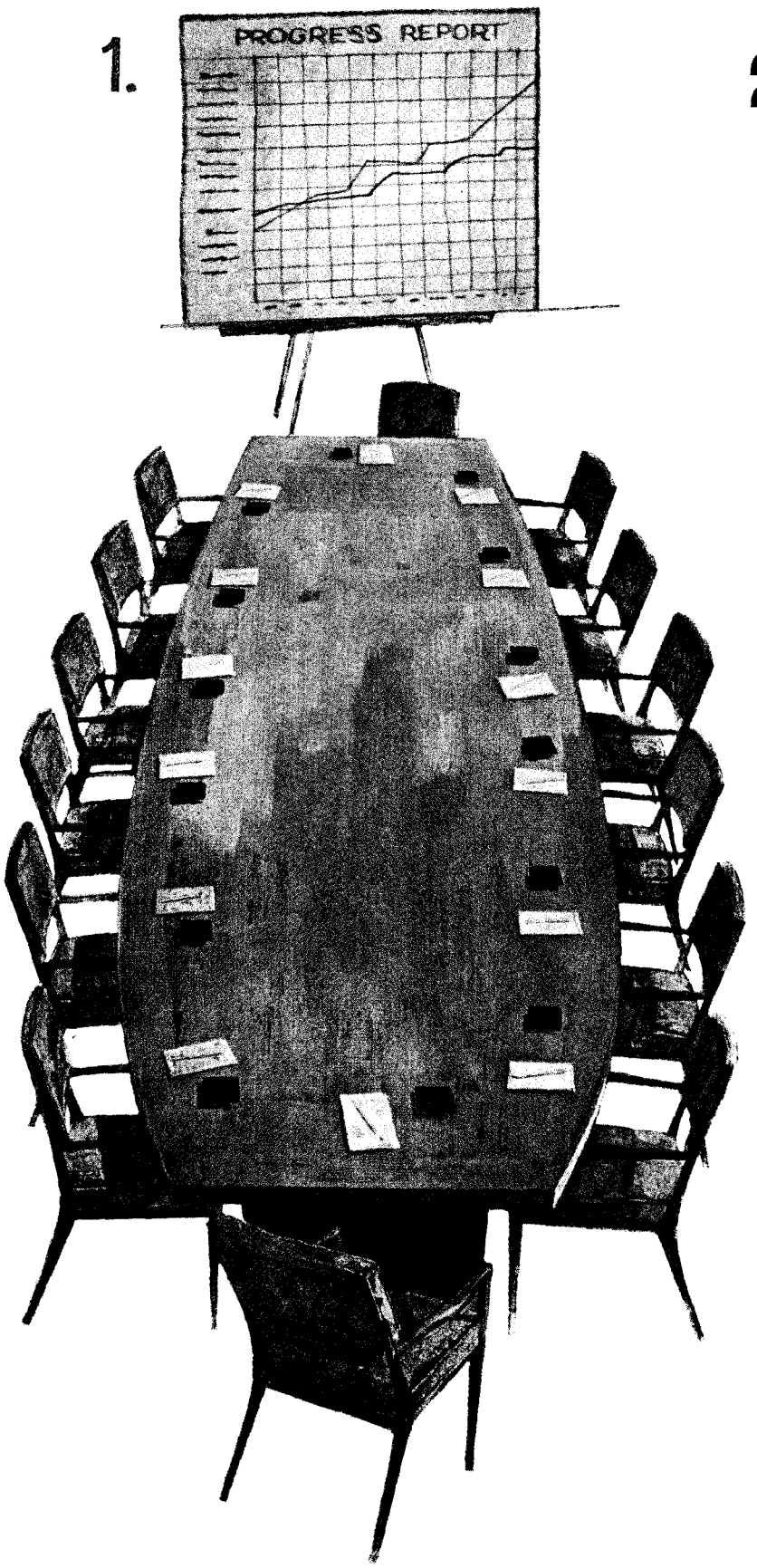

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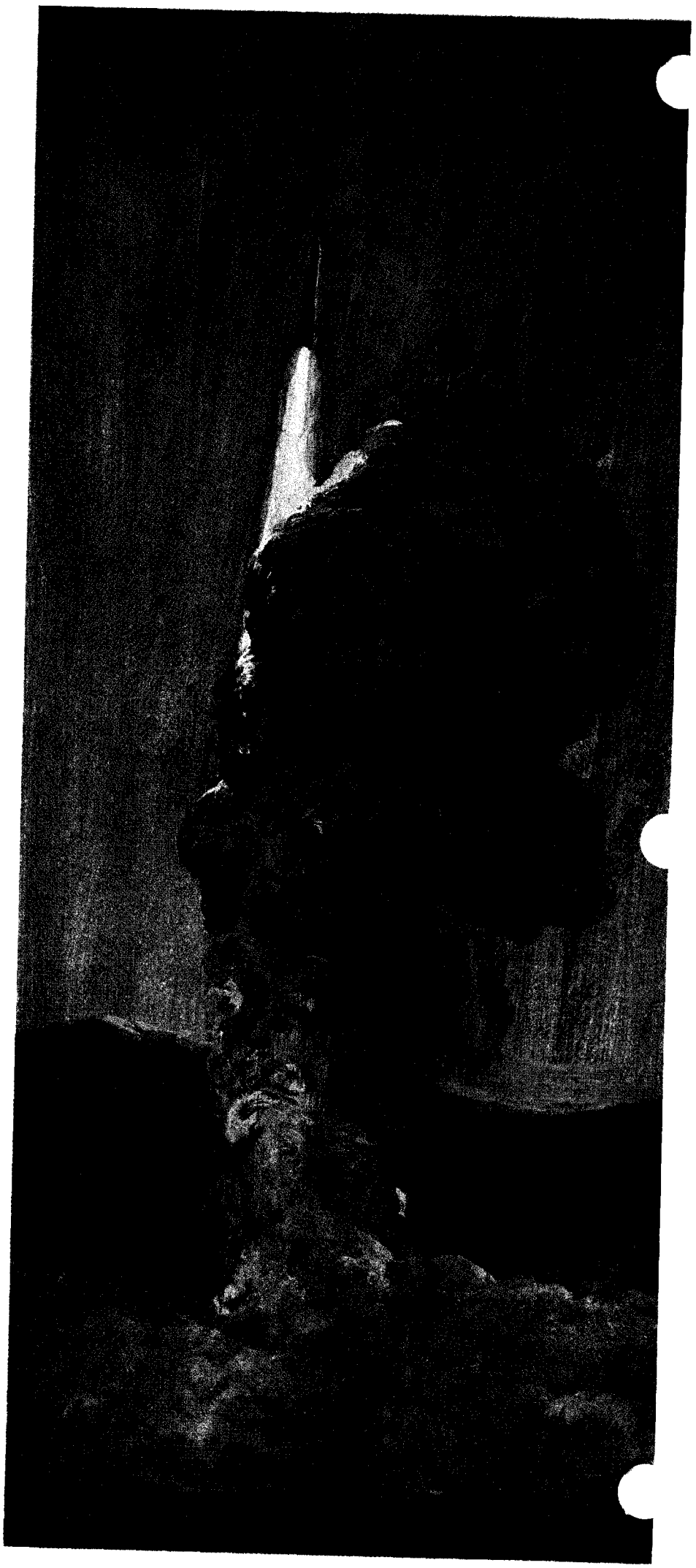

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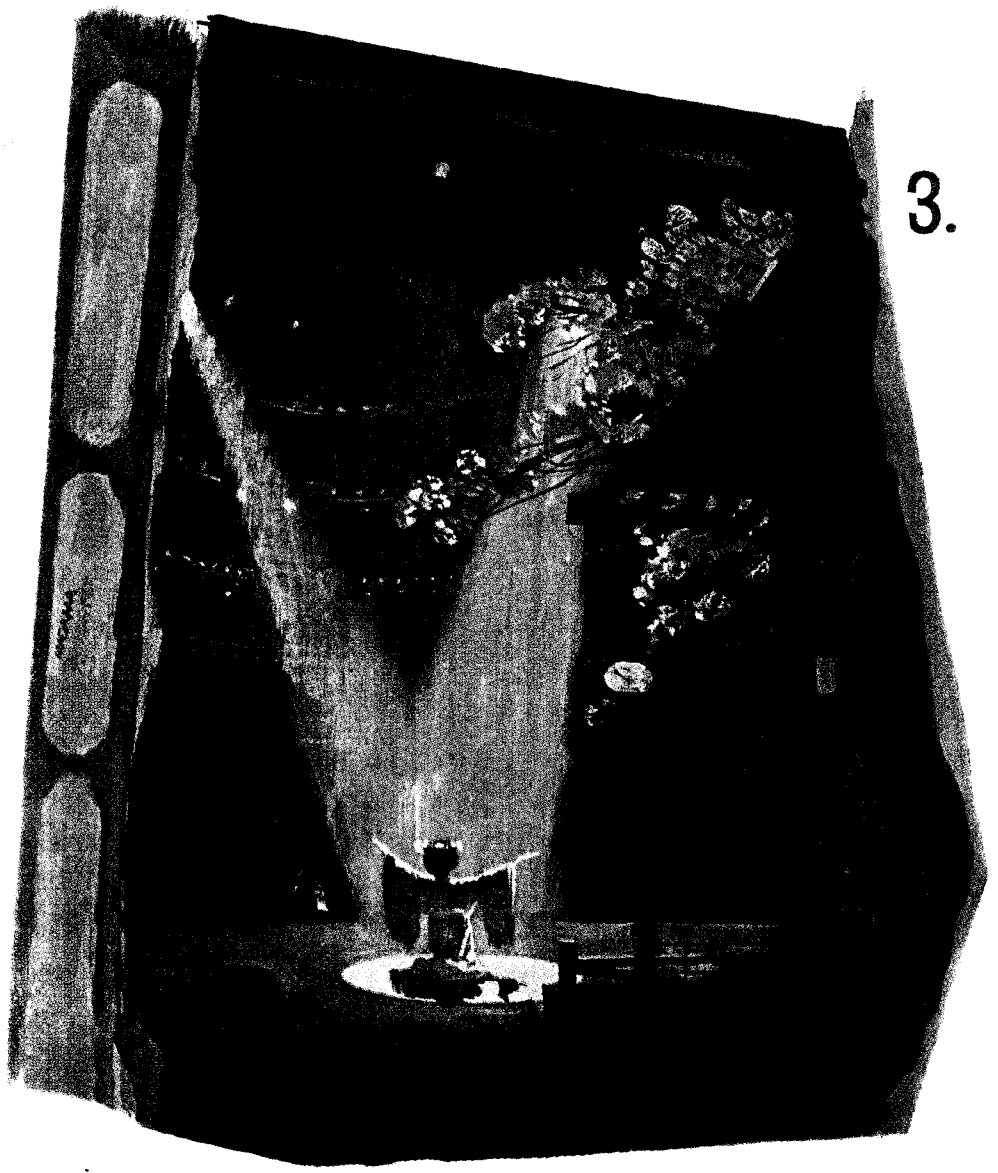

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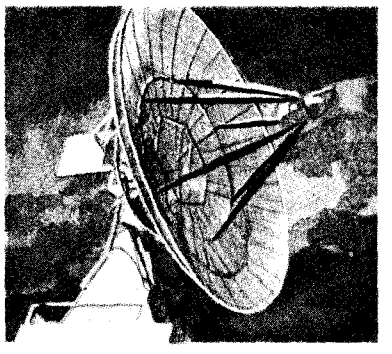

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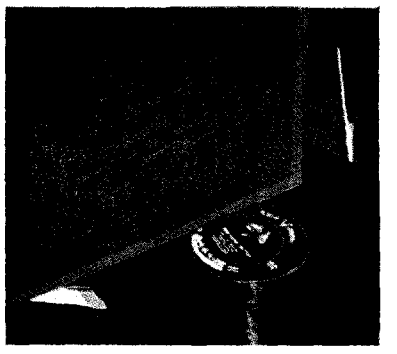

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Catholic churchmen believe Pope Pius protested through special emissaries.

THE DEPUTY

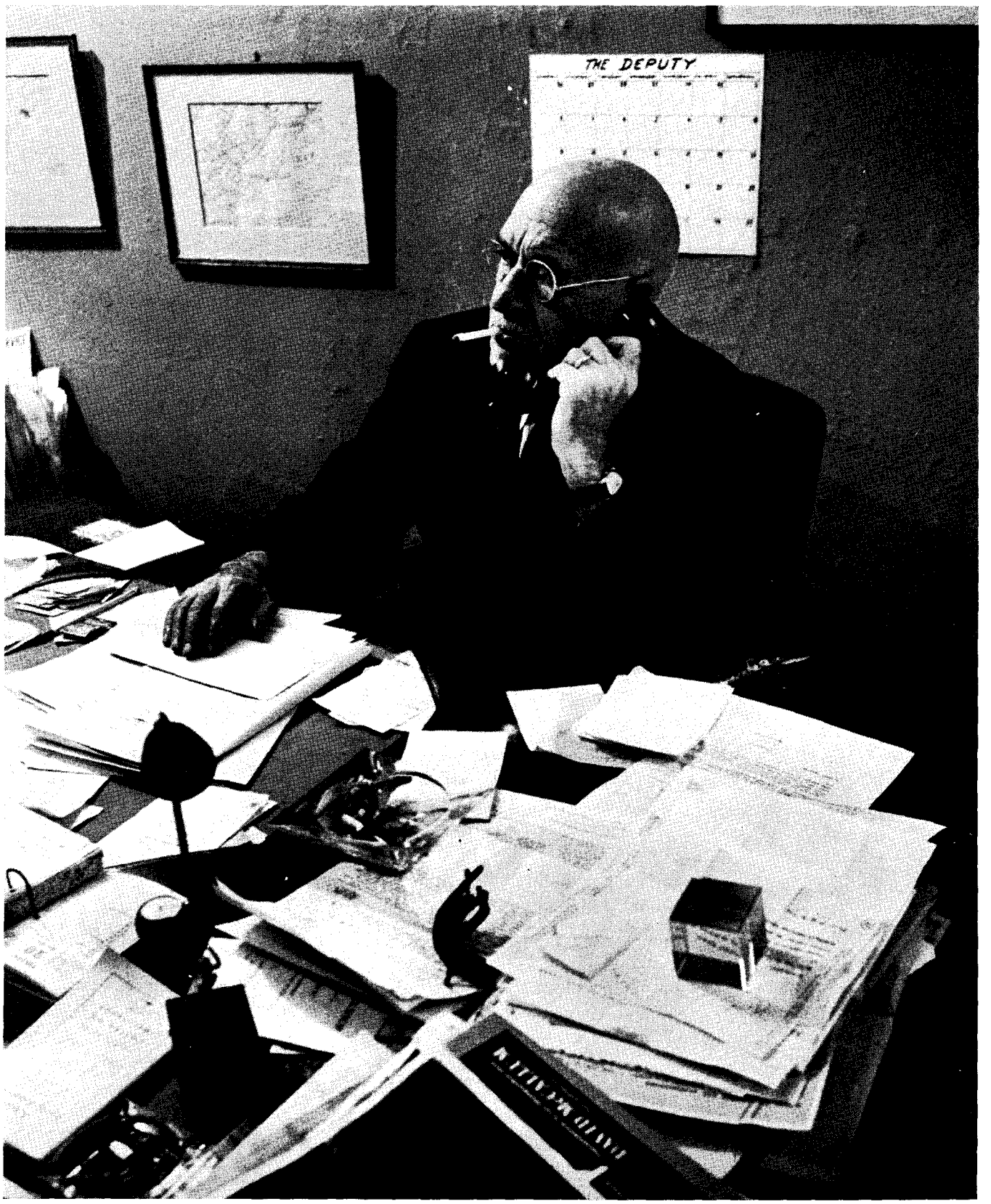
Tablet when he was still Giovanni Cardinal Montini, asked, "What is the gain to art and culture when the theater lends itself to injustice of this sort?"

In defense of Hochhuth have come statements from such world figures as Albert Schweitzer, who has acclaimed the play as "an indictment of a historical personality who placed upon himself the great responsibility of silence." Even some Catholics have come out against suppression of the play, with one American Catholic newspaper calling it "a vehicle for a depth discussion of an issue which has long been a skeleton in the Catholic closet." And Dr. Gordon Zahn, a Catholic historian, calls it "scandalous, to say the least, that most of those who have mounted the assault against the play and its author have failed to address themselves to the overriding historical fact . . . that the leading spokesmen of the Catholic Church, in Germany and in Rome, permitted themselves to be maneuvered into a position where the church could become a silent witness to genocide."

Was the pope silent? The question itself has given rise to a historical debate of such massive complexity that the moral issue raised by Hochhuth has been lost in the confusion. State Department files indicate that American diplomats repeatedly gave Pius evidence of persecution of the Jews, and as early as 1942 the U.S. minister to Switzerland, Leland Harrison, pleaded to the pope that his failure to act was "undermining faith both in the church and in the holy father himself." On the other hand, Catholic churchmen believe that Pius did protest by verbal communication through special emissaries. Pius, they indicate, can only be vindicated by history, since Vatican archives may not be opened until centuries after a pope's death. This theory has been supported by Dr. Joseph Lichten, a Jew, who is director of the Intercultural Affairs Department of the Anti-Defamation League. He has written a pamphlet describing instances of papal action that saved thousands of Jews.

In defense of the pope Catholic newspapers, historians and churchmen have ridiculed the idea that any formal act by the Vatican would have halted German atrocities. Rather, they say, such a protest might have provoked Hitler to retaliate against the Catholic Church. He might have invaded the Vatican. He might even have begun the mass murder of dedicated Catholics. Pius himself, in a 1943 letter to Bishop Konrad von Preysing of Berlin, explained, "We leave it to the pastoral leaders on the spot to weigh whether and to what degree the danger of retaliation and pressure in case of remonstration by bishops make it appear advisable to exercise restraint to prevent greater evil, despite the listed grievances. Here lies one of the reasons why we ourselves impose limitations on ourselves in our public utterances."

Instances of Pius's aid to Jews are well documented. While still Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, he helped his predecessor, Pope Pius XI, write a 1937 encyclical which condemned Hitler's totalitarian regime and its racist persecutions. On the direct orders of Pius XII the nuncios in the Nazi puppet states of Slovakia and Hungary succeeded in slowing down the local roundup of Jews. In 1943 Pope Pius offered 50 kilograms of gold to ransom Italian Jews and save them from death. During the war the pope ordered 115 monasteries, convents and churches, and his own Castel Gandolfo, to be opened as hiding places for Jewish refugees.



"The greatest pressure against producing the play has come from Jews—how ironic!" says Herman Shumlin, New York producer.

Religious leaders have been reluctant to let the controversy become an interfaith battle, especially at a time when so many steps are being taken toward Christian unity. On the other hand, some churchmen point out that the ecumenical movement is partly an outgrowth of the Nazi period. According to both Provost Heinrich Grüber, a Berlin Protestant leader, and Augustin Cardinal Bea, president of the Vatican Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, the realization that Germany's slaughter of six million Jews was the culmination of centuries of religious anti-Semitism has just begun to have its impact on Christianity.

As for Hochhuth's own religious beliefs, he says that "in the face of Auschwitz and Hiroshima they have been sorely tried." At his home in Basel, Hochhuth, clad in a sober blue suit and dark tie, spoke in solemn tones. Adding to his intensity was a subtle contortion of his mouth, the result of a partial paralysis when he was 26. It also had caused his left eye to be smaller than his right, producing a somewhat demoniac stare.

"I was 14 in 1945, and the total collapse of Germany was a great emotional shake-up for me," he said. "I considered it my responsibility to study the shameful history of the Third Reich. Again and again I came to think, 'What would you yourself have done if you had been old

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enough to act?' This made me investigate what the supreme representative of the Christian idea of charity had done."

Hochhuth moved to Switzerland from Germany last May. His earnings last year were handsome, but he lives frugally in two rented rooms with his tall, blond German-Jewish wife, Marianne, and their three-year-old son, Martin. Marianne's mother was executed by the Nazis.

Hochhuth decided to become a writer after the war, when he first began to read Thomas Mann, the anti-Nazi German expatriate whose works were banned by Hitler. "I was influenced first and foremost by Mann," Hochhuth said. "After the war he was one of the most controversial figures in Germany, because during the war he had been making anti-Hitler broadcasts from London. He awakened a feeling of moral responsibility." (A London critic, Hugh Leonard, has noted tartly, "What disturbs me about Rolf Hochhuth is that he is patently a boy sent on a Mann's errand.")

Cowboys and Indians

Hochhuth was born on April 1, 1931, in the town of Eschwege. His father was a shoe manufacturer, and his boyhood was middle-class. At 10 he joined the *Jungvolk*, the equivalent of the Cub Scouts. "It was as natural as going to school," he said. "The difference was that we also received a political education. We were taught what nationalism was and what socialism was. I don't think I heard the word 'democracy' until 1945. Or Marxism. Actually"—and an ironic tone crept into his voice—"to be absolutely truthful, I didn't mind it too much. We were able to play cowboys and Indians, and we were able to beat each other up without our parents interfering, because the state said that was what we should do. And you must remember this: There was no choice."

When Hochhuth flunked his entrance exam for college, he took bookselling courses at a vocational school, sat in at classes at the University of Heidelberg and began reading contemporary German history. Afterward he got an editorial job at a German publishing firm.

Hochhuth began work on his play in 1958, shortly after the death of Pius XII. "I went to Rome in 1959," he said. "Although I knew the Vatican would not open its archives, I needed its atmosphere and I talked to church people and ecclesiastics, in addition to eyewitnesses. I found that even in the Vatican the tone regarding Pius had become more critical. I just wrote what I had to write. I would agree with Goethe that 'history is the absurdest thing of all,' but I do not believe that is a reason to flee from history."

In New York producer Herman Shumlin learned about the play shortly after its Berlin opening a year ago. "This whole incredible thing about the wanton murder of the Jews has been on my mind for a long, long time," says Shumlin, who over the past 30 years has produced and directed such dramas as *Watch on the Rhine*, *Inherit the Wind* and *The Little Foxes*. "It's almost as if I've felt the guilt of it too. I've often wondered, 'How could it have happened? Did I do anything to stop it?'"

Shumlin took a translation of *The Deputy* to Billy Rose, Broadway's legendary impresario. "I already knew what kind of troubles I would run into," Shumlin says, "so I wanted a coproducer who owned his own theater." Rose won the American production rights, told reporters that he was determined to produce the play "for six million reasons," but later withdrew. "It wasn't a copout," Rose now insists. "It's just that I didn't want to sit behind a desk and talk to actors and agents anymore."

Shumlin found two new coproducers, although he relegated them to the rear echelon, reserving the front lines of battle for himself. One of the first outcries against the New York production came from the commander of the Brooklyn chapter of the Jewish War Veterans, Melvin Hurwitz, although he conceded he had never read the play. "The greatest pressure against my producing the play has come from the Jews—how very ironic!" Shumlin says.

"I always thought that these organizations were supposed to promote understanding," Shumlin complains about the various pressures brought against him. "They have what they call a 'dialogue.' What I found out was that the dialogue consists of the Catholic groups saying to the Jewish groups, 'All right, we did something for you, we wiped a swastika off a synagogue in Miami, now you stop this play from going on.'"

For better or worse, New York is just about reconciled to the fact that it will see the opening of *The Deputy*. Whether there will be demonstrations at the theater remains to be seen. New York officials of the Knights of Columbus and commanders of the Catholic War Veterans said they were awaiting word from the New York archdiocese, which has maintained an official silence. But an archdiocese spokesman said no statement would be forthcoming. Unofficially, however, one highly placed priest in New York said, "I don't mean to say that the play is not important. It's fantastically important where community relations are concerned. This play can stir up only two feelings—anti-Catholicism and anti-Semitism. If the pope didn't speak out, why neither did Roosevelt, Stalin, Churchill, De Gaulle or, for that matter, the International Red Cross, which actually resisted pressure to make a statement for humanitarian reasons. The Allies knew where the gas chambers were located. Why weren't they bombed? Certainly the Allies were asked to destroy them."

Whatever the consequences, Shumlin is going ahead full blast. In an unusual meeting late last month with the 23 members of his cast (among them Emlyn Williams, who will play Pope Pius), he warned that the play would stir up controversy and offered to release any actor from his contract.

"They said I wouldn't raise the money, but I did," Shumlin said later. "They said I wouldn't get actors. They said I wouldn't get a theater, but I have one. If I'd had to rent a barn off Broadway, I would have. New York will see *The Deputy*. Why am I attacked? I'm not cramming anything down anybody's throat. I'm only presenting the play. I'm giving New York the chance to prove Hochhuth a liar or a bad playwright. All they have to do is not buy tickets, and I'll have my answer." THE END

Lines quoted from "The Deputy." By Rolf Hochhuth, translated by Richard and Clara Winston. To be published in March, 1964, by Grove Press.

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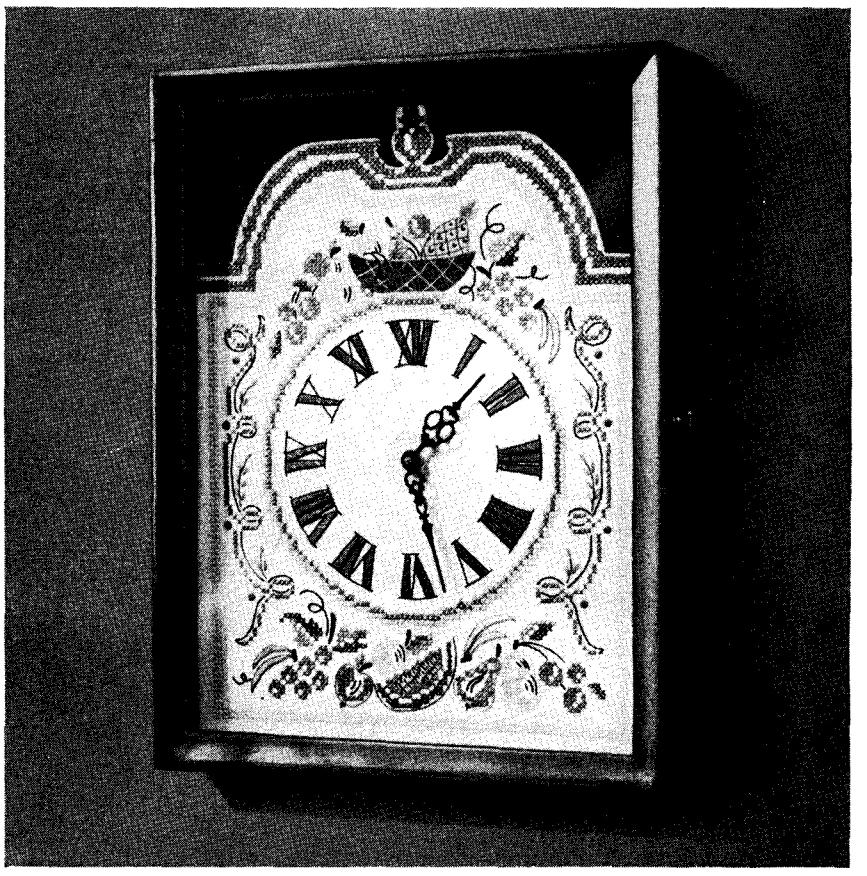

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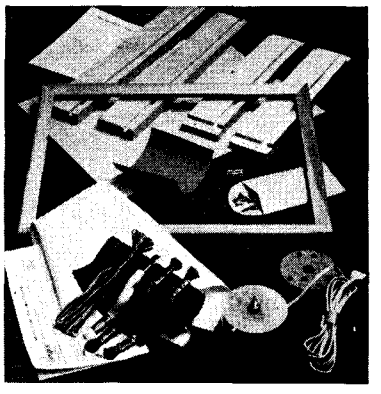

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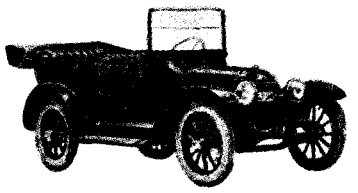
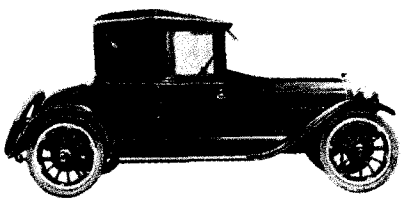
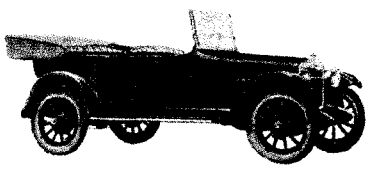


1915 Buick



1916 Oldsmobile



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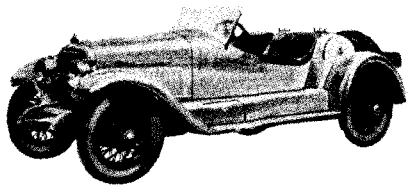

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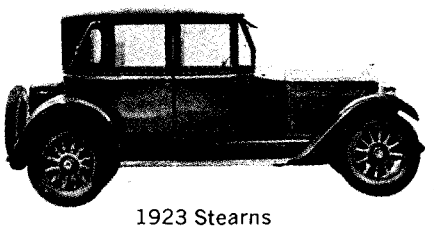
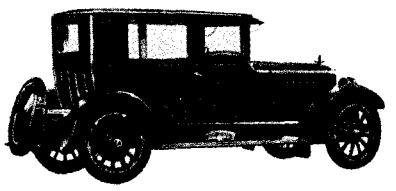


1923 Stearns



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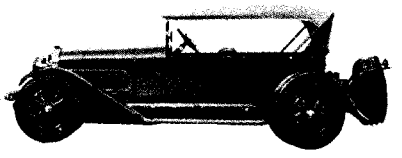
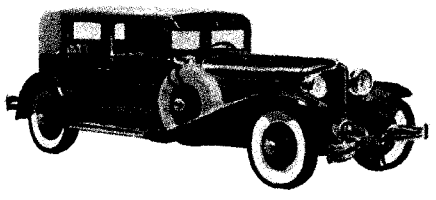
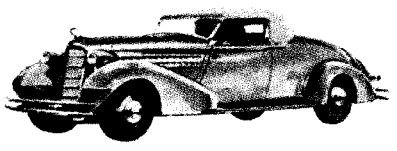


1925 Locomobile



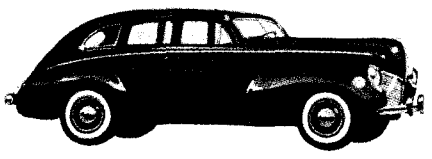
1930 Cord



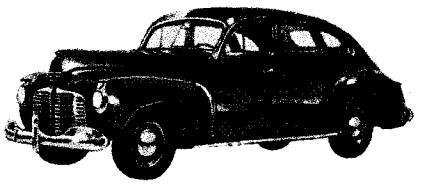
1935 Cadillac

Again in 1964...as in every single year for 49 consecutive years

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

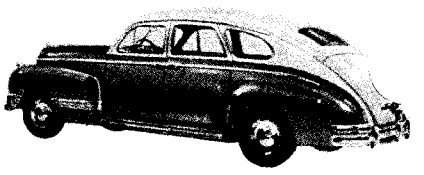


1940 Mercury

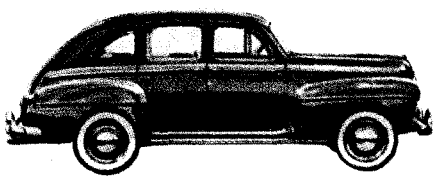


1941 Plymouth

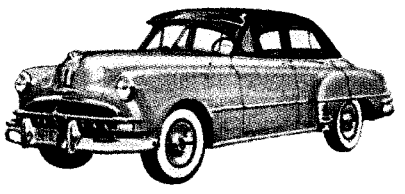
1942 Lincoln



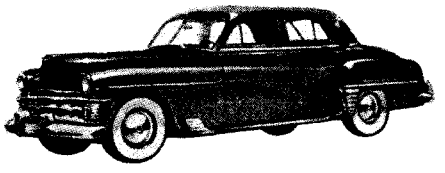
1943 Nash



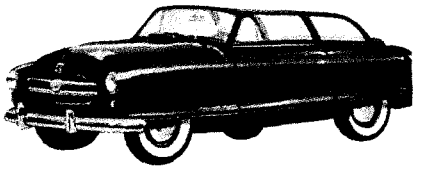
1948 Ford



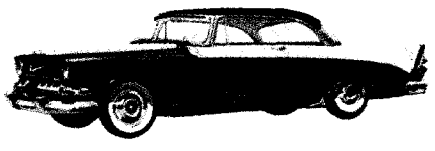
1949 Pontiac



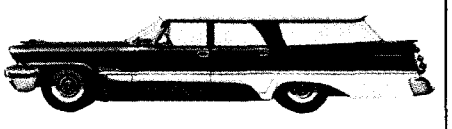
1950 Chrysler



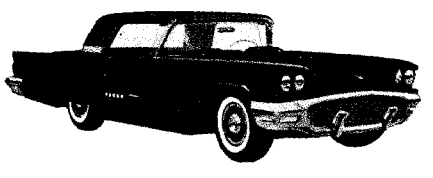
1951 Nash



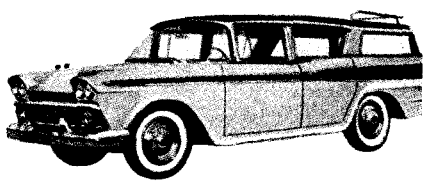
1956 Dodge



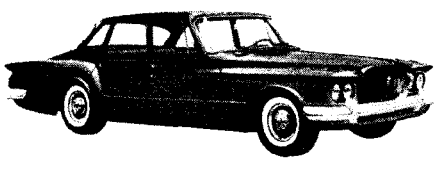
1957 DeSoto



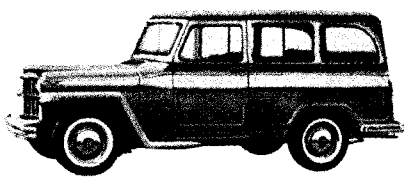
1958 Ford Thunderbird



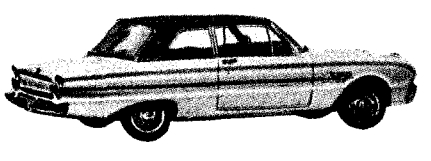
1959 Rambler



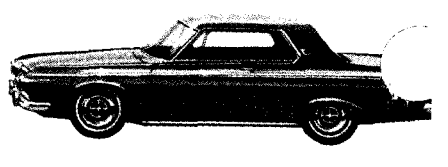
1960 Valiant



1961 Willys



1962 Falcon



1963 Dodge

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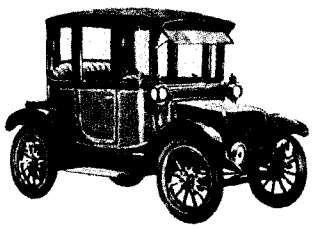
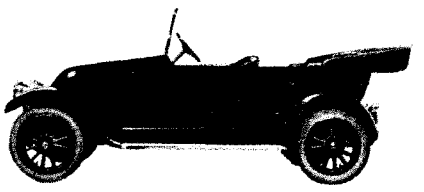
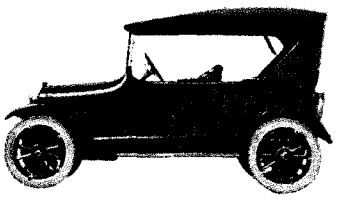


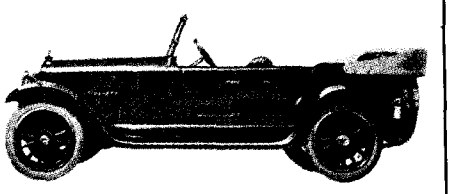
1918 Baker Electric



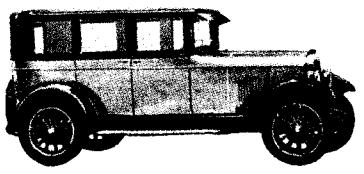
1919 Franklin



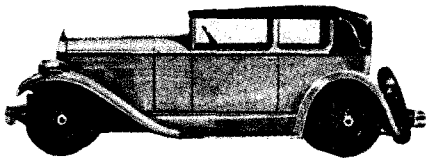
1920 Chevrolet



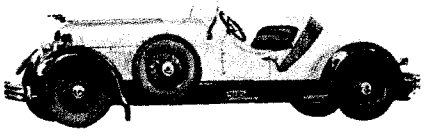
1921 Case



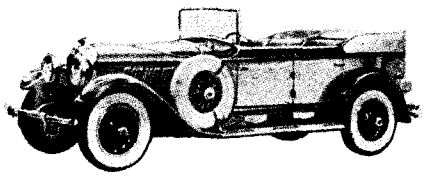
1926 Cleveland



1927 Jordan



1928 Kissel



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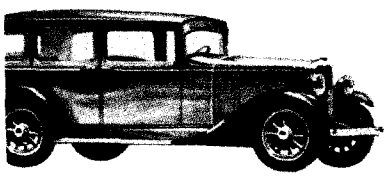
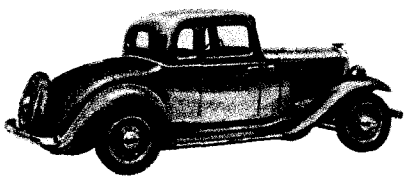
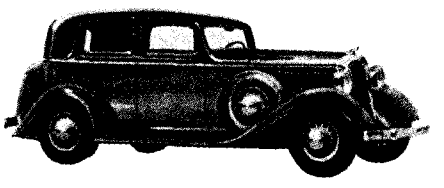


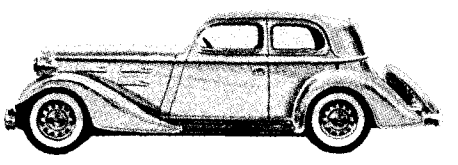
1931 Durant



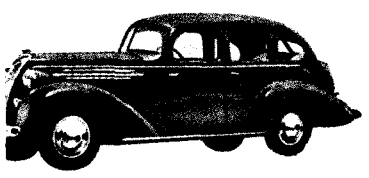
1932 Essex



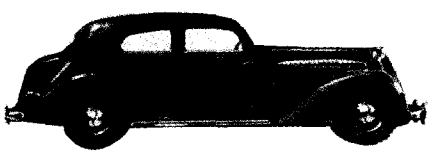
1933 Dodge



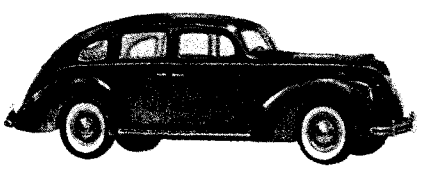
1934 LaFayette



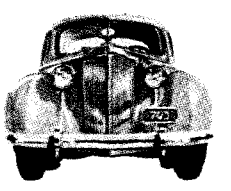
1936 Terraplane



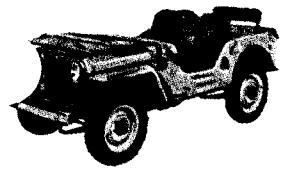
1937 Hupmobile



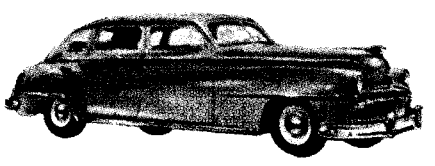
1938 Ford



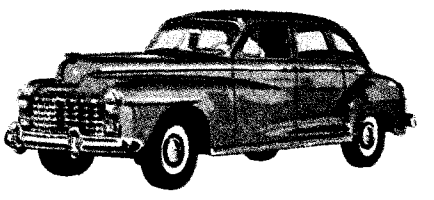
1939 Packard



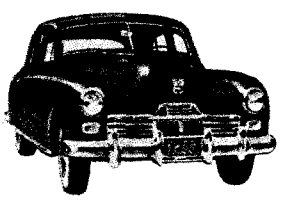
1944 Willys Jeep



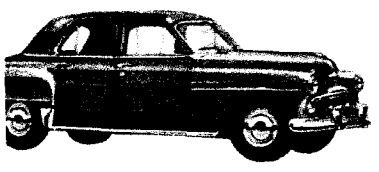
1945 DeSoto



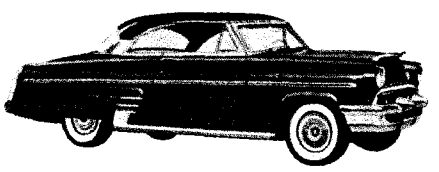
1946 Dodge



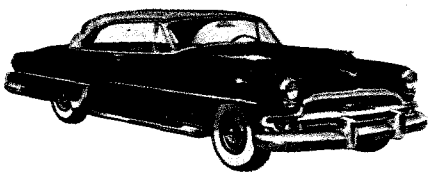
1947 Kaiser



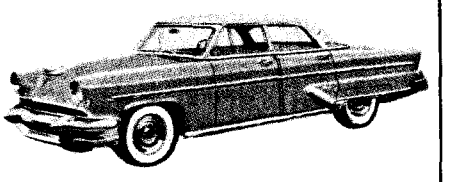
1952 Plymouth



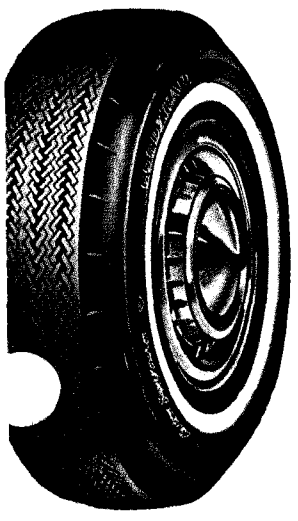
1953 Mercury



1954 Chrysler



1955 Lincoln



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Post
Fiction

THE HARDWARE MAN

By JOHN O'HARA

Lou Mauser had not always had money, and yet it would be hard to imagine him without it. He had owned the store—with, of course, some help from the bank—since he was in his middle twenties, and that was twenty years ago as of 1928. Twenty years is a pretty long time for a man to go without a notable financial failure, but Lou Mauser had done it, and when it has been that long, a man's worst enemies cannot say that it was all luck. They said it about Lou, but they said it in such a way as to make it sound disparaging to him while not making themselves appear foolish. It would have been very foolish to deny that Lou had worked hard or that he had been a clever businessman. "You can't say it was all luck," said Tom Esterly, who was a competitor of Lou's. "You might just as well say he sold his soul to the devil. Not that he wouldn't have, mind you. But he didn't have to. Lou always seemed to be there with the cash at the right moment, and that's one of the great secrets of success. Be there with the cash when the right proposition comes along."

Lou had the cash, or got hold of it—which is the same thing—when Ada Bowler wanted to sell her late husband's hardware store. Lou was in his middle twenties then, and he had already been working in the store at least ten years, starting as a stock boy at five dollars a week. By the time he was eighteen he was a walking inventory of Bowler's stock; he knew where everything was, everything, and he knew how much everything was worth; wholesale, retail, special prices to certain contractors, the different markups for different customers. A farmer came in to buy a harness snap, charge him a dime; but if another farmer, one who bought his barn paint at Bowler's, wanted a harness snap, you let him have it for a nickel. You didn't have to tell Sam Bowler what you were doing. Sam Bowler relied on your good sense to do things like that. If a boy was buying a catcher's mitt, you threw in a nickel Rocket, and sure as hell when that boy was ready to buy an Iver Johnson bicycle he would come to Bowler's instead of sending away to a

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ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID BLOSSOM

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As a businessman he was hard as nails and remorseless as a coat of paint.

mail-order house. And Lou Mauser at eighteen had discovered something that had never occurred to Sam Bowler: The rich people who lived on Lantenengo Street were even more appreciative when you gave them a little something for nothing—an oilcan for a kid's bike, an ice pick for the kitchen—than people who had to think twice about spending a quarter. Well, maybe they weren't *more* appreciative, but they had the money to show their appreciation. Give a Lantenengo Street boy a nickel Rocket, and his father or his uncle would buy him a dollar-and-a-quarter ball. Give a rich woman an ice pick and you'd sell her fifty foot of garden hose and a sprinkler and a lawn mower. It was all a question of knowing which ones to give things to, and Lou knew so well that when he needed the cash to buy out Sam Bowler's widow, he actually had two banks to choose from instead of just having to accept one bank's terms.

Practically overnight he became the employer of men twice his age, and he knew which ones to keep and which to fire. As soon as the papers were signed that made him the owner, he went to the store and summoned Dora Minzer, the bookkeeper, and Arthur Davis, the warehouse man. He closed his office door so that no one outside could hear what he had to say, although the other employees could see through the glass partitions.

"Give me your keys, Arthur," said Lou.

"My keys? Sure," said Arthur.

"Dora, you give me your keys too," said Lou.

"They're in my desk drawer," said Dora Minzer.

"Get them."

Dora left the office.

"I don't understand this, Lou," said Arthur.

"If you don't, you will, as soon as Dora's back."

Dora returned and laid her keys on Lou's desk. "There," she said.

"Arthur says he doesn't understand why I want your keys. You do, don't you, Dora?"

"Well—maybe I do, maybe I don't." She shrugged.

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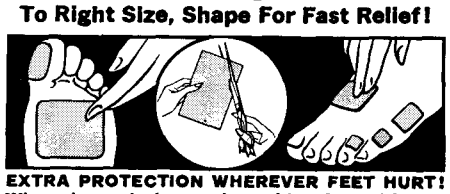

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HARDWARE MAN

"You two are the only ones that I'm asking for their keys," said Lou.

Arthur took a quick look at Dora Minzer, who did not look at him. "Yeah, what's the meaning of it, Lou?"

"The meaning of it is, you both put on your coat and hat and get out."

"Fired?" said Arthur.

"Fired is right," said Lou.

"No notice? I been here twenty-two years. Dora was here pretty near that long."

"Uh-huh. And I been here ten. Five of those ten the two of you been robbing Sam Bowler that I know of. That I know of. I'm pretty sure you didn't only start robbing him five years ago."

"I'll sue you for slander," said Arthur.

"Go ahead," said Lou.

"Oh, shut up, Arthur," said Dora. "He knows. I told you he was too smart."

"He'd have a hard time proving anything," said Arthur.

"Yeah, but when I did you know where you'd be. You and Dora, and two purchasing agents, and two building contractors. All in it together. Maybe there's more than them, but those I could prove. The contractors, I'm licked. The purchasing agents, I want their companies' business, so all I'm doing there is get them fired. What are you gonna tell them in Sunday School next Sunday, Arthur?"

"*She* thought of it," said Arthur Davis, looking at Dora Minzer.

"That I don't doubt. It took brains to fool Sam Bowler all those years. What'd you do with your share, Dora?"

"My nephew. I educated him and started him up in business. He owns a drugstore in Elmira, New York."

"Then he ought to take care of you. Where did yours go, Arthur?"

"Huh. With five kids on my salary, putting them through High, clothes and doctor bills, the wife and her doctor bills. Music lessons. A piano. Jesus Christ, I wonder Sam didn't catch on. How did *you* catch on?"

"You just answered that yourself. I used to see all those kids of yours, going to Sunday School, all dolled up."

"Well, they're all married or got jobs," said Arthur Davis. "I guess I'll find something. Who are you gonna tell about this? If I say I quit."

"What the hell do you expect me to do? You're a couple of thieves, both of you. Sam Bowler treated everybody right. There's eight other people working here that raised families and didn't steal. I don't feel any pity for you. As soon as you get caught you try to blame it all on Dora. And don't forget this, Arthur." He leaned forward. "*You were gonna steal from me.* The two of you. This morning a shipment came in. Two hundred rolls of tarpaper. An hour later, fifty rolls went out on the wagon, but you show me where we got any record of that sale of fifty rolls. That was this morning, Arthur. You didn't even wait one day, you or Dora."

"That was him, did that," said Dora. "I told him to wait. Stupid."

"They're all looking at us, out on the floor," said Arthur.

"Yes, and probably guessing," said Lou. "I got no more to say to either one of you. Just get out."

They rose, and Dora went to the outer office and put on her coat and hat and walked to the street door without speaking to anyone. Arthur went to the back stairs that led to the warehouse. There he unpacked a crate of brand-new Smith & Wesson revolvers and broke open a case of ammunition. He then put a bullet through his skull, and Lou Mauser entered a new phase of his business career.

He had a rather slow first year. People thought of him as a cold-blooded young man who had driven a Sunday School superintendent to suicide. But as the scandal was absorbed into local history, the unfavorable judgment was gradually amended until it more closely conformed with the early opinion of the businessmen, which was sympathetic to Lou. Dora Minzer, after all, had gone away, presumably to Elmira, New York; and though there were rumors about the purchasing agents of two independent mining companies, Lou did not publicly implicate them. The adjusted public opinion of Lou Mauser had it that he had behaved very well indeed, and that he had proven himself to be a better businessman than Sam Bowler. Only a few people chose to keep alive the story of the Arthur Davis suicide, and they probably would have found some other reason to be critical of Lou if Arthur had lived.

Lou, of course, did not blame himself and during the first year of his ownership of the store, while he was under attack, he allowed his resentment to harden him until he became in fact the ruthless creature they said he was. He engaged in price-cutting against the other hardware stores, and one of the newer stores was driven out of business because of its inability to compete with Lou Mauser and Tom Esterly.

"All right, Mr. Esterly," said Lou. "There's one less of us. Do you want to call it quits?"

"You started it, young fellow," said Tom Esterly. "And I can last as long as you can and maybe a *little* bit longer. If you want to start making a profit again, that's up to you. But I don't intend to enter into any agreement with you, now or any other time."

"You cut your prices when I did," said Lou.

"You bet I did."

"Then you're just as much to blame as I am, for what happened to McDonald. You helped put him out of business, and you'll get your share of what's left."

"Yes, and maybe I'll get your share too," said Tom Esterly. "The Esterlys were in business before the Civil War."

"I know that. I would have bought your store if I could have. Maybe I will yet."

"Don't bank on it, young fellow. Don' bank on it. Let's see how good your cred is when you need it. Let's see how long the jobbers and the manufacturers will carry you. I *know* how far they'll carry Esterly Brothers. We gave some of those manufacturers their first orders, thirty, forty years ago. My father was dealing with some of them when Sam Bowler wa in diapers. Mauser, you have a lot to learn."

"Esterly and Mauser. That's the sign I'd like to put up someday."

"It'll be over my dead body. I'd go out of business first. Put up the shutters."

"Oh, I didn't want you as a partner. I'd just continue the name."

"Will you please get out of my store?"

Tom Esterly was a gentleman, a graduate of Gibbsville High and Gettysburg College, prominent in Masonic circles, and on the boards of the older charities. The word "upstart" was not in his working vocabulary and he had no epithet for Lou Mauser, but he disliked the fellow so thoroughly that he issued one of his rare executive orders to his clerks: Hereafter, when Esterly Brothers were out of an article, whether it was a five-cent article or a fifty-dollar one, the clerks were not to suggest that the customer try Bowler's. For Tom Esterly this was a serious change of policy, and represented an attitude that refused to admit the existence of Mauser's competition. On the street he inclined his head when Mauser spoke to him, but he did not actually speak to Mauser.

Lou Mauser's next offense was to a vertise. Sam Bowler had never adv tised, and Esterly Brothers' advertisin consisted solely of complimentary cards in the high-school annual and the program of the yearly concert of the Lutheran-church choir. These cards read, ESTERLY BROS., EST. 1859, 211 N. MAIN ST., and that was all. No mention of the hardware

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's a new record, Mom—there are six of us in here!"

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business. Tom Esterly was shocked and repelled to see a full-page ad in each of the town newspapers, announcing a giant spring sale at Bowler's Hardware Store, Lou Mauser, Owner & Proprietor. It was the first hardware-store ad in Gibbsville history and, worse, it was the first time Mauser had put his name on Sam Bowler's store. Tom Esterly went and had a look, and, yes, Mauser not only had put his name in the ad; he had his name painted on the store windows in lettering almost as large as Bowler's. The sale was, of course, a revival of Mauser's price-cutting tactic, even though it was advertised to last only three days. And Mauser offered legitimate bargains; some items, Tom knew, were going at cost. While the sale was on there were almost no customers in Esterly Brothers. "They're all down at Mauser's," said Jake Potts, Tom's head clerk.

"You mean Bowler's," said Tom.

"Well, yes, but I bet you he takes Sam's name off inside of another year," said Jake.

"Where is he getting the money, Jake?"

"Volume. What they call volume. He got two fellows with horse and buggy calling on the farmers."

"Salesmen?"

"Two of them. They talk Pennsylvania Dutch and they go around to the farms. Give the woman a little present the first time, and they drive their buggies right up in the field and talk to the farmers. Give the farmers a pack of chewing tobacco and maybe a tie-strap for the team. My brother-in-law down the Valley told me. They don't try to sell nothing the first visit, but the farmer remembers that chewing tobacco. Next time the farmer comes to market, if he needs anything he goes to Bowler's."

"Well, farmers are slow pay. We never catered much to farmers."

"All the same, Tom, it takes a lot of paint to cover a barn, and they're buying their paint off of Mauser. My brother-in-law told me Mauser's allowing credit all over the place. Any farmer with a cow and a mule can get credit."

"There'll be a day of reckoning, with that kind of foolishness. And it's wrong, *wrong*, to get those farmers in debt. You know how they are, some of them. They come in here to buy one thing, and before they know it they run up a bill for things they don't need."

"Yes, I know it. So does Mauser. But he's getting the volume, Tom. Small profit, big volume."

"Wait till he has to send a bill collector around to the farmers. His chewing tobacco won't do him any good then," said Tom Esterly.

"No, I guess not," said Jake Potts.

"The cash. I still don't see where he gets his cash. You say volume, but volume on credit sales won't supply him with cash."

"Well, I guess if you show the bank a lot of accounts receivable. And he has a lot of them, Tom. A lot. You get everybody owing you money, most of them are going to pay you someday. Most people around here pay their bills."

"You criticizing our policy, Jake?"

"Well, times change, Tom, and you gotta fight fire with fire."

"Would you want to work for a man like Mauser?"

"No, and I told him so," said Jake Potts.

"He wanted to hire you away from me?"

"A couple months ago, but I said no. I been here too long, and I might as well stay till I retire. But look down there, Tom. Down there between the counters. One lady customer. All the others are at Mauser's sale."

"He tried to steal you away from me. That's going too far," said Tom Esterly. "Would you mind telling me what he offered you?"

"Thirty a week and a percentage on new business."

"Thinking you'd get our customers to follow you there. Well, I guess I have to raise you to thirty. But the way it looks now, I can't offer you a percentage on new business. It's all going in the opposite direction."

"I didn't ask for no raise, Tom."

"You get it anyway, starting this week. If you quit, I'd just about have to go out of business. I don't have anybody to take your place. And I keep putting off the decision, who'll be head clerk when you retire. Paul Schlitzer's next in line, but he's getting forgetful. I guess it'll be Norman Johnson. Younger."

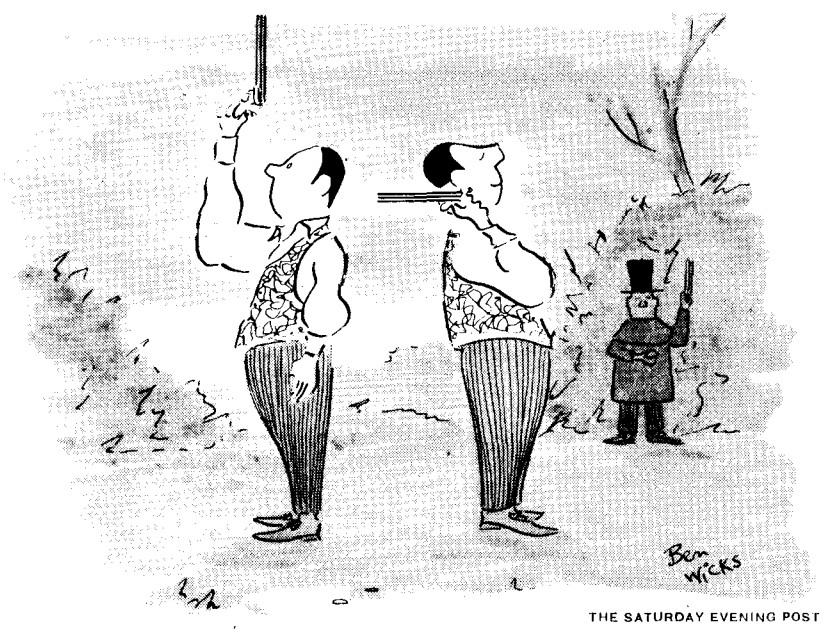
"Don't count on Norm, Tom."

"Mauser been making him offers?"

"I don't know for sure, but that's my guess. When a fellow starts acting independent, he has some good reason behind it. Norm's been getting in late in the morning and when ha' past five comes he don't wait for me to tell him to pull down the shades."

"Have you said anything to him?"

"Not so far. But we better start looking for somebody else. It don't have to be a hardware man. Any bright young fellow with experience working behind a counter.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

From Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico, from Hawaii to the Great Lakes, JIM BEAM is Number One . . . the favorite Kentucky Straight Bourbon.*

We appreciate this preference. We also pledge to keep on making your favorite bourbon with the care and quality enjoyed by Americans for six generations (169 years.)

JIM BEAM

The World's Finest Bourbon Since 1795

*Jim Beam is available and enjoyed in 67 foreign lands the world over.

86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY

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I can show him the ropes, before I retire."

"All right, I'll leave that up to you," said Tom Esterly. On his next encounter with Lou Mauser he stopped him.

"Like to talk to you a minute," said Tom Esterly.

"Fine and dandy," said Mauser. "Let's move over to the curb, out of people's way."

"I don't have much to say," said Tom Esterly. "I just want to tell you you're going too far, trying to hire my people away from me."

"It's a free country, Mr. Esterly. If a man wants to better himself. And I guess Jake Potts bettered himself. Did you meet my offer?"

"Jake Potts wouldn't have worked for you, offer or no offer."

"But he's better off now than he was before. He ought to be thankful to me. Mister, I'll make an offer to anybody I want to hire, in your store or anybody else's. I don't have to ask your permission. Any more than I asked your permission to run a big sale. I had new customers in my store that I never saw before, even when Sam Bowler was the owner. I made *you* an offer, so why shouldn't I make an offer to fellows that work for you?"

"Good day, sir," said Tom Esterly.

"Good day to you," said Lou Mauser.

Tom Esterly was prepared for the loss of Norman Johnson, but when Johnson revealed a hidden talent for window decorating, he felt cheated. The window that attracted so much attention that it was written up in both newspapers was an autumnal camping scene that occupied all the space in Mauser's window. Two dummies, dressed in gunning costume, were seated at a campfire outside a tent. An incandescent lamp simulated the glow of the fire, and real pine and spruce branches and fake grass were used to provide a woodland effect. Every kind of weapon, from shotgun to automatic pistol, was on display, leaning against logs or lying on the fake grass. There were hunting knives and compasses, Marble match cases and canteens, cots and blankets, shell boxes of canvas and leather, fireless cookers, fishing tackle, carbide and kerosene lamps, an Old Towne canoe, gun cases and revolver holsters, duck calls and decoys and flasks and first-aid kits. Wherever there was space between the merchandise items, Norman Johnson had put stuffed chipmunk and quail, and peering out from the pine and spruce were the mounted heads of a cinnamon bear, a moose, an elk, a deer, and high above it all was a stuffed wildcat, permanently snarling.

All day long men would stop and stare, and after school small boys would shout and point and argue and wish. There had never been anything like it in Bowler's or Esterly Brothers' windows, and when the display was removed at Thanksgiving time there were expressions of regret. The small boys had to find someplace else to go. But Norman Johnson's hunting-camp window became an annual event, a highly profitable one for Lou Mauser.

"Maybe we should never of let Norm go," said Jake Potts.

"He's right where he belongs," said Tom Esterly. "Right exactly where he belongs. That's the way those medicine shows do business. Honest value, good merchandise, that's what we were founded on and no tricks."

"We only sold two shotguns and not any rifles this season, Tom. The next thing we know, we'll lose the rifle franchise."

"Well, we never did sell many rifles. This is mostly shotgun country."

"I don't know," said Jake. "We used to do a nice business in .22's. We must of sold pretty close to three hundred of the .22 pump gun, and there's a nice steady profit in the cartridges."

"I'll grant you we used to sell the .22 rifle, other years. But they're talking about a law prohibiting them in the borough limits. Ever since the Leeds boy put the Kerry boy's eye out."

"Tom, you won't face facts," said Jake. "We're losing business to this fellow, and it ain't only in the sporting-goods line or any one line. It's every which way. Kitchen utensils. Household tools. Paints and varnishes. There's never the people in the store there used to be. When you's first in charge, after your Pa passed on, just about the only thing we didn't sell was something to eat. If you can eat it, we don't sell it, was our motto."

"That was never our motto. That was just a funny saying," said Tom Esterly.

"Well, yes. But we used to have funny sayings like that. My clerks used to all have their regular customers. Man'd come in and buy everything from the same clerk. Had to be waited on by the same clerk no matter what they come in to buy. Why, I can remember old Mrs. Stokes one day she come in to borrow my umbrella, and I was off that day and she wouldn't take anybody else's umbrella. That's the kind of customers we used to have. But where are those people today? They're down at Lou Mauser's. Why? Because for instance when school opened in September every boy and girl in the public and the Catholic school got a foot rule from Lou Mauser. They maybe cost him a half a cent apiece, and say there's a thousand children in school. Five dollars."

"Jake, you're always telling me those kind of things. You make me wonder if you wouldn't rather be working for Mauser."

"I'll tell you anything if it's for your own good. You don't have your Pa or your Uncle Ed to tell you no more. It's for my own good too, I'll admit. I retire next year, and I won't get my fifty a month if you have to close down."

"Close down? You mean run out of business by Mauser?"

"Unless you do something to meet the competition. Once before you said Mauser would have trouble with the jobbers and the manufacturers. Instead of which the shoe is on the other foot now. Don't fool yourself, Tom. Those manufacturers go by the orders we send in, and some articles we're overstocked from last year."

"I'll tell you this. I'd sooner go out of business than do things his way. Don't worry. You'll get your pension. I have other sources of income besides the store."

"If you have to close the store I'll go without my pension. I won't take charity. I'll get other work."

"With Mauser."

"No, I won't work for Mauser. That's one thing I never will do. He as good as put the gun to Arthur Davis's head, and Arthur was a friend of mine, crook or no crook. I don't know what Mauser said to Arthur that day, but whatever it was, Arthur didn't see no other way out. That kind of a man I wouldn't work for. He has blood on his hands, to my way of thinking. When I meet Arthur Davis in the afterlife, I don't want him looking at me and saying I wasn't a true friend."

"Arthur would never say that about you, Jake."

"He might. You didn't know Arthur Davis as good as I did. There was a man that was all worries. I used to walk home from work with him sometimes. First it was worr'ing because Minnie wasn't sure she was gonna marry him. Then all them children, and Minnie sick half the time, but the children had to look just so. Music lessons. A little money to get them started when they got married. They say it was Dora Minzer showed him how they could knock down off of Sam Bowler, and I believe that. But I didn't believe what they said about something going on between him and Dora. No. Them two, they both had a weakness for money and that was all there was between them. How much they stole off of Sam Bowler we'll never know, but Arthur's share was put to good use, and Sam never missed it. Neither did Ada Bowler. Arthur wouldn't of stole that money if Sam and Ada had children."

"Now you're going too far. You don't know that, and I don't believe it. Arthur did what Dora told him to. And what about the disgrace? Wouldn't Arthur's children rather be brought up poor than have their father die a thief?"

"I don't know," said Jake. "Some of it was honest money. Nobody knows how much was stolen money. The children didn't know any of it was stolen money till the end. By that time they all had a good bringing-up. All a credit to their parents and their church and the town. A nicer family you couldn't hope to see. And they were brought up honest. Decent, respectable youngsters, all of them. You can't blame them if they didn't ask their father where the money was coming from. Sam Bowler didn't get suspicious, did he? The only one got suspicious was Lou Mauser. And they say he kept his mouth shut for six or seven years, so he was kind of in on it. If I ever saw one of our fellows look like he was knocking down off of you, I'd report it. But Lou Mauser never let a peep out of him till he was the owner. I sometimes wonder maybe he was hoping they'd steal so much they'd bankrupt Sam, and then he could buy the store cheaper."

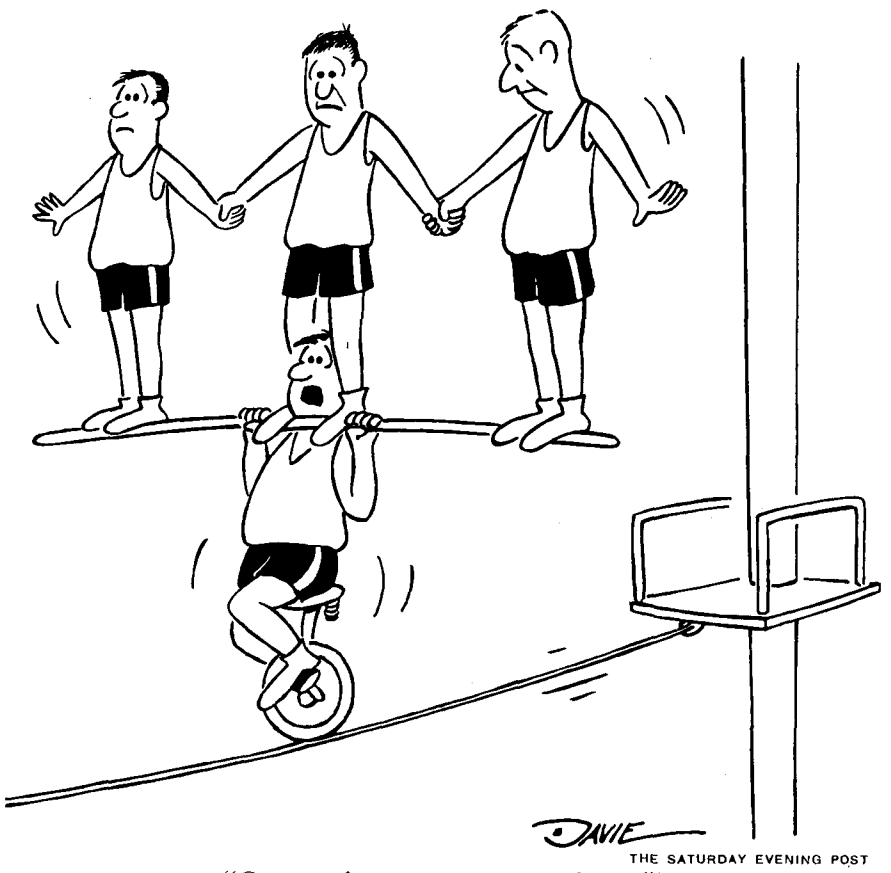
"Well, now that's interesting," said Tom Esterly. "I wouldn't put it past him for a minute."

"I don't say it's true, but it'd be like him," said Jake. "No, I'd never go to work for that fellow. Even at my age I'd rather dig ditches."

"You'll never have to dig ditches as long as I'm alive, and don't say you won't take charity. You'll take your pension from Esterly Brothers regardless of whether we're still in business or not. So don't let me hear any more of that kind of talk. In fact, go on back to work. There's a customer down there."

"Wants the loan of my umbrella, most likely," said Jake. "Raining out."

Esterly Brothers lasted longer than Jake Potts expected, and longer than Jake Potts himself. There were some bad years, easy to explain, but there were years in which the store showed a profit, and it was difficult to explain that. Lou Mauser expanded; he bought the store property adjoining his. He opened branch stores in two other towns in the county. He dropped the Bowler name completely. Esterly Brothers stayed put and as is, the middle of the store as dark as usual, so that the electric lights had to burn all day. The heavy hardware-store fragrance—something between the pungency of a blacksmith's shop and the sweetness of the apothecary's—was missing from Lou Mauser's well-ventilated buildings, and he staffed his business with young go-getters. But some of the old Esterly Brothers customers returned after temporarily defecting to Mauser's, and at Esterly's they found two or three of the aging clerks whom they had last seen at Mauser's, veterans of the Bowler days. Although he kept it to himself, Tom



"Ooops—there go my contact lenses!"

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Esterly had obviously decided to meet the go-getter's competition with an atmosphere that was twenty years behind the times. Cash customers had to wait while their money was sent to the back of the store on an overhead trolley, change made, and the change returned in the wooden cup that was screwed to the trolley wire. Tom never did put in an electric cash register, and the only special sale he held was when he offered a fifty-percent reduction on his entire stock on the occasion of his going out of business. Three successive bad years, the only time it had happened since the founding of the store, were unarguable, and he put an ad in both papers to announce his decision. His announcement was simple:

50% Off
Entire Stock
Going Out of Business
Sale Commences Aug. 1, 1922
Esterly Brothers
Est. 1859
Open 8 a.m.—9 p.m. During Sale
All Sales Cash Only—All Sales Final

On the morning after the advertisements appeared, Tom Esterly went to his office and found, not to his surprise, Lou Mauser awaiting his appearance.

"Well, what can I do for *you?*" said Tom.

"I saw your ad. I didn't know it was that bad," said Lou. "I'm honestly sorry."

"I don't see why," said Tom. "It's what you've been aiming at. Why did you come here? If you want to buy anything, my clerks will wait on you."

"I'll buy your entire stock, twenty cents on the dollar."

"I think I'll do better this way, selling to the public."

"There'll be a lot left over."

"I'll give that away," said Tom.

"Twenty cents on the dollar, Mr. Esterly, and you won't have to give none of it away."

"You'd want me to throw in the goodwill and fixtures," said Esterly.

"Well, yes."

"I might be tempted to sell to you. The stock and the fixtures. But the goodwill would have to be separate."

"How much for the goodwill?" said Lou Mauser.

"A million dollars cash. Oh, I know it isn't worth it, Mauser, but I wouldn't sell it to you for any less. In other words, it isn't for sale to you. A week from Saturday night at nine o'clock, this store goes out of business forever. But no part of it belongs to you."

"The last couple years you been running this store like a hobby. You lost money hand over fist."

"I had it to lose, and those three years gave me more pleasure than all the rest put together. When this store closes, a lot of people are going to miss it. Not because it was a store. *You* have a *store.* But we had something better. We never had to give away foot rules to schoolchildren, or undercut our competitors. We never did any of those things, and before we *would* do them we decided to close up shop. But first we gave some of the people something to remember. Our kind of store, not yours, Mauser."

"Are you one of those that held it against me because of Arthur Davis?"

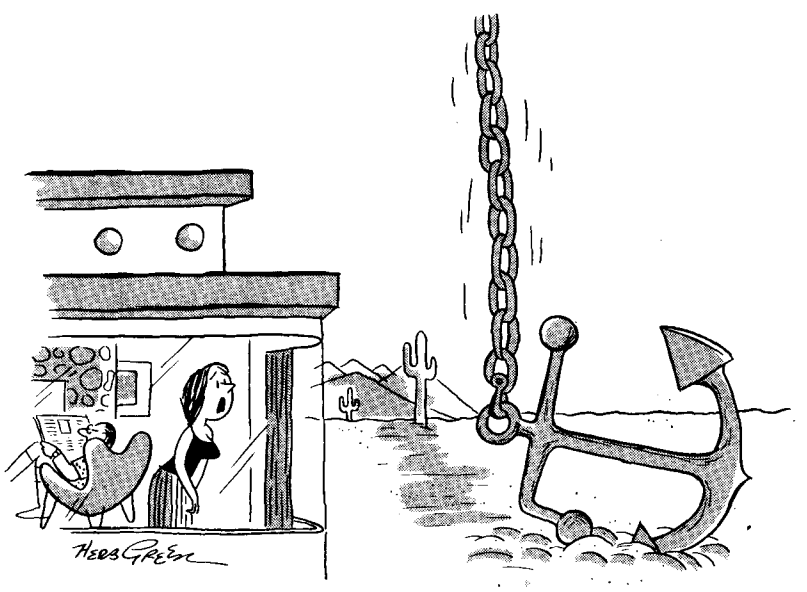
"No."

"Then what did you hold against me?"

"Sam Bowler gave you your first job, promoted you regularly, gave you raises, encouraged you. How did you repay him? By looking the other way all the time that you knew Arthur Davis and Dora Minzer were robbing him. Some say you did it because you hoped Sam would go bankrupt and you could buy the business cheap. Maybe yes, maybe no. That part isn't what I hold against you. It was you looking the other way, never telling Sam what they were doing to him. *That* was when you killed Arthur Davis, Mauser. Sam Bowler was the kind of man that if you'd told him about Arthur and Dora, he would have kept it quiet and given them both another chance. You never gave them another chance. You didn't even give them the chance to make restitution. I don't know about Dora Minzer, but Arthur Davis had a conscience, and a man that has a conscience is entitled to put it to work. Arthur Davis would have spent the rest of his life trying to pay Sam back, and he'd be alive today, still paying Ada Bowler, no doubt. Having a hard time, no doubt. But alive and with his conscience satisfied. You didn't kill Arthur by firing him that day. You killed him a long time before that by looking the other way. And I'm sure you don't understand a word I'm saying."

"No wonder you're going out of business. You should of been a preacher."

"I thought about it," said Tom Esterly. "But I didn't have the call." THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Harvey, would you step over here a minute?"

How instant can honest-to-goodness Florida orange juice get? Why, with fresh-chilled O.J. here, you don't have to do anything but pour—and it still tastes like squeeze-it-yourself! You don't even have to go to the store for it—unless you'd rather. Your milkman will deliver it right to your door. Try a quart soon. It's the delicious way to get your daily natural vitamin C. Drink fresh-chilled O.J. for breakfast and whenever you're thirsty.

©—1964 FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND FLORIDA

Nothing else takes the place of orange juice—

THE REAL THING ®
FROM FLORIDA

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Post

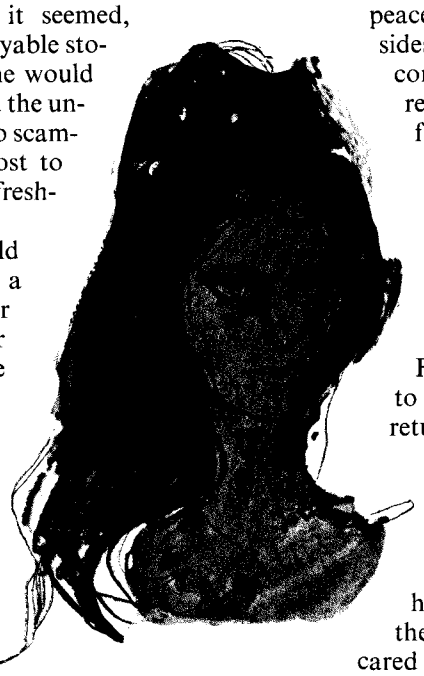
Fiction

She was everybody's girl, lovely, cunning and dangerous

Sometimes I'd just lean back against the edge of the broken chair in which I was seated and watch her standing there in La Petite Maison in Saigon alternately laughing loudly and pouting with a mock look of disappointment. Of course, I wasn't alone in my attentions, but I was certainly apart.

Even the bartender, Tam, a small, nervous man in his fifties with a lock of graying hair bending over his narrow, wrinkled forehead, moved to the farther end of his short and dampened counter to be included in the admiring circle of acquaintances. It was never a large cluster, but it was a perpetual one, with only the individual faces changing occasionally.

She would stand among the tables, resting her ample posterior now and then against one or another of the surface edges, and exchange all the newest local gossip and off-color jokes with the men about her. Invariably, it seemed, whenever one of the more enjoyable stories neared its climax, someone would shout out an order to Tam, and the unhappy little bartender would go scampering back to his regular post to prepare the particular bit of refreshment in demand.



After a while the girl, too, would sit, sometimes on the top of a table, her legs crossed, and her tight dress caught around her knees, sometimes on one of the several chairs that stood unused near the tables. She did not, however, often take advantage of the formal seating arrangements, perhaps because she sought to maintain the only-a-minute-longer posture that kept the others all the more anxious. But when she did, it was a truly grand production. She would pull hard on the end of her skirt with the thumb and two fingers of each hand until she had seated herself snugly against the back of the chair. Then, having made her overtures to modesty and propriety, she would raise her legs to rest atop one of the tables, preferably with her feet barely brushing against someone's face, and her back to as many others as possible. As soon as she'd chosen her victim for the sport, she would begin twisting her right foot in a clockwise ellipse, pretending not to notice this "automatic" gesture, just to see how long it would be before the officer across the table would raise his face and hurry it back in retreat. (Occasionally, in one of her still-gayer moods, she would manage to kick off her shoes beforehand.) The victim would smile painfully, and all the other men would laugh at his surrender without seeming to realize that they, too, had given in by moving their own chairs around to face the dark Asian beauty.

All this I observed from my dimly lit corner of the room, occasionally ordering another drink when all their laughter had subsided, thus causing her to turn her head slightly toward me. It wasn't so much a look of reproach as one of curiosity, even puzzlement, that I, presumably a normal and stimulable young man, should impose upon myself exclusion from the fun-and-games circle of which she was the charming and surely stimulating center. I would nod politely back to her, adding a thin, tired smile of thanks for her unspoken, but nonetheless apparently issued, invitation. Then Tam would bring my drink, and I would go on watching. It beat working.

Outside there was always the dull ache of a terrible excitement, everyone wondering where the next big blow would come and just how much longer the fighting could possibly go on. Older women had forgotten what it was like to endure peace, their husbands and sons at their sides, the streets filled only with their compatriots, the sounds of the jungle replacing the sounds of jungle warfare as they slept; young children had never known. The past was like a world that never was, something only faintly remembered, the way one remembers a tale told years ago—and, of course, the ending is past recall. Thousands upon thousands of French soldiers longed to go home, to win this ugly mess of a war and return to the families they had either left or planned. Meanwhile, they would curse the hot sun and filthy marshes and deceptive shrubbery where any attacker could lie in easy wait. They would hate these dirty little people whom they were sent to defend but who cared little for defending themselves. They would taste their homemade white wine and long to hold the bottle; touch the pretty girl with the soft, red mouth and long to feel her breath; smell the brandy-polished crêpes in a Paris café and long to taste their sweetness. It was all so long ago.

But that was far outside, beyond the barely open door.

From my corner, one late Thursday of my remembrance, it began to look just a bit less awful. My story had been filed—after a hot, sticky and seemingly interminable wait at the cable office—and, unless something big broke soon, I was through working for the day. I could afford to sit quietly, and sip my watered drink, and watch.

I had never understood exactly why they called her *La Bleue*. For some reason, however, it did fit her admirably. Every movement of her lithe body, every decibel of her coarse laugh seemed to betray a sense of loneliness and endless, though quite vain, searching. Running my fingers along the rim of a wet glass, so as to produce a soft, high-pitched whirring sound, I considered at length the inner workings of the girl before me.

And it occurred to me that I knew her by no other name than that of her ambiguous title, which would hardly have served as a form of chance address. I worked awhile on that, certain after my fourth drink that she was nothing she would seem to be and was thus unfit for any name that might sound otherwise suitable.

I called her Charlie. Suddenly, without a hint of warning even to myself, I called her Charlie. When she got up from her chair and walked slowly across the dusty floor to size me up at closer range, I rose half out of my seat and greeted her knowingly.

"Why do you call me that?" she asked in a rough, but not really broken, French.

"Why?" I replied. "What is your name?"

She paused for a moment, presumably in meditation, meanwhile getting herself comfortably situated on the torn cushion of the chair on which she had placed herself in rather elaborate fashion. She glanced about at the uninhabited spaces of the room, then brought her focus sharply back to me.

"Charlie," she said effortlessly. She repeated it twice more, as though to get the true sense of it, then admitted with obvious pleasure, "Why, yes, it's a lovely name. It feels so nice on me."

Tam had come from behind his chest-high barrier to bring her unfinished drink to her. He bumped into the table next to mine on his hurried way. Excusing himself two or three times for the accident, he nervously dropped the glass onto the table, spilling a few droplets and offering again the same profuse apologies for his clumsiness. The girl looked at him with what I took to be something of a cross between outright boredom and utter contempt, and he went running back with the look of a scorned puppy.

"Silly man, is he not?" she asked without caring at all for an answer. "I wouldn't come here, except that I feel so sorry for him. And I am good for his business, you know. If I ever deserted him, every French officer in Saigon would quit coming here just like that." She clicked her thumb and third finger together. "Don't you think I'm pretty, not a little bit?"

I had every intention of assuring her that I found her most attractive, but she had already taken that much for granted. "Then why," she went on, "do you never join me at my table?"

Certainly, I realized, I could not explain to her my preference for disengaged viewing while she acted out her role. Consequently, I had no answer at all for the unexpected question.

"Yes?" she asked again, then quickly backed off. "Oh, never mind. It's probably that you're just shy. Big ears, you know. They say that men with big ears can be awfully shy. But they're cute, big ears, so you shouldn't really be."

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Memoir of a long, long war

ighting her way to the top with exotic charm.

By KENNETH B. PLATNICK

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PASSALACQUA

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LONG, LONG WAR

I was so taken by surprise with this shameless unmasking that I emitted a short but deep and clearly audible laugh.

"There," she said, "that's much better. Now what would you like to buy me to drink?"

"What would you like?" I asked her.

"Oh, it makes no difference. Tam makes them all so bad, you know. But I like to help his business, so you just pick one for me."

I motioned to the little bartender and sent him rushing back to fetch an arbitrary selection from among his offering. When he returned, drink in hand, he was exceptionally careful to avoid that same adjacent table; and he set the glass down with great deliberation, easily. Then, that feat accomplished, he went back to his own station with the satisfaction of graceful maneuvering.

"Do you like it here?" she asked, explaining further, "I suppose I really mean, how much do you despise it?" She allowed no time for any reply, but traveled on in her verbal wanderings. "You know, it's a funny thing, but men like you always come out here expecting all kinds of excitement and . . . ah, the romance of war, the virility of combat, the intrigue of bullet-pierced politics." She had deepened her voice to heighten the dramatic sarcasm of her rhetoric. "But it only takes a few weeks or months for the glamour to wear off, eh? Then you begin to get moody and melancholy, even bitter a little bit. Trouble is, you don't ever stay long enough to get like the rest of us, resigned to it, I mean. You too, no?"

I began thinking how close she had come. After six months, there was little enough of the glamour left. When I went home, everyone would be duly impressed with the tales of my exploits, to be sure. But I was living them now, and I hadn't yet had time to recapture the romantic beauty I had ascribed to them at the outset of my assignment. I began thinking, too, of how my slim period of involvement compared with the years she and her countrymen had lost in the struggle. Could one ever really come to be reconciled with the agonies of those years of terror, as she had indicated? Perhaps. It would not be for me to know, since mine was only a tour of limited duty.

"But this is such depressing talk. Let us speak of more pleasant things," she offered generously, reinstating for my uplift that wide smile which almost parted her deep red, fleshy lips.

Quickly, scarcely aware of it myself, I cast a curious glance at the small group of uniformed men with whom she had been mingling just a moment earlier. They were still as she had left them, looking a little more serious as they spoke but speaking quite a lot nevertheless, continuing their alcoholic intermission from the martial drama of the outside world, joking still as they had been, going on as if they entertained not a single lack—although each of them undoubtedly wanted dearly to have *La Bleue* return to keep him company in her diverting and delightfully feminine way. She was surely missed but never recalled; for to recall, even if possible, would have been to spoil the charm.

"For instance," she went on, "let us speak of you. Are you married, by the way?"

"No."

"Oooh, that is too bad. I mean, it is good for a man to have someone to think of going home to, no?"

I lifted my shoulders into a slight shrug.

"Indeed, yes," she explained. "A man, he goes away to another country, and he does not know exactly when he will come home again, or even if he will, and he needs the memory of a good woman who will be waiting for him all the while. Are you not lonely?"

It was such a simple question after she'd spoken it aloud; and yet it was the very one I'd always seemed myself to miss, or from which I'd shrunk, the single question needed to arrange neatly all the miscellaneous and misplaced answers I had accumulated over the longest short period of my life. That was precisely what I was, lonely. Funny how you can feel an emotion so deeply, any emotion but particularly one of a more melancholy flavor, and never come to recognize it for what it is until you no longer possess it, but it possesses you instead. Lonely. Yes, that's just what I was, above all else in the world; no more the bitterness I had felt or the cynicism I had professed or the realism in which I had cloaked them both. Only the most natural sentiment of all; it was mine to endure.

In an absurdly sudden way, I began to feel deeply sorry for myself. Then, almost before I had got used to it, my cozy mood of self-indulgence was intruded upon, and I heard her speaking to me again. There had, I knew, been only a moment's pause.

"Yes, of course, you are lonely. How stupid of me to mention it. Tell me about your work instead. It must be so exciting, being a war correspondent and all that."

I replied with a vague gesture which, however polite, refused to commit me to an opinion of my work. It was, after all, my work, such as I had chosen. Choosing it was itself my final commitment.

"Look, I'll tell you what. Why don't you come round to my place this evening? I do have to go now, but I want to talk with you some more. You're so . . . well, I like talking with you. You come over tonight. You know where it is, don't you? My place, I mean. Everyone does."

"But . . ." By the time I had managed to express even that single sound, she had risen, patting my shoulder lightly, and turned her back to walk away. She glanced behind her.

"But," I continued stubbornly, "everyone also knows that your evenings are usually taken. Are you quite sure. . . ?"

"Of course, silly. Do you perhaps think I don't run my own life? And in my own home especially? You just be a sweet thing and visit with me, eh. I enjoy your company ever so . . ." and her voice trailed away as she resumed walking briskly toward the door. She waved to the others on her way out, extending only the forefinger of her right hand and the one next to it.

And at once I felt very alone. A buzzing sound again made itself heard, as the party nearby resumed the hum of its own conversation; and I went back to my cupful of now dull warmth, trying to decide quietly—rationally—how I should spend my evening after all.

The colonel, of course, was foremost in my mind. It was he who had set up *La Bleue* in the comparative comfort which she currently enjoyed, and it was he who regularly commanded the flow of her nocturnal attentions. It was he who, in one rage of jealousy particularly notable for its theatrical absurdity, had promised instant death to any man who might dare to tread upon the sacred ground of his preserve. Monsieur Marais. Monsieur le colonel. Loyalty was to him supreme; he demanded it of his troops and would not suffer the traitor to whom this virtue was any the less important. Of all his legion the finest and the most dear was *La Bleue*, and from her, then, this loyalty was the more precious.

Still, I knew, as did most others, that it was not he who kept the girl but she who possessed him and could, because of his very obsession with her, lead him and drive him and put him in her pocket when she wanted a recess between the periods of their companionship. She did, in fact, as she had so stoutly insisted, conduct her own life. Of this there was no doubt.

In less than a month after the start of their familiarity she had moved into a new residence and showed herself outfitted with even finer marks of prosperity than she had previously known—in clothing, flashing jewelry and scents of Parisian perfumes. As an enterprise she was beginning to flourish.

For all this she was willing to pay the price of fondness, like so much overhead expenditure; it was the cost of doing business. But she was, nevertheless, in business only for herself; and when Monsieur le colonel presumed to take her over, she set him down at once.

He had objected, it seems, to her almost daily forays into the jungle of masculine desire. If she were his, she must show to him the troop loyalty he expected. Her answer, of course, was a stern refusal to see him further, to admit him through the portal behind which he himself had installed her.

Needless to say, he was stunned by the force of her sudden reply. He begged her to reconsider, to try to understand his position, to remember the fervor with which he loved her. In the end, however, he came round—if not to her way of thinking, at least to her style of living. He wrote to her his deepest apologies and included among them his promise never again to interfere with what he now professed to recognize as her private life. If she would only allow him to come to her, he would be grateful for the opportunity to beg her forgiveness; for he realized how he'd wronged her.

Monsieur le colonel, indeed!

Expressing her inborn sense of boundless generosity, she returned to him the message that she would receive him at her home that very night—at eight o'clock sharp. The audience could not, unfortunately, be a prolonged one; surely he would understand that she had made other arrangements for the remainder of the evening.

He understood. He delighted only in the thought that once again she would be his, and he hers, if not so completely as he might have wished. He poured himself a reassuring cognac and began to practice what he would say to her that night, something properly self-effacing, a statement of deep love which would place her on the pedestal of his imagination. He worked at it all the rest of the afternoon, ignoring even his dinner out of nervous anticipation of the hour of his "confessional."

At precisely eight o'clock he arrived at her home, his hands moist with anxiousness and his knees quivering just the least bit. When he entered, for the first time in weeks, he saw her sitting on the familiar couch, propped up on her legs with the soles of her feet exposed alongside her. She was dressed in a tight, white sheath of a dress which, because of her casual posture, could not entirely cover her soft, beige thighs.

Around her, much to Marais's great surprise, was scattered a handful of other men chatting amiably and drinking cheerfully the liquors he himself had stocked for her. She raised her hand as the colonel came through the door and manually ordered him closer to her. Dismissing the formalities of introduction with a few half-spoken words and a short wave of her arm, she turned to the new arrival and bade him fetch her a fresh drink.

He performed the service graciously. Handing her the glass with one of his hands and a present he had brought for her pleasure with the other, he tried to whisper to her quickly an abridged version of the speech he had prepared, but she would have none of it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It might interest you, professor, that it stopped raining an hour ago!"

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"Oh, don't stand there and mutter," she admonished him. "These are friends, after all. Anything you feel you must say can surely be said before them."

Of course, it could not, he thought. All the intimacy he wished to convey in the notes of his rhythmic voice, the emotion of his carefully chosen words, would be made but a mockery aloud before these others. It would be a romantic farce, a cheap barroom melodrama, with himself the leading—the only—player. But, then, was that not exactly what she wanted? In an instant it became painfully clear to him that his audience was to be only a public forum at which he might open himself to the debasement of her whim. Could he allow her to make sport of him so wickedly? He would undoubtedly have considered this question carefully had it not simultaneously occurred to him to ask, "Can I live without this woman?" the latter being more to the point. Clearly, he felt, he could not.

He bent his head and began to address her, raising his eyes to hers only when she insisted she could not hear him. He straightened, cleared his throat and began anew. He could hear the muffled snickers of the men around him as he went along, but he cared little about them once he had got well into his recantation. By the time he had finished, he felt somehow the better for it. He awaited her reply.

"I accept," she said simply, and it appeared to him that it might be all she intended to say. But there followed her benignant assent a tender promise for the morrow. Eight o'clock again; and she would cancel all her other plans, which meant they would then be alone. Still, for now it was good night. And he left her laughing and drinking and showing various portions of her lovely self to those remaining.

When he had got far enough from the scene of his humiliation to recover a bit of his composure, Marais found that his unsure legs were carrying him directly to La Petite Maison on their own authority. About a dozen paces from the door, where the blistered and peeling paint seemed to pose for him an image of his inner self, he stopped short and refused to be swept further along. He brought his shoulders up high, set his jaw firmly almost to a fault, and turned leftward for his own quarters.

This was the man of whom I now thought, the tortured instrument of a young woman's successful rise, the latest among a list of successively brighter stars. And now it was my turn, or so I imagined; there had to be a reason. Surely I was not equal to the position of her current suitor. She had passed my level long ago, and there was nothing I could any longer offer her. Or was there?

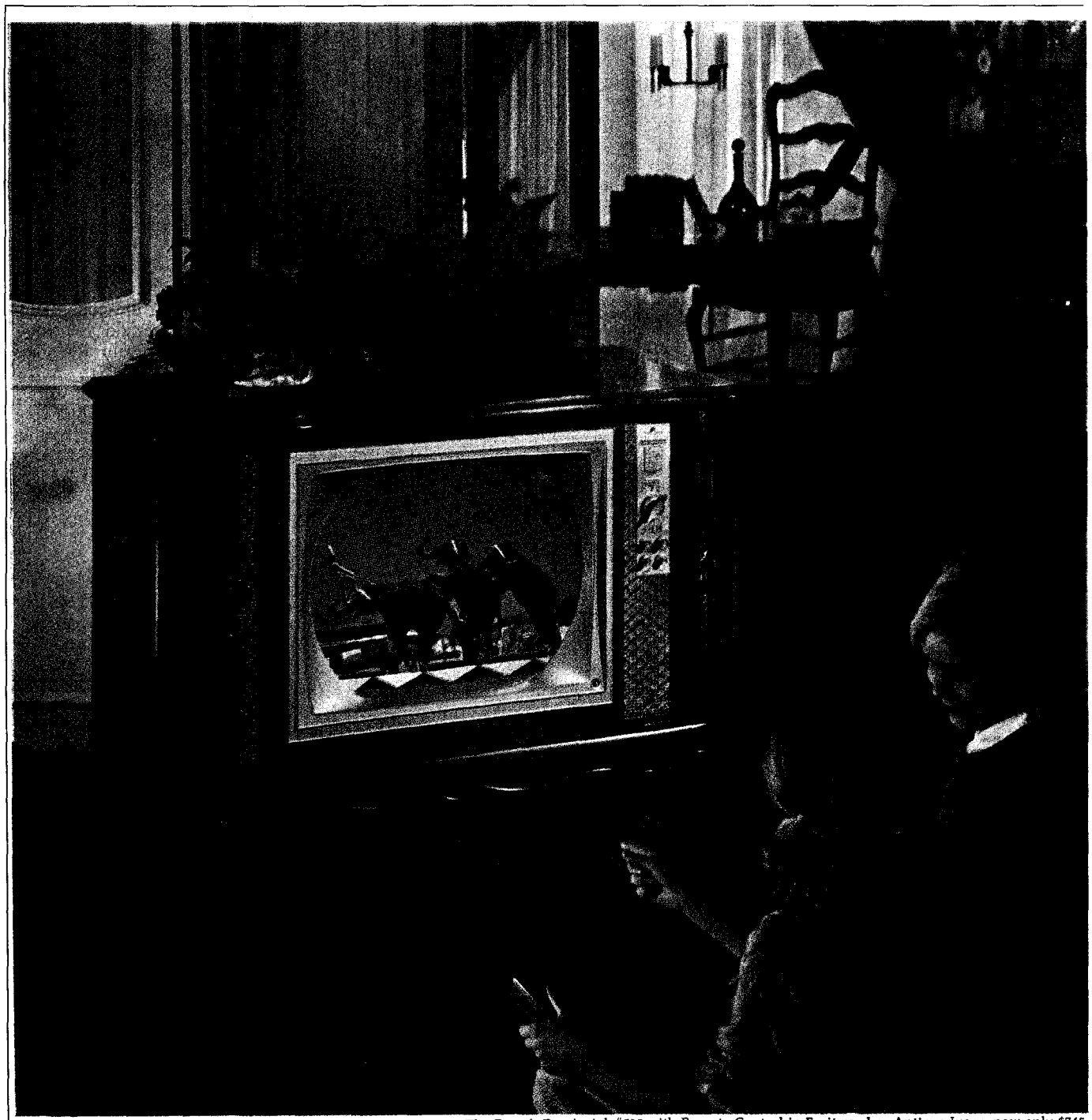
Here was a girl given to the steady enjoyment of living, seemingly carefree and radiantly alive with beauty and spirit. But if life were for her pleasure, it was also to be made good capital of; the one, in fact, stemmed from the other, and there was no greater joy than the accomplishment of strained endeavor. No, she was not about to fill a void with just any specimen of male matter. Her days were crammed with purpose.

She had worked her way up literally through the ranks, starting at the outset of the war as a sixteen-year-old waitress with the fluid sort of hips that would alternately lull and attract the enlisted men who began to fill this place, Saigon, in rapidly increasing numbers. As her popularity rose, so, too, did her fortune; these French boys—she thought of them always as growing children, whereas she had fully blossomed at an early age—had more money than she had ever imagined. In only a short while she was able to give up her regular—to her, distasteful and even degrading—job in favor of being retained by a constantly shifting group of uniformed patrons. Her own little "Company X," she called them.

Life was easier then, fun to be with, and she was in complete charge of it. When one of her men got out of hand, he was instantly court-martialed, banished from the field of amorous endeavor. Not many of them, therefore, showed her the least insubordination.

In time, and not too long at that, she had made the necessary acquaintance of ranking soldiers, men instead of mere youths, and she let them ease her into their own circle. She continued to amuse herself with the "little ones," for they were used to serving, which was as she would have it; but she focused her real attentions on increasingly senior representatives of the military. That, of course, was how she finally got around to Monsieur le colonel.

Now it was my turn, and I could not keep myself from wondering why. Should I accept her gracious nod? I understood full well that I should not, but my curiosity kept nagging from within. At last I reached the reluctant but sensibly firm conclusion that I must not keep the rendezvous, that I must avoid at all costs becoming ensnared like so many others



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only to end as a possessed and fondness-inebriated discard. Whatever her appearance, I knew, her selfish purposes were never far away. I could not allow myself the luxury of deception. I would not go to her.

It was already late when I arrived; and I was immediately struck by the exhausting closeness of the room in which she greeted me. Not that there was any measurable lack of space, but something in the atmosphere about me seemed to compress that area into a narrow, almost choking single path leading to the girl in dull white, with the only egress closing in behind me as I moved forward.

"Hello," she saluted me mildly. "I was wondering whether you would come, but I think I knew you had to." Something about that vague suggestion of some inner compulsion on my part—perhaps the hint that I could not resist her charm, that I was neither more nor less than any other man—seemed to annoy me more than it should have, and I felt the skin of my cheeks draw tighter.

"You newspapermen are all the same, you know—have to satisfy your little curiosities on every point. Oh, I've met a few in my time, and they're each one the same as the other, just simply must know everything about everybody. I think it's something of a disease, an obsession, you know, with finding things out." Her voice was clinically soft as she spoke. But it melted my resentment into plain amusement. "You might," she went on in that same tone, "at least fix us something to drink—as long as you're just standing there, I mean."

"All right," I agreed, walking across to a small table covered with brandies and whiskey and such. She leaned across the edge of the couch, twisting her body like a lovely serpent, and put a record on the old phonograph beside her; and the scratchy sound of a tired trumpet straining to keep up with the beat of the jazz music it accompanied fast became an integral part of the setting in which it played.

"You don't like me very much, do you?" she asked, as if it were the next logical matter of business on the evening's agenda.

"Does it really interest you?" I replied.

"I'm not sure. After I had asked you to come here today, I thought that I cared very much. But now that you ask me so directly, I'm no longer certain that I do."

There was a moment of silence—not embarrassing, just still. "Oh, well, no matter," she offered. "Tell me about yourself."

I began to think of our conversation that afternoon and laughed quietly, thinking that it was she who had just considered me the one filled with inquisitiveness.

"Do you like your work here?" she persisted.

"It's my job." I was sipping slowly from my glass of cognac as I watched her variously turn positions in her couch. Her legs were up high now, the snugly fitting dress fallen back to the curves of her middle. "For as long as it lasts."

"Ah, yes," she reflected, "for as long as it lasts. And then you will go home, no doubt."

"Certainly." And it just did not occur to me that I had answered in the worst possible way.

"What a wonderful thing, to be able to witness the tragedies of life as a spectator and then to leave them and go home when you've had enough."

"That's not quite the way it is," I protested mildly. "You see, I ——"

"I see only that you come and go." She was sitting upright now, her legs crossed and her arms partly outstretched, not so much out of anger as from determination. "As you please, come and go."

"But this is your home, not mine, really."

"My home? Yes, of course, my home is here. In the midst of all this," she waved about her lightly, "while men shoot each other like small animals, and no one is sure he will live to see the coming month. The gutter of the world to you, no doubt, but my home still. You will leave, and I will stay; for God knows how many more years of just the same I must stay."

"But what," I scratched the back of my head in puzzlement, "has all this to do ——"

"I'll tell you what it means, what it has to do with you." She raised her voice considerably. "It means that you, while you stand by and look down your polite, well-educated nose at the likes of me, you can take comfort in the fact that for you this place is only a tour of duty which will have a definite ending—soon perhaps. You can afford your disapproval. But me, I must make it here for myself, right here. There will be no one to recall me when I've had enough. I must get what I can while I can. That's what it means."

I thought I understood her position well enough, but I could not at all imagine her reasons for troubling to explain it to me. Nor could I comprehend the sudden sharpness of her voice. It was an ambush surely, and I wanted to stage my cautious retreat without even bothering to locate the source of this burst of verbal gunfire.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, which was my mistake. She scooped up the reply as it fell.

"Yes. Yes. You're terribly sorry. Rome burns to nothing, and you fiddle eagerly on your sorrow."

"Well," I suggested in my own defense, "it's not my fault, you know." But she didn't seem to hear me.

"Anyway, now I've said it. I suppose you thought I asked you up tonight for other reasons, no? You would, of course. You are that charming, are you? And me, I'm just a little *putain?* Is that what you were thinking? Is that why you sit so smugly and watch me in Tam's restaurant for hours? Does it make you feel so good to see the dirty brown prostitute plying her ugly trade—and you, all the time, smacking your sophisticated lips in reproach? Does it make you feel that good?"

It was an unfair attack, I thought, and I was about to counter it boldly when she interrupted once more.

"Go away," she fairly begged. "I didn't mean it to be like this, but it is perhaps better that it is so. You did come here tonight to sleep with me, did you not? So, go home now and dream about it. But go home, please."

I left quietly, without a single word. Outside the door I stopped to light a cigarette and listened for a moment to the muffled sobs from within. I wanted badly to feel sorry for her, but I kept feeling sorry for myself instead. She, after all, had been honest with herself. What was there for me to say?

Next morning at nine I was ready to leave for Hanoi. Almost ready, anyway. I was in my room packing a battered piece of light-brown luggage that had never really been unpacked in all the years I'd had it. I was preparing to have a look at the other end of the war.

I knew, of course, in my own mind that this savage war was the same at both its ends, that its only borders were of desperation and hopelessness, that—as before—I would find nothing in the northern sector that I did not already know from elsewhere. Still, there were the small details concerning the administration for mass killing, and these ought responsibly to be covered firsthand; at least, that was the theory behind the move.

I flung a shirt into my bag and mumbled a simple curse. I hadn't slept particularly well that night, and my head was more than a little groggy, and my eyes burned at the least touch of cigarette smoke. Inside myself I could see a brain that looked strangely like a child's toy kaleidoscope, except that all its fragments were rendered to the vision through a cast of black and white. At intervals, spaced involuntarily and not at all according to my own moods, this cranial tube was shaken, and a new thought displaced the old one quickly, without even the hint of any resistance. Each new consideration I accepted in its turn, unable to refuse it admission.

Consequently, I did not remember having heard a knock when, after clamping the baggage shut, I turned for my coat and saw her standing there. I do not recall how she looked, except perhaps that her head was slightly lowered, and there was an almost-tear in one eye.

"The door was open," she excused herself, "so I just came in. I hope it was not very wrong of me."

"No," I assured her, managing to maintain the doubtful security of my verbal distance, "not at all. Won't you sit down?" In my eagerness to keep up propriety for propriety's and my own sake, I had not noticed as I spoke that the only chair in the room was covered with notebooks, cameras and a large gadget bag filled with various optical complexities and accouterments, some of which I'd yet to use at all. "One moment," I added hastily, as I scooped the seat clean, and then I waved my arm hospitably from her downward.

"I came to say . . . that is, well, I did not know you were leaving," she spoke softly, apparently suspecting that she might otherwise rouse the world.

"Nor did I until yesterday. But, as you said so well, here today and ——"

"That's why I came," she broke in. "I'm feeling quite a lot better today, and I so wanted to apologize for the way I behaved last night. It was cruel of me, and it was wrong too."

"Yes, certainly cruel," I thought aloud.

"And wrong, terribly wrong."

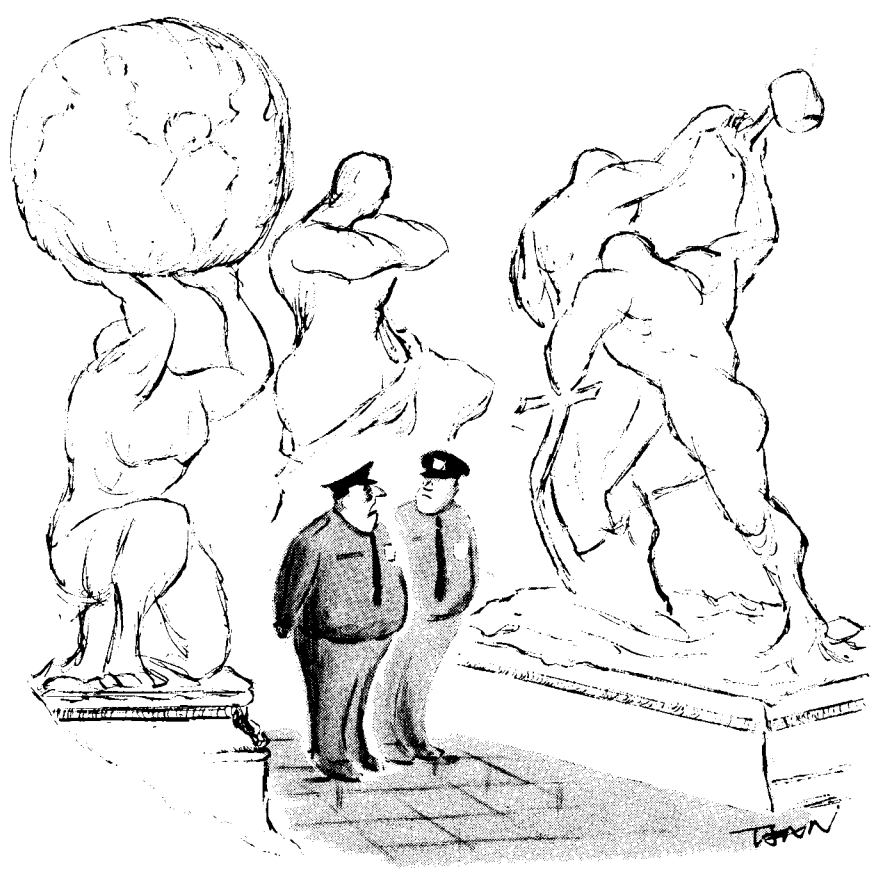
"No," I corrected her, "definitely not that. The cruelty lay only in the correctness of your words." It was true.

"Oh, you mustn't feel that way. What I said was foolish, like a young girl temperamentally shouting nasty protests at her disapproving father. Anyway, regardless of the reasons why, it was something that need not have been said."

I smiled lightly. "I'd offer you a drink or something, but I'm afraid it's rather early. Besides, there's really nothing to offer."

"Yes, I see you're leaving. Probably in a great hurry too, and here I am keeping you ——"

"No, please," I said as she moved to rise; I said it so suddenly as to startle eve myself. For some vague reason I was l ginning to feel unpardonably close to he bathing in the radiance of her presence, much as I had wanted it to be quite the other way. It wasn't anything she had said, I knew, perhaps only that she'd come to me to say it. Sitting quietly in that chair, her knees drawn near to each



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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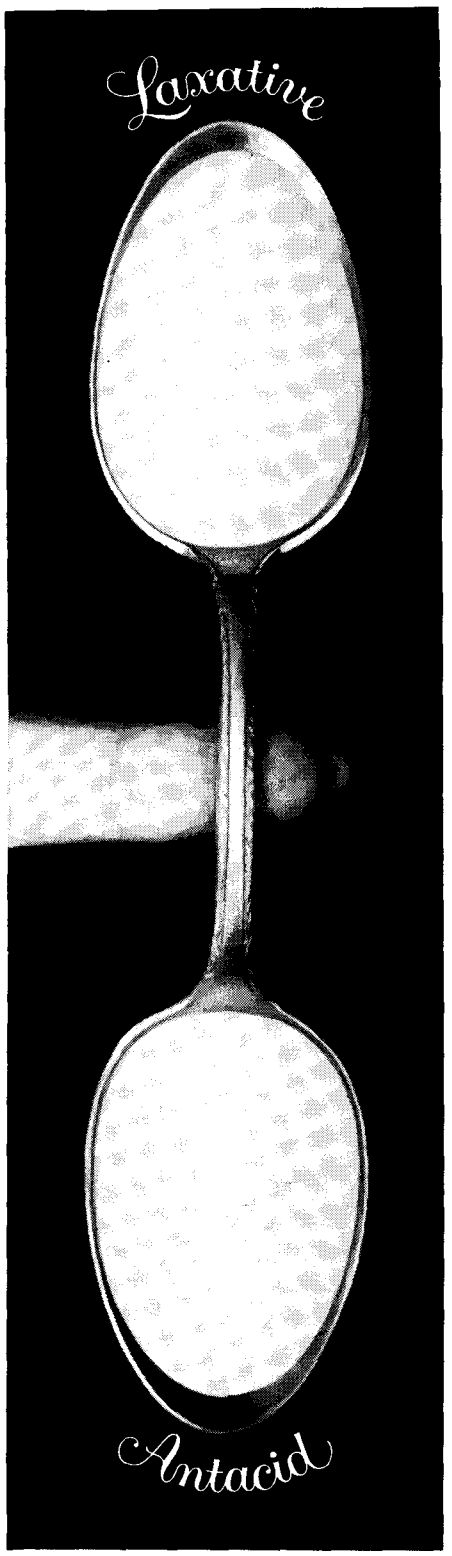

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LONG, LONG WAR

other and her long, slender hands folded neatly in her lap, she looked the very picture of the mischievous child atoning for her minor wrongs. I felt close to her, indeed—something of a paternal attitude had been sparked inside me.

"No, really, I must," she answered. "I only came to ask you to forgive me for . . . oh, I just wasn't myself. You must understand." She appeared to be regaining the poise of her former confidence. "You are leaving for the North, no? I shall miss you. Perhaps when you return—you will return?—we can keep that appointment we should have had last night? I was not myself then, you know. I promise you it will not be the same again. Now you must promise me to call when you get back."

"I promise." But she was already halfway through the door. She stopped, took a few steps back into the room, and gave me a small kiss on the right side of my freshly shaved face. Then she was gone.

I walked over to a clouded window and looked briefly out at the long miles of Asian misery, wondering what it held for me. In a moment I, too, would be gone.

I was away for several weeks, observing in detailed prose the action on another front. And although I had covered it before, I had never before stayed so long. It was the same, the same as previously and the same as elsewhere in the world of abandoned morale. The same people kept dying in the same dirty way.

Skinny little men with boys' faces clinging to the shrubbery like human stalks, small-scale raids quickly done, ambiguous sympathies strewn along that countryside of peasants whose hopes of peace mingled with an increasing sense of independence, these would beat back the illustrious forces of the French Union; and no one would ever understand why. It had been years now since the bloody contest was begun, and still neither side could claim its certain victory. Soon, I thought. How much longer can it go on?

It did, to be sure, go on just the same for the while I was in Hanoi.

When I returned south, then, I had already sensed within me a bitter, selfish frustration of my own. I was tired. For myself, I wanted a quick ending. Sudden death!

And then there was Dien Bien Phu: Eight weeks of resistance, the long battle approaching the heroic proportions of utter tragedy. The entire war rolled into a month of nights and then some; and when dawn broke, the defenders were badly beaten, ten thousand of their number taken prisoner. The glory of the bewildered French was covered with thick, heavy, plasma-soaked mud.

It was here, too, that my *La Bleue* lost her general.

Although I never really met him in that while before the holocaust, I did see her a number of times. As she had vowed, that solitary incident that had once come between us was no more. If anything, it was as if that night of stormy bitterness had joined us forever in our loneliness. What confronted me now was only the loveliness I'd remembered, determined never to forget, when we had been apart.

It should have been difficult, indeed, to reconcile the two: the girl whose calculating charms I had known earlier only from my chairborne distance and the pure, unbathed beauty of my presently interminable daydream. That it was not at all so was perhaps a measure of my own life's unreality, at least for then.

She was truly a friend, an old friend and wonderful. And any desires I may once have held for her in that far-gone world of lifetime moments had melted in their own heat into a perfect love.

We met at Tam's, appropriately enough, my first afternoon back and spent hours exchanging bits of unrelated narrative to cover over the period of our separation; or, really, I must admit, I listened for hours to her disjointed discourse on the various subjects of her fancy, occasionally offering a line or two of my own. She rambled steadily along, recounting in time every conceivable aspect of her life for my pleasure. Every now and then, apparently becoming aware of the tone of her voice and the turn of her conversation, she would throw back her head of darkened hair in laughter and jokingly address me either as "*mon père*" or as "Papa"; and the confessions would resume immediately.

Gradually nearing the present day, she turned suddenly to one side and thrust her arm across the table. Before me flashed a golden bracelet brilliantly highlighting the tender contours of her thin wrist.

"I am doing well for myself, no?" she asked in a voice filled with childish glee, adding with a certain disdain, "Better than before, anyway."

The "before" referred, of course, to Colonel Marais, whose own well of generosity she had long ago begun to exhaust. The instant of his implied admission that he could no longer afford extravagance naturally dictated his dismissal from among her ranks and with it the erasure from her mind of all but the barest image of the man.

This one was surely better. An untapped reservoir of circumstantial power and wealth, La Farge—Gen. Claude La Farge—had baited his own trap with the unabashed anxiousness of a schoolboy. He held out to her gladly the offer of his position and his fortune, and she was only too respectful of his kindness.

After that first day I saw her on several equally grand occasions, sometimes in my hotel, sometimes at her newly acquired and quite handsome residence. But each time was only as the time before, perhaps even a little more so; and my feeling for her leaped with each encounter. It was as if our life together had been lifted above the locus of objective existence—from the very ashes of destruction our beautifully billowing smoke had risen and reached out now for all the heavens.

Who could account for this change in our relationship, in every sense surely a reformation? Who would even try? For with her there was a liveliness to life, even in that world of death, especially in that world of death.

For we were bound in a universe apart from all others, one remote and distant from the roles we played, each of us in a strictly individual manner. Which is not to deny the essence of those roles and the meaning formerly attached to them, but simply not to take them at all into account, as we performed them but routinely.

Each day was a life in itself, the next entirely uncertain.

She as she was yesterday was too many lifetimes ago to be but dimly perceived in the recesses of a debilitated memory. Myself I had never known well enough to recall.

Even today, as we went about our own pursuits, would be forgotten by the next rising of the sun. And all that would be remembered in tomorrow's reminiscence would be the unaccountable joys of those precious moments apart, alone, forever alone. The rest, it did not matter.

A child, a dear and dependent child, I took her by the hand and led her along what ways I know not—and knew not then. The going was itself the destination. The long walks, the repose between, so long as they were joined with the other's, were happy. Only to have her in my care, to have her at my side as a shadow follows its guardian to the setting of a gold-and-crimson sky, this was my simple delight.

I did not realize the extent of my own reliance on the protection of her love, that which had so readily transported me from within the confines of the absolute and beyond the reach of the actual.

Then, in the summer, I got my notice to return home as soon as the already accepted cease-fire program had gone into effect. But I was not fully anxious for that moment of departure. Somehow the misery and love I had known there in Indochina had been grafted onto my life in the real world, and they suddenly seemed as much a part of me as any other.

I saw her at Tam's on the tenth of August. She was sitting alone, the first time I could remember ever having seen her wanting for the company of her male admirers. Her back was to the door, and she did not hear my approach.

"Hello." I spoke low and watched her swing around in her chair, dropping her feet loudly from the table to the floor in turning.

"Oh, hello," she returned with a vague smile and the swallow of her remaining drink. There was a moment's pause, then, "I hear you are leaving us, no?"

"Yes," I answered.

"You don't sound very pleased."

"I'm not really sure I am."

"Oh, but you must be," she urged, apparently noting the dejection of my quiet reply. "You were not meant for a place like this. You must go back to your own life. You will see, it will be better."

"Yes, I know," I said. "It's just that I can't help . . . " She didn't seem to have heard me at all.

"Do you still perhaps remember that night I was so cruel to you?" As if either of us was ever likely to forget it entirely. "I condemned you for being only a visitor to our . . . well, anyway, I was wrong, you know. I told you so next day. I was wrong, you see, because I did not stop to realize that it was as it should be. Everyone, I think, is made for his own time and place—even if he does not seem to fit into it very well." She laughed a thin laugh at this last, and I knew I had to leave. Most likely I should never have come.

"You must not feel you are wrong to go," she concluded, sensing within me the problem I had not myself yet understood. "You have done your job here, and it is time to leave. That is the way of the world, my dear, and for that the world is filled with memories. Only be sure, if you will, to include me among your own." A hundred thousand words filled my head at once, but none of them was to be spoken. There was, after all, nothing more to say.

I leaned over and kissed her lightly on her cheek. There was a small, pearl-like tear refracting the colors of the stark light beneath her eye, I saw, but the rest of her face maintained the structure of stubborn serenity.

"Au revoir," she called to me as I was leaving. "Until we meet . . ." Outside there was only scattered noise, and I walked slowly back to my room.

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Every now and then I received an affectionate letter from her, reminding me of our friendship and recounting for my delight one or another of her further exploits; her words were chosen, it seemed, for their pleasantness and their joy, and her verbal manner held secure the increasingly tenuous bonds between us.

But eight years is still a long time, and after awhile even her mail stopped coming.

I hadn't heard from her in more than a year, our lives seeming to have grown farther apart, when there arrived at my office one morning a thin, gray envelope addressed in her own graceful hand. Hurriedly, almost impatiently, I tore it open . . .

October 11, 1962

My Dear,

Well, my time is finally running out, and I must write this last letter with great haste. Please bear with any faults of penmanship which illustrate my hurriedness. Please forgive also my inexcusable lapse in writing to you these past several months—my God, it must be even longer than that by now. Never feel, please, if only for the sake of my eternal peace, never feel that even for an instant could I bring myself to forget you. Surely you must know that, as my few treasures are counted up, you are by far the most precious. The short while that I knew you here was, for me, a lifetime of happiness. I have no right to ask for more.

And, before I forget, I must offer you my congratulations on your new position. You see, I keep in touch with you without your even knowing it. (Really, I learned the good news from Charles Vosse, the one you always said looked like a kangaroo, when he was back briefly in Saigon right after that horrid palace bombing.) It must be an awful responsibility being *the* foreign news editor of a big newspaper, but I haven't the least doubt that you are performing admirably in the job.

You see, I once told you that each of us has his own place. At last, you have found yours, and for that I am so glad. Now I will go to find mine—although a little reluctantly, of course.

It's funny when you stop to think about it, I who was forever uncommitted now having my commitments made for me. I should have been more careful, I suppose, of my associations, but who expected so high-ranking a man to be "involved"? Alas, my greatest conquest and my surest defeat! And to be made the loser when you have not even played the silly game, what a true pity!

There is so very much that I want to tell you but cannot. This short note, this last, must be sent on its devious way while there is still the time, and I must close it here (oh, how I hate the very thought). Soon, they will be coming for me.

Do not feel sorry, please, for we have shared too much happiness to have it spoiled by this. You must go on with your own life and your work. That is the important thing. Please, please, no regrets. Only memories. Think of me as you will, but think of me forever—as I will dream of you in my eternal reverie.

A demain,
Charlie

Suddenly I had a queer, nagging need for the taste of a cigarette. I wanted, too, to uncross my legs, now tingling with the brisk sensations of muscular drowsiness. I wanted to stand and stretch my back and wave my arms and shake my head and shout that it could not be so.

Instead, I simply sat. Gazing out the window that clear autumn day, I let my mind drift freely with the flow of time. It was a long moment of divorce from the awareness of present time, of swimming through a sea of sentimental bliss and bathing in the delights of another unappreciated day; but it could be no more than a mere pause in the march away from yesterday.

I looked again at the date of the letter. It was five days old. Obstinately refusing to believe what it implied, I immediately contacted our correspondent in Saigon, one Louis Graff, inquiring as to recent arrests and possible executions by the government. I specifically mentioned a lead we had supposedly received on a young woman known to us only as *La Bleue*.

My cable was answered that same evening:

ONLY FEW ARRESTS RECENTLY INCLUDING WOMAN CALLED LA BLEUE LATE LAST WEEK STOP UNKNOW OFFICIALLY HER FATE BUT GOVERNMENT SOURCES INDICATE EXECUTION OVER WEEKEND ON CONSPIRACY CHARGES STOP NO RPT NO MAJOR FIGURES AMONG RECENT ARRESTS FINIS GRAFF

When I reached the street that night, it was raining—not a heavy rain but a sort of steady, misty spray that covered my head as I walked idly along. A few small droplets began independently to roll down the sides of my face; and strangely, I felt all the better for them. Each of us has his time and place, I unconvincingly and almost mournfully repeated over and over to myself. Every sight, every sound, every bare sensation, all seemed to remind me of that girl I'd once been able to know. Or perhaps, I thought, I had never really known her at all. Perhaps she had been only the beautiful fantasy of my own spiritual lust.

No matter. It was over now, swept away as the incoming tide tears down the sand castles of a child's dreams. And I was very tired. THE END

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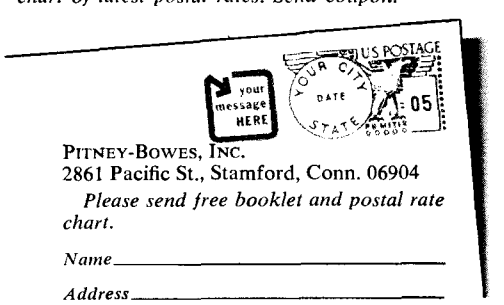

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By Pete Hamill

THE SQUARE WORLD OF CLAUDIA CARDINALE

The movies' newest sex symbol shuns nudity, off-set romances, doesn't even smoke or drink.

When Claudia Cardinale talks about the years of her childhood, the images are always white. The sun was a brilliant white ball, bathing the narrow streets of Tunis, scorching the broad avenues and driving the inhabitants to the shade of courtyards or shuttered sitting rooms. The houses seemed carved from salt, and the pavement shimmered glossily in the North African heat.

"At Christmas," she says in her husky voice, "we took the train to my grandmother's house in Carthage. The train was white, I remember that, and in Carthage there was a white cathedral, and the priests, they wore white robes and red hats and we called them *les pères blancs*. For me, Tunis is always white."

Three blocks from her home was the Coliseo, a small movie house, and the girl who was then called Claude would avoid the heat there on Sunday afternoons, watching movies in the balcony with her younger sister Blanche. "My favorite was Clargable," she recalls. "He also was my mother's favorite, and she even had my father grow a moustache like Clargable. He is my favorite until I see Marlon Brando."

It would make a more charming story, of course, if the young girl in the balcony of the movie house in North Africa had dreamed of becoming a movie star. It would not, however, be true. Nobody seems to have fought harder against such an idea. But a star she now is, and in the Coliseos of the world, Claudia Cardinale is a dazzling new fixture.

In the United States her exotic beauty has been displayed in *The Leopard*, with Burt Lancaster, and in Federico Fellini's *8½*, with Europe's No. 1 leading man, Marcello Mastroianni. About to be released is *The Pink Panther*, with David Niven and Peter Sellers, and backing that up are *Bebu's Girl*, with George Chakiris and *The Time of Indifference*, with Rod Steiger. She is currently at work in Spain on her 24th picture in less than five years, a Samuel Bronston spectacular called *Circus World*, with John Wayne.

Her face—with its deep hazel eyes and finely chiseled nose, its full, pouting lips and flowing, bronze-colored hair—has graced the covers of more than 250 issues of European magazines this year. She receives, her agents claim, more than 1,000 letters a month—700 of them marriage proposals—and her public appearances now kindle a boil of delirious camera-clicking fans. In the European film capitals there is little doubt that this is The Year of Claudia.

"It is nothing and it is everything," she said of her success one recent evening as she sat in her dressing room-trailer on the set of *Circus World* on the Barcelona waterfront. "It could be gone tomorrow." At five feet, six inches, she seemed smaller than her photographs, and with her well-advertised anatomy (37-23-37) hidden in a cowgirl suit, she gave the impression of softness, youth and animation.

"For sure I like the material things, and to be known to many strangers," Claudia said. "It is nice to have a chauffeur always on hand, to stay in the best hotels, eat in the best restaurants and buy clothes from the best Paris designers. And I like diamonds, jewels and furs."

But yet, when she was in New York recently on a two-day trip, she visited Tiffany's, where diamonds reputedly come as big as the Ritz, and bought only one item: a book about table settings. Ask about her idea of a good time, and she will talk lyrically of reclining in the garden of the 14-room house she has bought in the hills outside Rome, and how serene she feels there with her parents and her brothers Bruno, 19, and Adrian, 17, and their assortment of cats and dogs. "The most important thing in the world for me is my family," she said.

Coming from almost any other actress such talk would sound counterfeit. But in Claudia Cardinale's case it is apparently true. All those who know her describe her in the same language. "She is a lovely, unsophisticated girl," says director Luchino Visconti. "In this business it's a pleasure to meet such an unspoiled young lady," says John Wayne. In fact, most assessments of Claudia sound as if they were written by her mother.

All of this is notable only because her public image has been almost the opposite. She has been marketed as a sex symbol, one of those European girl-women whose lives of dreadful ennui are relieved only by a determined licentiousness. But compared with other European sirens such as Brigitte Bardot, Claudia could most easily be described as a square. She has never had a romance with a leading man, never cruised the Mediterranean with a Greek shipping owner, and apparently, unlike every other contemporary actress except Margaret Rutherford, has never posed nude. She doesn't smoke and she doesn't drink, and by her own admission has never even been in love. Since her three favorite men are Napoleon, Alexander the Great and Marlon Brando, it is hardly surprising that she does not even have a steady boyfriend. "I am not about to be a spinster," she says defensively. "I just have not met the right man." And then, shrugging, "In many ways, I suppose I am dull."

The circumstances of her childhood afford little reason for her to be otherwise, although, like evil, dullness lies in the eyes of the beholder. She was born into a world of bourgeois respectability in Tunis on April 15, 1939, the first child of Franco and Yolande Cardinale. The first Cardinales came to Tunis from Sicily in the 1880's to work in the boat-building industry, and by the time Claude Josephine Rose was born, they were well-established burghers.

She grew up speaking French "and a little Arabic," attended a Catholic grammar school, went on to a *lycée* and received a thorough drilling in the virtues of work and gentility. Her social life was limited to the Italian colony. Tunis ended at the entrance to the *suq*, the Moslem casbah. "My father was severe," she said. "I almost never went to a party. And though I went out with some boys, I never go steady, as you say in America."

She intended to become a grade-school teacher, but was sidetracked as the result of a charity bazaar held in Tunis in 1957. Her mother was one of the committee members, and one of the day's events was a beauty contest. First prize was a trip to the Venice Film Festival.

"They ask me to go on stage and I refuse," she said. "But when the contest is about to start, I am pushed on the stage. I am wearing a pony tail and a white dress, very tight, very low in the back, and I am very dark from the sun. Well, I win and I go with my mother to Venice."

In Venice, "the big shoots" of the Italian film industry descended on the exotic Tunisian flower, all waving contracts. "But for me, this trip, it was a touristic trip, you know? I did not want to make a cinema. I want to teach."

Claudia flies to Rome

After the festival she returned to Tunis. The producers followed by mail and cable. Claudia didn't answer. More cables and more letters arrived. Still no answer. Finally, a representative of *Unitalia*, the Italian-government film agency, asked her to at least consider going to school. She agreed, flew to Rome and was admitted to the *Centro Sperimentale di Cinematografia*, a school for actors, directors and technicians.

"I study for one month," she said. "But at Christmas, I get homesick. I am thinking of Tunis and the whole city white and my family. I take the first plane home.

"Then the magazines start to arrive," she said. "They are filled with stories about the girl who gave up cinema to be at home with her family at Christmas. The girl is me. The proposals start to come again. Finally, I get such a good financial offer from Vides Films, that I decide to try again." In May, 1958, she and her father flew to Rome to sign a seven-year contract, and Claudia was on her way to stardom.

The mastermind of Vides Films is a thin, chain-smoking, impeccably-dressed 37-year-old producer named Franco Cristaldi. His company is small but has a reputation for producing high-quality films. It differs from most Italian film companies in one important respect: It believes in the star system.

In a matter of months the young girl who had once worn a chin-high blue uniform under the watchful eyes of the Sisters of St. Joseph was appearing in substantially less for Italian magazine readers. She dried herself in bath towels, dripped wet from the sea in bikinis, slithered provocatively across rumpled sheets. "I didn't mind," she says now. "As for all the chizcake, I never posed completely *nekkid*, and in Africa it was nothing to wear a bikini. My family understood that this is a business."

Cristaldi also initiated a program of on-the-job training for the budding star, carefully selecting roles with which her limited abilities could cope. She made her first appearance in 1959 in a rollicking comedy called *Big Deal on Madonna Street*. Her first starring role came the following year when she played Mastroianni's wife in *Bell' Antonio*, and she followed that with *Rocco and His Brothers*. By the spring of 1962 she was working almost simultaneously in *8½* ("in which I was a dream woman") and *The Leopard* ("in which I play a girl who is half savage"). In her three most recent pictures she plays an Oriental princess (*The Pink Panther*), a partisan's girl friend (*Bebu's Girl*) and a bored modern wife (*The Time of Indifference*). In *Circus World* she plays Rita Hayworth's daughter, with guardian John Wayne warding off the advances of various lemon-haired swains, and if this does not sound like an artistic advance, it is certainly a financial one. "And besides," says Claudia, "I have played so many intellectual roles that this picture is a vacation."

Such a range of experience has turned her into an actress of modest competence, although she is occasionally "griefed" by bad critical reviews. "But I cannot waste my life thinking about such things," she said with a shrug. "And actresses who complain of the hazards of stardom bore me. They are ridiculous. Nobody forces them to make cinema. If they don't like it, they can be somebody's wife."

Occasionally she indulges herself in the sort of extravagance that somebody's wife could certainly not afford: buying a plump mink wrap on the way home from the studio in Rome "because it is chilly," or deliberately wrecking an $8,000 automobile, as she did while making *The Leopard*. "I drove it against the wall of the garage. I just don't like to drive," she says vaguely.

In 1965 Claudia will renew her contract with Vides for another seven years, though she can earn far more as a free agent. "Vides has been good to me," she says, "and there is such a thing as loyalty.

"But it is no good to think too far ahead," she continued. "That way you are not disappointed. As for me, at Christmas, I think I will do somethin' I want to do for two years now. I would like to walk from the port in Tunis, past my home, all the way to the *suq*. And then I would like to go to Carthage and see the white cathedral again, and *les pères blancs*, and listen to the hymns. That is the future. And it is nice to think about, very nice, no?" THE END

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In "Circus World," Claudia Cardinale plays the daughter of Rita Hayworth. "I have played so many intellectual roles," says Claudia, "that this picture is for me a kind of vacation."

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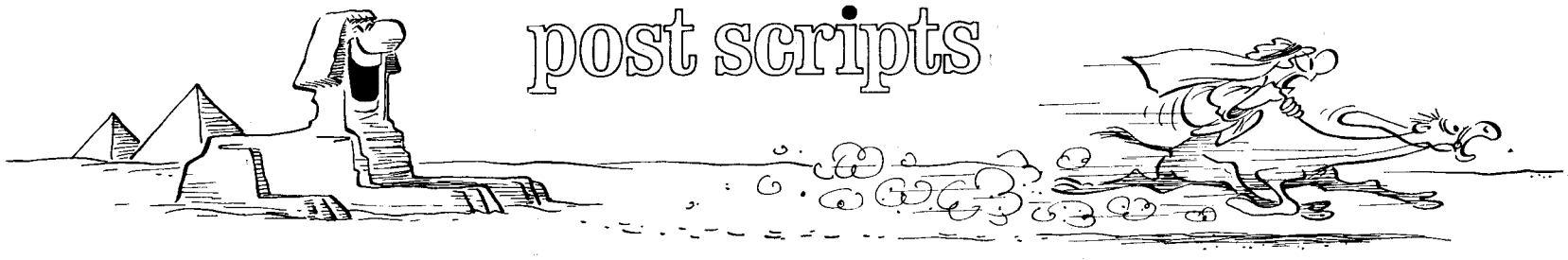
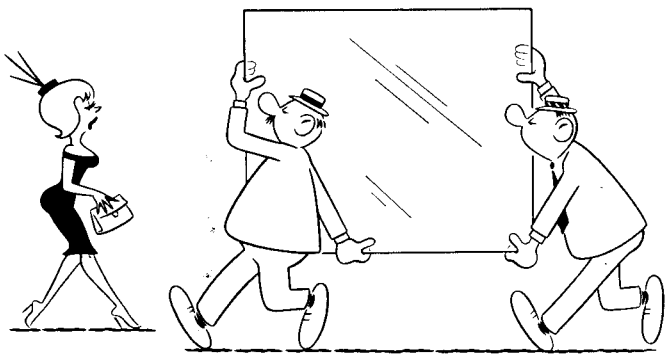
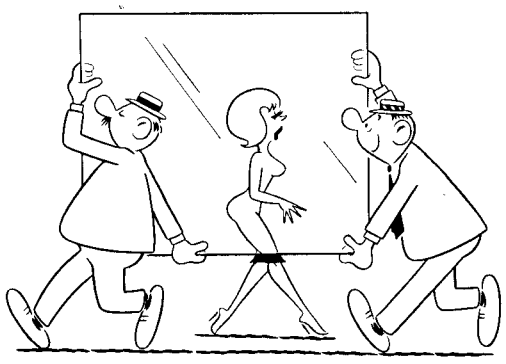
post scripts

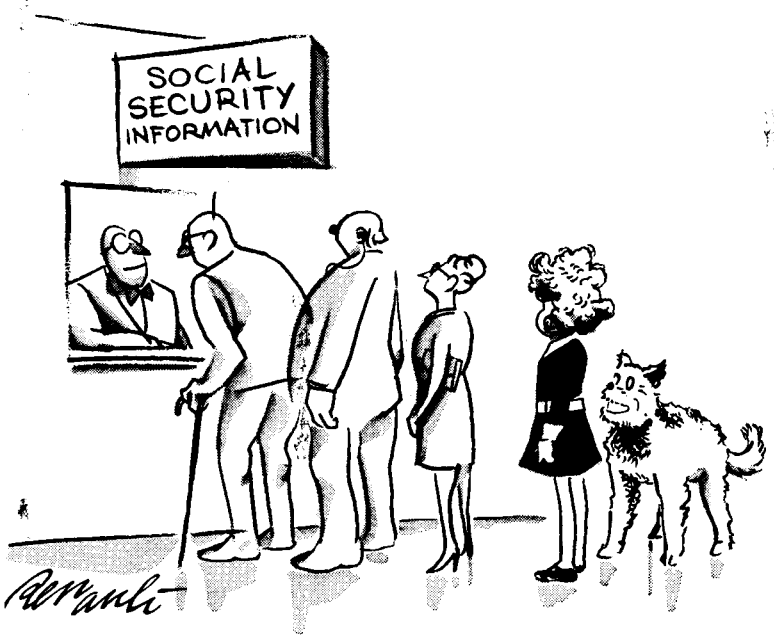


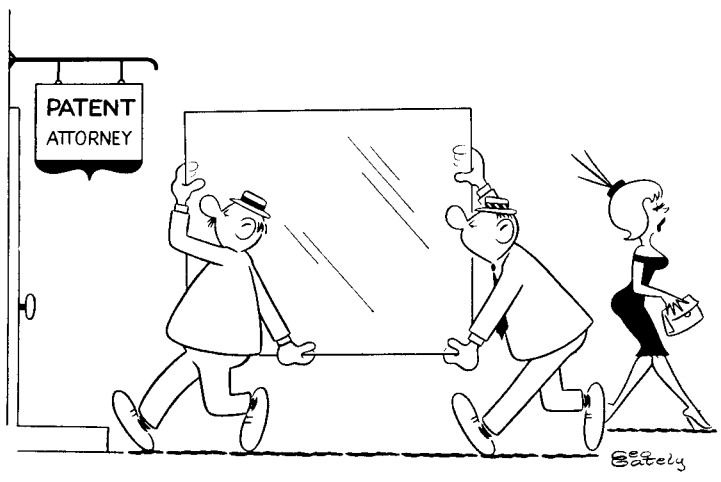
"I was afraid of this. The last safari I took in here was a bunch of organizers from the Teamsters."

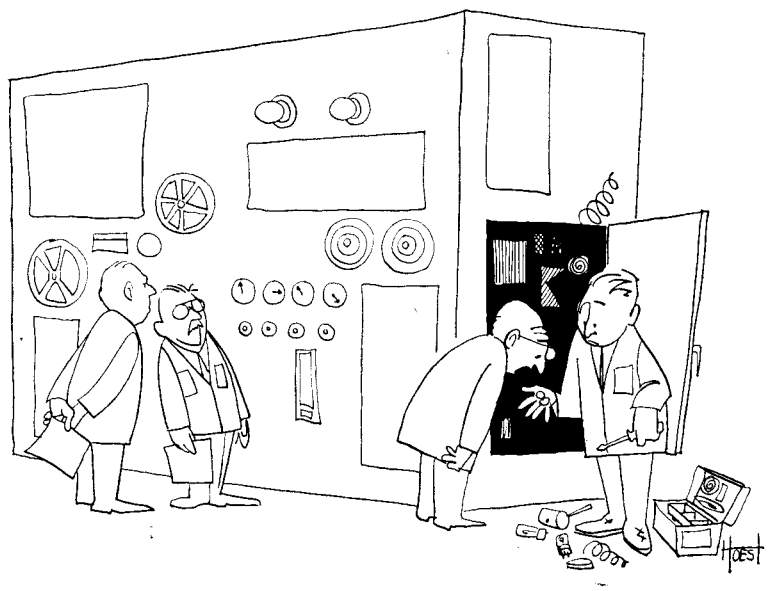
"Now . . . a four-letter word, starting with 'y', meaning 'to pull suddenly'. . . ."











"Good heavens! They look like gallstones!"

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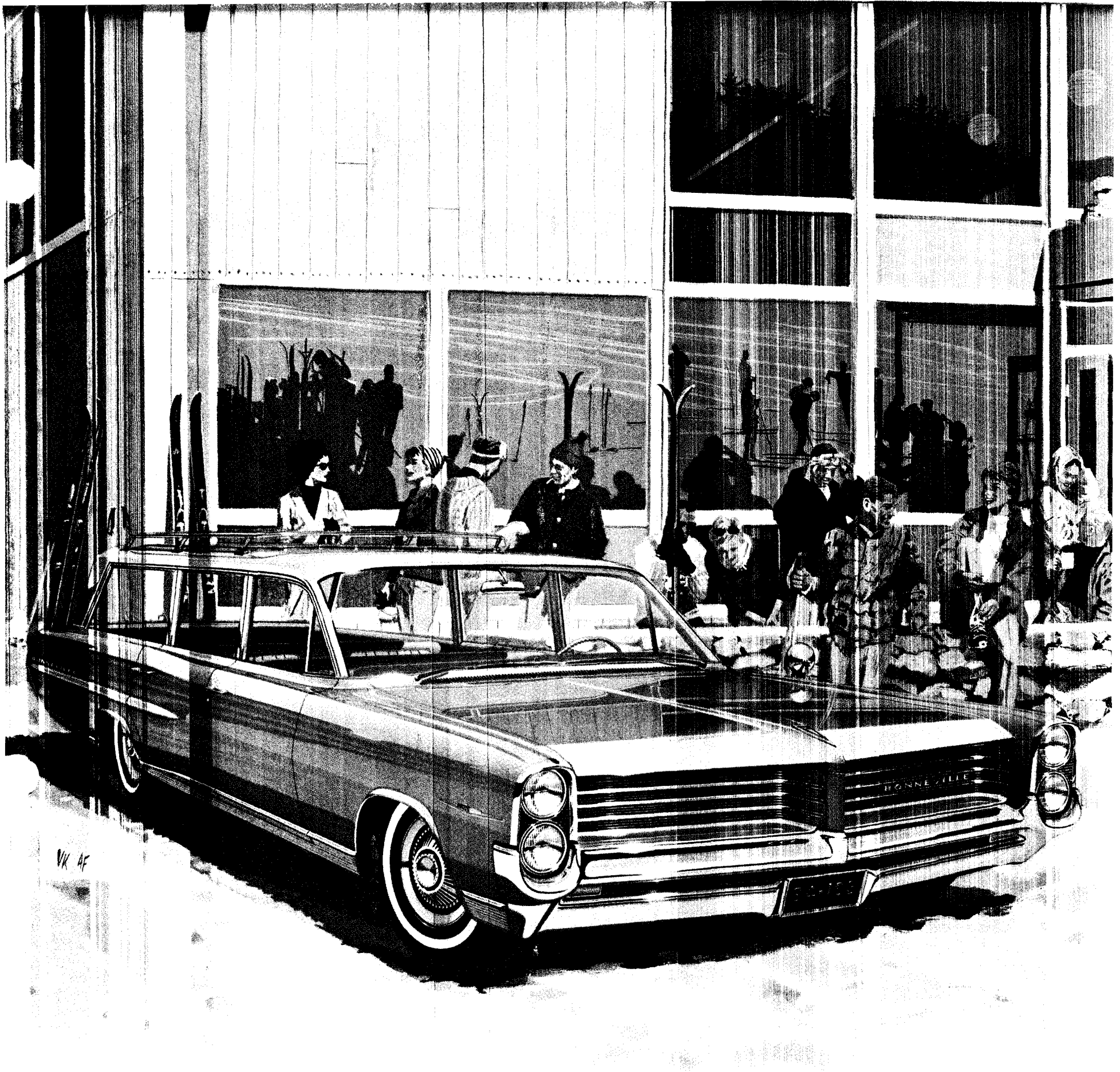

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Imagine a car that goes like a Pontiac, rides like a Pontiac, looks like a Pontiac and works like a wagon. Hmmm, you just invented our Safari again. Imagine that. What we do, for you, is simply start with a load space (more than 96 cubic feet) which is very useful for hauling skis and evergreens and groceries all day and enough people for a party later on. Then we set it on Wide-Track, which is why you won't notice many bumps and curves any more. Up front we put a Trophy V-8 with enough gumption for exploring back roads or gobbling up turnpikes. Inside and out we lavish Pontiac styling, which leaves little to say once you've seen it. Now imagine yourself in a Safari, then think about visiting your Pontiac dealer. Soon. '64 WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC

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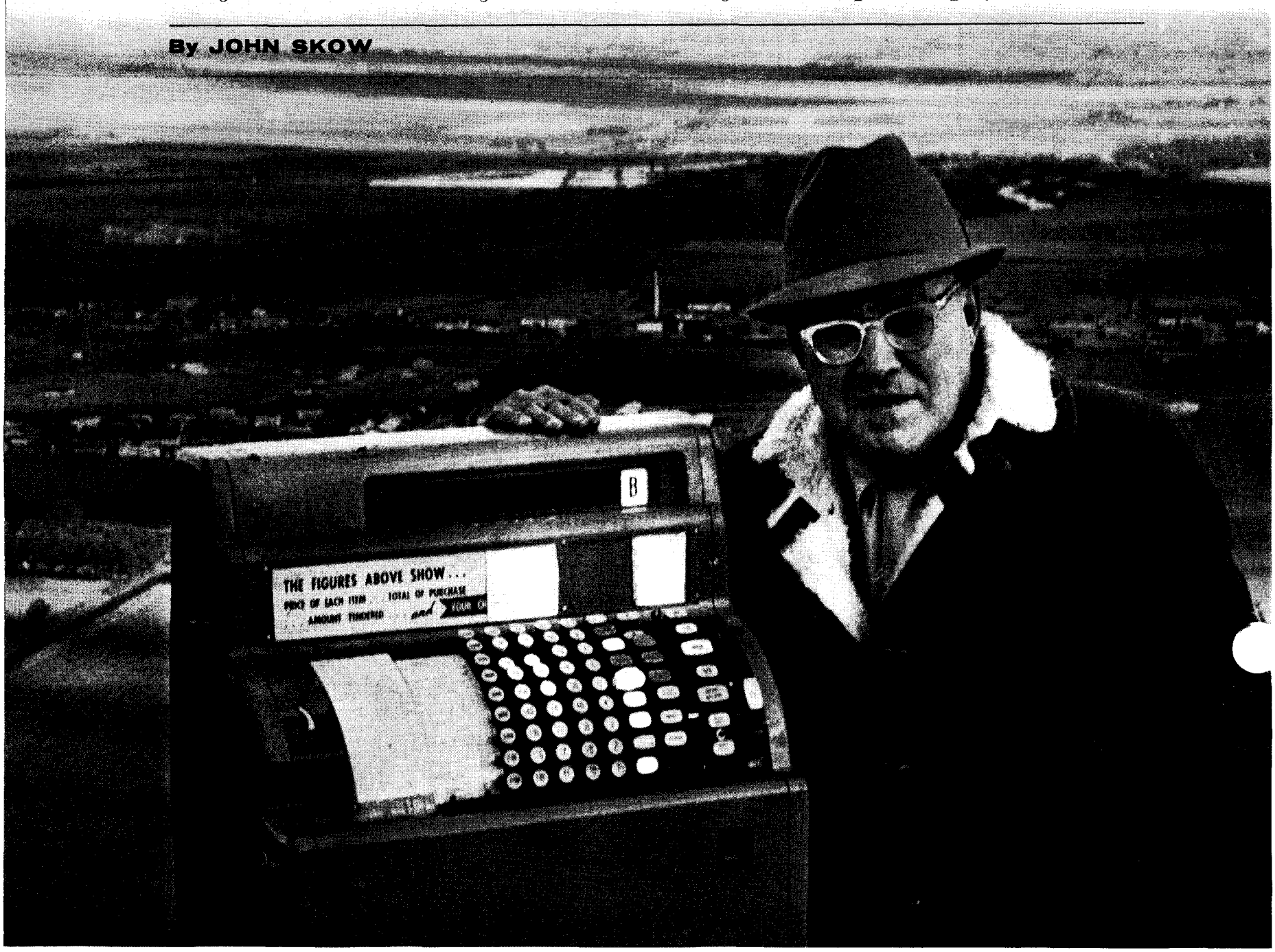
Nebraska fiasco: Buy now, pay never

A legislative blunder may let installment buyers tear up their payment books.

By JOHN SKOW



State Senator Terry Carpenter stands in the village of Terrytown (which he owns outright), exhibiting contested cash register (that he purchased but doesn't intend to pay for).

In England they call it the "never-never," although what they mean is "ever-ever." In forty-nine fiftieths of the United States, the term is "E-Z payments." Whatever the name of the game, it is always played the same way. If you do not get up a trifling bundle such as $119.43 on the appointed day each month, the Jovial Finance Company will repossess the hi-fi stereo klaxon attachment you bought for your snow thrower. Since this would be a social disaster, you borrow some money from your brother-in-law, fudge the dentist's bill and pay the payment.

The one state where this doesn't apply is Nebraska. There, because of a complicated legislative chowder that hardly anyone really understands, the chances are very good that you can burn your payment book, sue successfully to get back everything you have paid so far (except the down payment) and keep the klaxon, or whatever else you have bought—a car, a TV set, $239 worth of purple furniture, a matched set of diesel earthmovers costing $70,000. A number of solid citizens in Nebraska are doing just that. One of them is a Republican state senator named "Terrible Terry" Carpenter, who wants The National Cash Register Company to give back the $3,750 he paid in installments for a couple of cash registers. Carpenter does not need the money. He says it is a matter of principle, and he may win.

The chowder went on the fire in 1959. A somewhat muddle-headed state legislature passed a bill which said that state usury laws limiting Nebraskan interest rates to a basic rate of 9 percent did not apply to retailers' installment sales contracts. This was done at the behest—even the insistent pushing—of the state retailers' lobby, long accustomed to having its own way. For four years thereafter, merchants moved hard goods and closed installment contracts at interest rates ranging from 16 to 30 percent. Then last June the state supreme court ruled that the new law violated the state constitution, which forbids giving special interest-charging privileges to particular individuals or industries.

This means that Terry Carpenter's cash-register deal—and just about every other installment contract made in Nebraska since 1959—is theoretically illegal. And virtually every bank, finance company, car dealer, farm-machinery agency, furniture retailer and department store in the state stands to be a loser. Experts say that at least one billion dollars in installment paper could be lost. "Paper" is the finance industry's airy term for loan contracts; in Nebraska, the word now has unintended accuracy.

It depends largely on how many customers are too honest or too confused to take advantage of the situation. It also depends on how many have been chiseled by sharp traders—with inflated charges, shoddy repairs, turned-back speedometers, etc.—and are looking for a way to get even. Understandably, there is now a general impulse in Nebraska retailing circles to talk up honesty and confusion.

Let it be noted that most Nebraska businessmen are honest and foursqua and that installment selling has its pla Without it, the whole American economy would probably screech, shudder, and buck to a halt. Let it also be noted, however, that some retailers and finance companies have overdone it and charged excessive interest on installment sales. In

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Nebraska, the wolves suddenly hear people barking at their doors.

To appreciate the confusion this has ıused, an observer must go to Nebraska nd see for himself. The state is a pleasant, rolling freehold just to the left of Iowa, but only cartographically. It is solidly Republican and solidly Goldwater, although citizens, contrarily, are pleased with their state-owned electric power, and Democratic Gov. Frank B. Morrison is a good bet to win a third term. People take pride in being neighborly, sober and industrious. Something called nondrinkers' auto insurance sells briskly. Sin swings its handbag without much luck, which is not too surprising in a state whose capital calls its best hotel the Cornhusker.

Almost everyone in this heartland of neighborliness, sobriety, industry and bluff Americanism is a credit to the credit economy. That is, most people are in debt; each year, Nebraskans buy some $300 million worth of goods on credit. Until 1959 there was no state law governing installment sales. There was only a natural law, which states that when you buy knickknacks on the cuff, you pay for the cuff as well as the knickknacks. The retailer charges you a fee for lending you the amount of your purchase. A clothing store may disguise this fee as part of the sale price. A TV discounter tacks the fee on the bill and calls it—in the phrase current in Nebraska before the supreme court became snappish—a "time-sales differential."

The wording is important. "Time-sales differential" is a lumpy, lawyerish jumble of nouns, but to Nebraska retailers and moneymen it is a rallying cry—because it ›esn't mention the word *interest*.

In Nebraska, as in most states, the charging of interest has been governed for decades by a formidable set of laws. A rate of more than nine percent simple interest constitutes usury, except in the case of small loans. Here, because of the relatively high risks, consumer finance companies have long been permitted to charge much more: 30 percent on loans up to $300; 24 percent from $300 to $500; 18 percent from $500 to $1,000; 12 percent from $1,000 to $3,000 (in December the small-loan limit was lowered to $1,500).

Few banks and fewer finance companies use such bald, unattractive figures, except in directors' meetings. A bank may advertise that its rate for an auto loan is, say, 4½ percent a year, and finance companies disguise the yearly bite by referring to "2½ percent a month." But 2½ percent a month is about 30 percent a year, and the bank's modest 4½ percent is really nine percent, because the borrower, who pays the principal in monthly installments, does not have all the money for the full term of the loan.

But to retailers and to the finance companies who buy the retailers' paper, even these sizable rates seemed dangerously philanthropic. They liked it better when the interest charged on installment sales was totally unregulated because it was ›sidered a part of the price of the ›ds. A merchant could set two prices ›or his wares—a cash price and a time price. Buyers who chose to pay later paid the higher time price for the privilege.

This was contrary to the spirit of usury laws, which hold that the buyer, or borrower, needs to be protected from himself. But as long as few people were buying on the cuff, this could be overlooked.

Then came the postwar credit explosion. The cuff became respectable, and everyone patriotically went on it. If an article cost five dollars, it could be bought on the installment plan for payments adding up to seven dollars. Some retailers and loan-house tacticians devised ingenious ways to camouflage the difference. There were, for example, balloon payments where you bought a new convertible for $67 a month for 35 months, plus a final payment of $800. This often meant that you were obliged to borrow again to pay off the $800, paying large service charges for the refinancing. Some finance companies handling this sort of "paper" kicked back sizable fees to auto and appliance dealers and other retailers who steered the borrowers their way. It reached a point where some auto dealers were selling cars almost at cost and relying on kickbacks for their profit.

In 1959, a large Nebraska finance company was put in receivership after being sued by borrowers who charged the firm with various excesses in time-sales charges. Retailer kickbacks, while perfectly legal, had begun to make the news. It seemed to the retailers and lenders that legislation of some kind was imminent—and clearly, it was better to have a friendly law than an unfriendly one.

This posed no great difficulty. It was just a matter of having the right lobbyists, and no statehouse in the country is cozier for lobbyists than the one at Lincoln, Neb. Legislators eat breakfast at what one senator calls a statehouse "training table" paid for by lobbyists, and the lobbyists sit in orchestra seats directly behind the legislators in the senate chamber. Except for a few men who combine the function of lobbyist and senator, however, lobbyists are not allowed to enter the senators' portion of the orchestra when the unicameral legislature is deliberating. "Hell, no," says Sen. Terry Carpenter, the man who is suing the cash-register company. "When they want us, we go to them."

The time-sales law passed that year was so friendly that it jumped into the retailers' laps and licked their faces. It allowed most merchants to charge from 16 percent to 24 percent yearly, depending on the size of purchases. Auto dealers were allowed up to 16 percent on new cars and 30 percent on used cars.

It was a fact, of course, that State Attorney General Clarence Meyer had advised the senators that the bill was unconstitutional. Senator Carpenter also objected strongly, pointing out that the legislature was going to a great deal of trouble to cover itself with molasses and feathers. But the lenders and retailers got "some of the best legal minds in the state," in a phrase that Carpenter takes pleasure in quoting, to convince the senators that the attorney general was wrong.

As the ranking gadfly in the installment mess, Carpenter is worth a passing look. He is a shrewd eccentric whose chief reward in public service seems to be the trollish delight he takes in nettling his fellow lawgivers. He is the only member of the Nebraska senate who owns a whole town—not the political machine, but the town itself. Terrytown, Carpenter's fief, near Scottsbluff, has 600 inhabitants, a drive-in movie, an auditorium where twist musicales are held, and local-option liquor laws that allow the senator to maintain the only sit-down, order-a-drink restaurant in the area. Carpenter, who has made a comfortable fortune from oil and real estate, rose to this feudal magnificence after eight grades of school and an instructive term (1933–35) as a Democratic member of the U.S. House of Representatives. He won brief national notoriety at the 1956 Republican convention—Democrats had gone out of vogue in Nebraska—by nominating a nonexistent "Joe Smith" for the vice presidency. (He says he had intended to nominate Fred Seaton, then Secretary of the Interior, to supply some opposition to Richard M. Nixon. As Carpenter was standing before the microphone clearing his throat, Seaton withdrew his authorization. This filled Carpenter with wrath and contempt, and Joe Smith was born.)

Such folderol endears Carpenter to the voters, who have elected him to the state senate four times, but it baffles the men who make a living out of politics. They can't figure out what he is up to, and sometimes vote against his measures purely on reflex, a fact that Carpenter happily takes advantage of.

But Carpenter was not being cute in opposing the time-sales bill, and both the retailers and the senators—many of whom are merchants themselves—now regret that they didn't listen to him sooner. For four years, they neglected to take the easy step of submitting the law to a supreme court test. When a suit brought by an auto buyer did reach the high court last year, they got a double shock. Part of the reason they had been so carefree about the risk, it seems, was their assumption that the worst penalty that could be levied against them would

Attorney General Clarence Meyer at the senate. Other inscriptions might be apropos.

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be forfeiture of interest. The court not only ruled against them but declared that installment sales were, in effect, small loans. And the penalty set by the Nebraska small-loan act, made extremely harsh to keep "hip-pocket" loan sharks in line, is the forfeiture of both principal and interest. The molasses and feathers now filled the Nebraska senate chamber to neck level.

There was one hope for something less than financial chaos, and Max Denney, a lobbyist for the Nebraska Consumer Credit Association bravely stated it: "The fact that the law is unconstitutional does not void installment contracts."

Technically this was true. The supreme court had merely voided the principle on which the contracts were based. This meant that although people could probably get back the payments they had made and keep what they had bought, they could not do it automatically. Each case would have to be argued before a court. Although most installment buyers could win their cases, they might well be too confused or embarrassed to sue. And many would go on paying for what they had bought, because to them a debt was a debt, regardless of legalities.

How many would sue? Were they morally justified? And justified or not, what could be done to stop them?

There was no rush of lawsuits after the June decision. The people with the payment books were waiting to see what would happen. Terry Carpenter urged them on; the retailers had gambled and lost, he said, "and I think they ought to pay off." Nervously the merchants expressed complete confidence. "I just can't believe that the public would take advantage of a technicality," said George Wruck, general manager of the Associated Retailers of Omaha, a credit-and-collection agency. For the benefit of people who *did* contemplate the unthinkable, however, Wruck and others passed the word that a time-sales lawsuit would wreck a litigant's credit rating. "There isn't any blacklist," Wruck told a reporter recently. "We're unbiased. But it is worse than going bankrupt."

Also hedging bets on public rectitude, the legislature in November reduced the period in which lawsuits could be filed by cutting the statute of limitations affecting the cases from four years to one year. And, to prove that they had learned nothing whatever from the supreme court's ruling in June, the senators passed a substitute and virtually identical time-sales bill in July, preserving the retailers' cherished notion that a time-sales charge was not interest. (Attorney General Meyer had, of course, advised them that the new bill, like the old one, was unconstitutional.) Exhibiting growing confusion the senators then appointed a committee to study time sales, agreed to come back to confront the issue again in a special session, and went home.

During the rest of the summer business began to run scared. A large finance outfit, the James Talcott Co., pulled out of the state. Three banks stopped buying installment paper. On August 12, Terry Carpenter filed his suit against the National Cash Register Co., "to give suing some kind of respectability." The next day the Omaha *World-Herald* carried the year's least startling headline: FINANCE MEN OPPOSE FORFEITURE PENALTY. Early in September, lobbyist Max Denney noted that the whole financing industry was "gradually slowing down."

The time-sales squall, however, was rapidly speeding up. A few weeks later, just before the legislators were to convene to settle things, the state supreme court ruled against the substitute bill, and the doctrine of the time-sales differential. "Disguise it by any name we will, it is and remains interest," said the court, with a hint of irritability.

When the senators assembled in special session last October, they had two tasks, only one of which was impossible. A cynic, or a Nebraskan, might have predicted that the other task—that of writing a sound bill to cover future time sales—was also impossible, given the lawmakers' previous failures. Nevertheless, on the third try, such a bill was written. It allowed retailers to charge the equivalent of 12 percent simple interest on installment sales, set a reasonable forfeiture penalty of double the interest, and applied these terms broadly to all forms of installment loans. The attorney general thinks this will pass muster with the supreme court.

But the senators' first task was to validate all of those potentially invalid loan contracts or, failing that, to find some way of saying that the forfeiture penalty never existed. The reason this was impossible is that the U.S. Constitution forbids retroactive legislation. You may write a law affecting the future, but not one affecting the past. "There is absolutely no way to breathe new life into the old time-sales laws," Attorney General Meyer said tiredly at the year's end. He had been saying it for some time.

There were, however, two very good political reasons for going through the motions, which is what the legislature did. One is that in a crisis the voters like to see some action. Any action. The other is that a smoke screen takes time to clear away, and next November is the cutoff point for filing time-sales lawsuits. The senators did not breathe new life into the old laws, but they breathed a considerable quantity of smoke.

The smoke screen was diffused into four separate bills validating the 1959 law or insisting that the forfeiture penalty did not apply, in the hope that the supreme court could not clear everything away in one decision. There were some sticky moments, notably when proponents of the bills had to explain to the senate's less sophisticated members just why it was necessary to pass them despite the fact that they would almost certainly be declared illegal. At one point, Sen. George H. Fleming asked desperately whether an analysis "could be wrote out in laymen's language." Sen. Richard D. Marvel announced in words that should be but are not carved above the door of the senate chamber, "I am not going to vote for any more bills I don't understand."

The bills passed anyway. Governor Morrison, sharing the senate's desire to forestall lawsuits, put his name on them. The governor, who is an attorney, was asked whether he thought the bills had a chance. "Well, I signed them," he said, looking gloomy.

At the moment, some 300 actions have been filed by Nebraskans who want to get their payments back. This is no great number, but attorneys' desks are reported piled high with hundreds of lawsuits that will be dumped into the courts before the cutoff date.

There is no doubt about the economic impact. Dick Kinman, a Grand Island Chevrolet dealer who is president of the state's new car dealers' association, says the car business throughout Nebraska has been hurt, since finance companies won't handle the riskier paper at the 12 percent rate. Were there any actions against Kinman's firm? Yes, one, Kinman said; a grain hauler wants to get back the payments he made on a $10,000 truck and keep the truck.

George Roth, owner of the Paramount furniture store in Omaha, said that at one point only one of the nine finance companies he deals with was still buying installment contracts. "We're holding about $400,000 of our customers' paper, and that ties us up," says Roth. Was the 12 percent interest rate enough? "No," Roth declares. "We need 18 percent. The money costs us 5½ to 6½ percent. It costs $1 to file a contract and $1.75 for a credit check. We've got to pay our credit manager and accountants. On a one-hundred-dollar item it's way past 12 percent." Had Paramount been forced to raise prices to make up the difference? Roth shrugged. "No one likes to admit it, but yes, sure. And the dealers in Council Bluffs [the Iowa town across the river] can advertise lower prices, even if their higher financing charges make it come to the same thing for the customer."

A few of Roth's customers are suing. Yet Roth points out that all he did was obey the law. As he puts it, "If the sign says you can park on one side of the street, you park there."

This gets close to the heart of Nebraska's predicament. "The big retailers rammed through a bad bill in 1959, and I have no sympathy with those people," says Governor Morrison. "But when that bill became law, people obeyed it in good faith. Now the supreme court says you can take money out of the pockets of honest men, small-time dealers who have no lobbies, who didn't know the law was bad. It's not right."

This is the view most Nebraskans take. Attorney General Meyer takes a somewhat sterner position, however. "Those people [the retailers] were in the small-loan business, and they were charging too much. They can stand a few lawsuits." Most of the people who are suing, Meyer says, have been cheated in one way or another. "Listen to this," he said, and went on to tell of an aluminum-siding company which charged a customer the equivalent of 91 percent simple interest in "time differential."

It was not hard to find dozens of similar stories. Robert A. Nelson, a leading attorney in Lincoln, told of a couple who traded their old trailer for a new one, which turned out to be defective. The dealer refused to make repairs, and eventually the couple stopped their payments. The finance company which had bought their note sent a man around. He was full of sympathy, and offered to take their trailer to a repair shop. The next time the people saw the trailer, another couple was living in it; the finance company had repossessed it. "The people won their case," said Nelson, "and they got a settlement. After they paid their legal fees, they had roughly the price of the old trailer they had traded in." But Nelson does agree that "a lot of small dealers were misled." He has told attorneys who work for him not to accept cases in which borrowers merely want to welsh on agreements.

Terry Carpenter, however, doesn't pity even the small retailers. "I'd feel a lot sorrier," he says, "if any of them had offered to do the decent thing, pay back the excess interest. Did they? Hell, no."

Wherever justice lies, Nebraskans are not the only ones who should be brooding about it. The Council of State Governments, an advisory group in Chicago, reports that 36 states have separate laws or doctrines governing time-sales differential. Twenty-four of these have constitutional provisions similar to Nebraska's prohibiting the fixing of interest rates by "special, private or local" laws.

While some of these states have taken various steps to forestall time-sales trouble, others may be headed the way of Nebraska. For the information of chorder lovers, the states are Alabama, Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Misssisippi, Missouri, Montana, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia and Wyoming. THE END

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.
HAZEL by Ted Key
"Take me to your leader."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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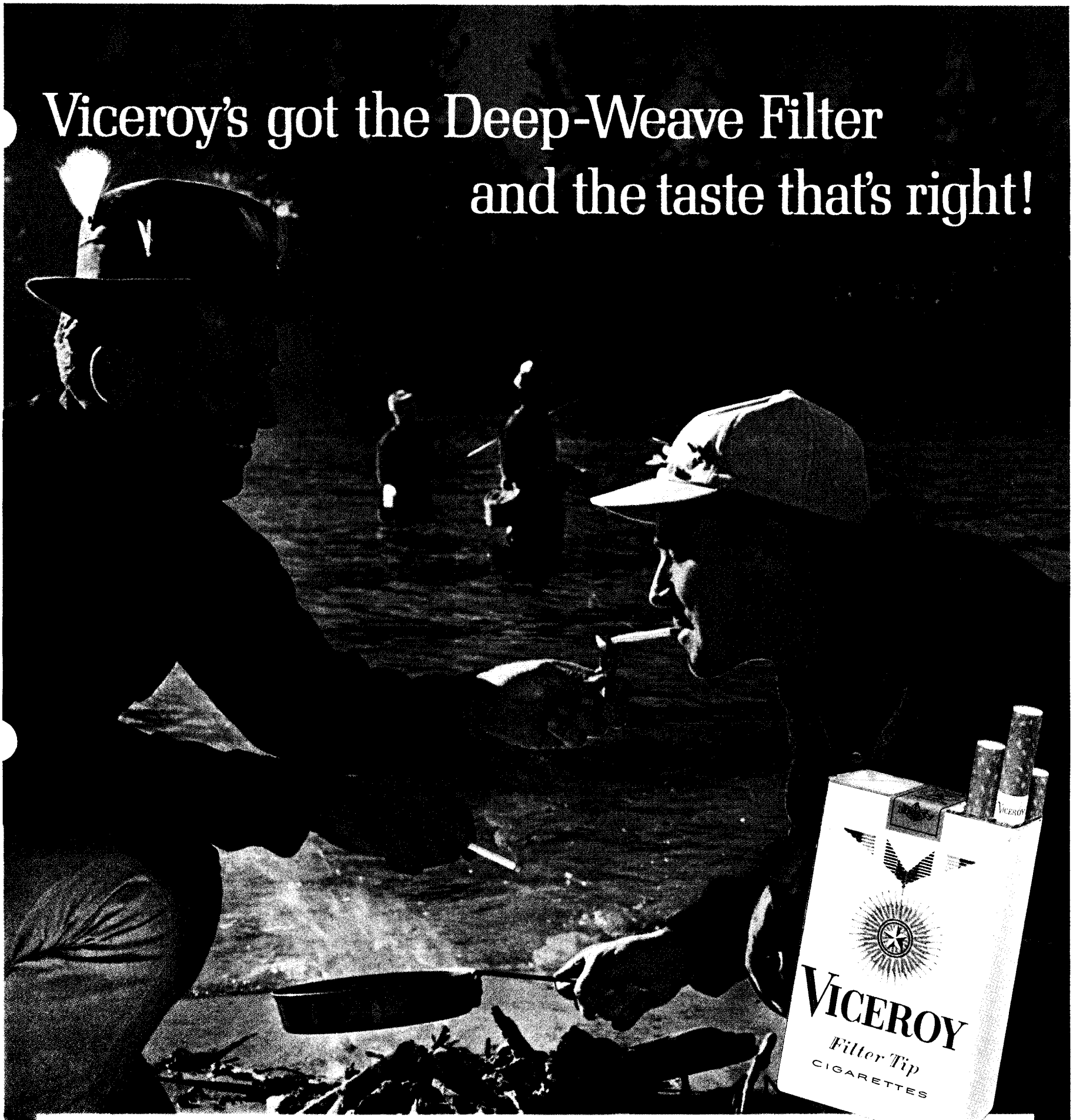

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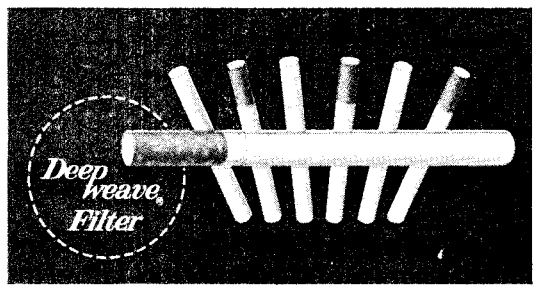

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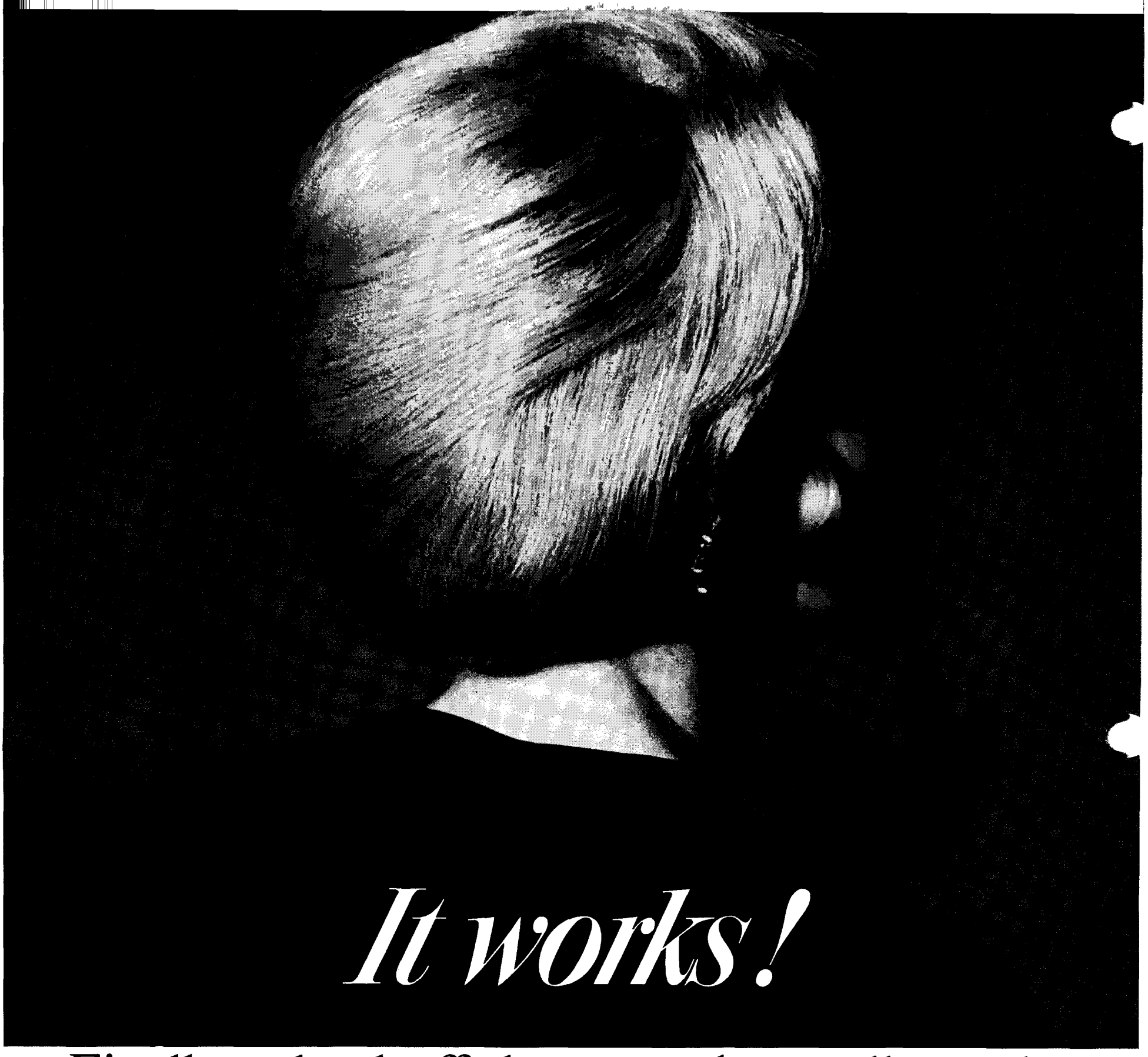

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IN TUBE OR JAR

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After years of bitter frustration, Negro tenants are trying a new tactic: stop paying rent.

Richard Moore killed rat after finding it in his son's crib, about to bite child.

HARLEM GOES TO WAR AGAINST THE SLUMLORDS

By Robert K. Massie

After mass meeting, rent strikers carry protest to New York Mayor Robert Wagner with march on City Hall.

A freezing wind whipped through Harlem, stirring the trash in the gutters, tugging at rattling windows, blowing down long, dark hallways left open to the street. It was warmer inside the well-lighted gymnasium on West 118th Street, but the men and women packed into 600 chairs on the basketball court kept their overcoats on. This was not the kind of audience that checked its coats. These people were slum tenants, inhabitants of the wasteland of crumbling buildings and decaying garbage heaps which covers the northern end of Manhattan Island. Most of them had gone for months with no heat in their icy radiators and no hot water in their sinks and bathtubs. Gray rats as big as squirrels prowled through their kitchens and scurried under their beds. Now, encouraged to believe that if they acted together, "the Man" could not put all of them "on the street," they had stopped paying rent. All together, on that bleak mid-January day, 3,000 Harlem families were holding back rents worth over $100,000 a month.

Jesse Gray, who had persuaded these people to strike, climbed up on a platform at one end of the room and began to speak. Gray has a large moustache and widely spaced buckteeth and, because he was once a tailor, his suits fit well. His voice, however, is far more aggressive than his appearance. That day it shook with belligerence and outrage.

"In Harlem the landlords have been on strike for a long time," Jesse shouted. "Now *we're* going on strike."

"That's right," chorused the crowd.

"We've got to clear all the rats out of this town," Jesse said, pointing to two large placards in front of the platform. One portrayed the head of the Democratic donkey joined to the body of a rat. The other depicted the Republican elephant similarly transformed.

"Harlem," said Jesse, "has got to let Mayor Wagner know that there'll be no votes for him this year. That he shouldn't come looking for 'em. When we vote,

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Author James Baldwin (standing) speaks at meeting of tenants called by Jesse Gray (left). Gray said, "The landlords have been on strike a long time. Now we're on strike."

we'll write in our votes for rats. At least they live with us up here in Harlem."

"That's right," they shouted.

"We're going to say to the mayor and to the governor and to the President of the United States that in all the ghettos of this country, it's time to stop paying rent to keep rats alive and landlords fat. They can't evict twenty million Negroes from this country!" The crowd roared.

Jesse Gray's rent strike is not important only to New York. If this tactic is successful in Harlem, it will spread to all the other American cities where Negroes are cooped in grimy ghettos. For the strike—along with New York's recent school boycott in which 360,000 students walked out in protest against racial imbalance in the city schools—is dramatic evidence of the Negro's new militancy in the North. Said Bayard Rustin, the 53-year-old Negro who organized last summer's march on Washington and led the one-day school strike, "The boycott and the rent strike are fair warning that the civil-rights revolution has reached out of the South and is now knocking at our own doors."

As an indication of the effect this is having, a number of city and state politicians, union leaders and civil-rights chieftains, types ranging from U.S. Congressman William Fitts Ryan to novelist James Baldwin, had chosen to sit on the platform that afternoon with Jesse Gray. As one endorsement followed another ("It is always hopeful for democracy when the people turn out to air their grievances"), one veteran New York newspaperman watched in amazement.

"For ten years Jesse Gray's been complaining about living conditions in Harlem, but nobody would listen to him. Now all of a sudden he's holding press conferences, he's on the front page and all the pols are scrambling to sit on a platform with him. You know why? The slums haven't changed. But this year everybody suddenly realizes that the people living in those slums are Negroes."

In these days of the Negro Revolution a man does not need a downtown office, letterhead stationery and frequent invitations to dine at the White House in order to become a civil-rights leader. All he needs is a following. Jesse Gray, born 39 years ago in Louisiana, a merchant seaman during the war, and after that a tailor in Harlem, has a following. To the people of Harlem it doesn't matter that the articulate leaders of the N.A.A.C.P., C.O.R.E. and the Urban League deplore splinter movements and independent leaders such as Jesse Gray. Nor do they care that Jesse Gray has been accused by anonymous postcards of being a Communist. (Gray supported the right of American Communist Benjamin Davis to run for the New York state senate in 1958, and he took the Fifth Amendment when asked to name other Communists he knew. In heated arguments he makes statements such as, "If private property means that rats can eat my children, I don't care about private property." But he has denied under oath any Communist Party affiliation, and no contrary evidence ever has been produced.) The only thing that matters in Harlem is that Jesse Gray has been demanding for 10 years that something be done about living conditions in Harlem's slums. Now, in its awakening sense of power, Harlem itself has begun to make this demand. And on this issue at least, it has made Jesse Gray its angry voice.

To understand why Jesse Gray and Harlem are protesting, it is necessary to walk through the blighted streets north of Central Park. Dirty sidewalks are lined with five-story houses, each divided into 15 apartments. Windows are patched with cardboard, doors wobble loose on their hinges, hallways smell of age and dirt and poverty. In such a house Mrs. Joyce Borden, a tall, serious woman of 31, lives in conditions that are appalling even by Harlem's miserable standards.

A steady stream of water

In the basement of her building at 105 West 114th Street, a flashlight beam picks out the remains of a dismantled boiler. The boiler was destroyed a year ago, and Joyce Borden has been without heat and hot water ever since. There is a broken pipe in the apartment above Mrs. Borden's, and for six weeks a steady downpour of cold water has drenched her bathroom.

Worse, since the week before Christmas Joyce Borden's apartment has been without electricity. She cannot even get light from outside; her window shades are drawn to preserve a few extra degrees of the thin heat that filters from her kitchen oven. Ten-year-old Samuel Borden does his homework in the afternoon by the light of a kerosene lamp. After supper, when his mother goes off to clean an empty, well-heated office in midtown New York, Samuel Borden gets into bed and tries to keep warm.

To call on Joyce Borden, a visitor must walk in from the sunlit street, grope down a damp, dark hallway and up a set of creaking stairs. Standing in her doorway in a bathrobe and hair curlers, Joyce Borden shows a surprisingly even temper toward her misfortunes.

"I've lived here for eight years, and I've always paid about fifty dollars a month rent. Now the landlord says he can't afford to fix the boiler and give us heat. Con Edison says they can't give us electricity because that's the landlord's responsibility. We've called all kinds of city inspectors, but they just come and make notes and go away. Since it didn't seem to be anybody else's responsibility, I decided to make it mine. I went to Jesse Gray, and he helped me organize this building. Now we're on strike."

Joyce Borden knows the name of her landlord. City records list him as Walter Giles, 155-23 116th Avenue, Jamaica, N.Y. Mr. Giles has moved, however, to New City, a small town up the Hudson River from New York. He admits owning the house in which Joyce Borden lives but has declined to discuss it with a reporter.

Many landlords cannot be found at all. They hide behind the façade of quickly erected corporations, or place titles in the names of their wives, their secretaries, their lawyers. Some landlords choose to live outside New York state; some are across the river in the suburbs of New Jersey, others live in Florida or Puerto Rico.

There is at least one house in Harlem, at 11 West 107th Street, which nobody owns. A Buildings Department investigation revealed 17 different names listed as owners, co-owners and mortgagees, but all of these people disclaim ownership and responsibility. Presumably the last owner, unable to face the massive costs of repairing the house, simply gave up and disappeared. The pipes have been ripped out of the basement, and the

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JESSE GRAY: "THEY CAN'T EVICT 20,000,000 NEGROES FROM THIS COUNTRY!"

building has neither heat nor running water. The tenants remain, paying no rent, hoping that the city will take over the building under receivership law.

One of these tenants is Mrs. Eunice Bates, a short, round-faced grandmother who talks with a heavy wheeze. Mrs. Bates gets water from a hose in the basement next door and carries it up to her apartment in buckets and wastebaskets. She does not seem to have much hope that conditions will improve.

"You reporters come, the city inspectors come, but nothing ever gets better. I had to send my two boys to Connecticut this winter to live with my sister. One of them has asthma, and he can't keep alive in this cold. I don't know what we're going to do."

In the apartment directly above Mrs. Bates, Shirley Williams, an attractive young woman in her 20's, has not yet given up. This is because James Williams, Shirley's husband, is a head shipping clerk at a Seventh Avenue dress house, and his weekly income, $75, is enough to qualify him for one of the city's low-income housing projects. There is a long waiting list, but the Williamses have been promised an apartment fairly soon. Meanwhile, Shirley Williams carries water from next door and keeps it in pails until it is time to cook, clean, flush a toilet or wash the diapers of her 10-month-old daughter.

"We've been here five years, and we've tried to make this a nice place," she says, gesturing toward the new couches in her ving room and the new encyclopedia her shelves. "We want to pay rent, ut nobody comes to collect it. Instead, we pay $70 a month for gas to keep the oven going for heat. We worry about it causing a fire, we worry about the rats getting into my baby's crib. My son has had double pneumonia, and my daughter has had meningitis. My husband works hard, because we want something better for our kids. But we just can't go on like this." Her eyes, which had been flashing with indignation, began to fill with tears. Spreading her arms and shaking her head slowly, Shirley Williams said, "Nobody would believe how we're living here. Nobody would believe it."

There are many people in Harlem who would believe Shirley Williams; for one, there is Mrs. Annabelle Alexander of 2174 Lexington Avenue. On January 2 her five-year-old son John was bitten on the lower lip by a rat, and rushed to a hospital for the first of a series of 14 anti-rabies shots. Annabelle Alexander easily recognized the creature that bit her son; he had lived with the family for months.

Richard Moore, a 22-year-old stock clerk, would also agree with Shirley Williams. On January 11, in his apartment at 1787 Madison Avenue, he found a large rat in the crib with his baby son. Moore chased the rat before it could bite, nd killed it by his usual method. "They n't run too fast. I just take a box and nash 'em against the wall."

At night the temperature inside Moore's unheated apartment sometimes drops to 18°. But he is tired of moving. "I moved into this place four months ago from a place that was worse," he says wearily. But he has stopped paying his monthly rent of $65, he has organized his own building and helped Jesse Gray organize nine others.

There probably would not have been a rent strike in Harlem if the city of New York had been able to enforce the minimum housing standards required by law. But one million people still live in 43,000 buildings erected before 1901. To replace these buildings would cost an estimated $17 billion.

Landlords complain that New York's rent-control law holds rents so low that they cannot afford to make repairs. So far, however, no city administration has dared risk voter displeasure by removing these controls. On January 23, with controls due to expire on February 1, the City Council held hearings to listen to both sides. A group of small property owners showed up and one of them began shouting that the continuance of rent controls would be "compromising with Communism and Fascism." Outside, Jesse Gray and a group of strikers picketed the hearings, then burst inside to demand that "all tenants leave this slumlords meeting." Disorders broke out and a number of the more vehement landlords were ejected. Gray led his followers outside and relative calm returned. On January 28, the council extended rent controls another two years, leaving matters about where they were in the beginning.

But while both sides argue, buildings continue to decay. Even when violations are found and landlords are convicted, penalties remain low.

Fines for housing violations may be as low as five dollars; the average fine is $30. Says Mayor Wagner, "The slumlord will say—if you can find him—'I would rather pay that low fine than all the money it would take to make these places proper.'" For several years Wagner has asked the legislature to set minimum housing-violation fines at $100, but he has been unsuccessful. In 1962 Wagner did persuade the legislature to enact a receivership law, empowering the city to take over buildings in violation, collect the rents and use the money to make repairs. By mid-January of this year the city had taken over 12 buildings.

Delay is compounded by confusion and overlapping authority. If Joyce Borden has no heat, she must call the Health Department to complain. If she has no hot water, she must call the Buildings Department. If she has no water at all, she must call the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity. If Shirley Williams has a rathole, she is supposed to ask a Building Department inspector to call. If a rat emerges from the hole, she must ask for a health inspector. Leaky pipes are Buildings' responsibility, big leaks belong to Water Supply, overflow from the apartment above is a police matter. Sometimes inspectors may call simultaneously from three separate departments. Each writes on his clipboard and goes away. More often, tenants are shunted from one telephone switchboard to another and simply give up.

Until now Harlem has always accepted delay and despair. But in 1963, with fellow Negroes braving fire hoses and police dogs in southern cities, a new mood began to sweep through Harlem's tenements. In October Jesse Gray's Community Council on Housing persuaded the tenants of Numbers 15, 16 and 18 East 117th Street to stop paying rent. By Christmas 58 buildings in Harlem were on strike. In Shirley Williams's building a gas leak was discovered on Christmas Day, and the gas had to be turned off. For Christmas dinner she served her family spiced-ham sandwiches.

The rent strike got a crucial lift on December 30. On that day 13 of the striking families living at 16 and 18 East 117th Street were to be haled into court by their landlord. The tenants were prepared to list the 157 uncorrected violations in the two buildings, but Jesse Gray had an additional dramatic idea. "Bring a rat to court," he told the strikers.

On the morning of December 30 Gray

Harlem: a dreary wasteland of uncollected garbage and decaying houses in which many tenants live without heat or light.

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WITH 4,500 FAMILIES ON STRIKE IN NEW YORK, THE MOVEMENT IS SPREADING

and his followers carried eight dead rats down to the City Courthouse at 111 Center Street. Court bailiffs found three of the rats and forced their owners to check the rodents in a cloakroom. But five rats, concealed under clothing and in women's pocketbooks, made it into the courtroom. Judge Guy Gilbert Ribaudo ruled that the 13 tenants thereafter should turn over their accruing rents to his court. The landlord could get the rent from the court once he had repaired the violations. Gray dangled the rats before a mob of photographers and TV cameramen, tossed them into a wastebasket, and went home happy.

The strike gathered additional legal support from a decision handed down in Brooklyn by Judge Fred G. Moritt. Judge Moritt ruled that tenants in substandard dwellings were not required to deposit rent with anybody until repairs were made.

"My decision means that the landlord in extreme cases is not entitled to any rent until the conditions are remedied," he declared. "Some of the buildings aren't fit for pigs. . . . If it takes the landlord two years to make the repairs, he gets no rent for two years. I am merely applying the ancient and elementary law that you don't owe for what you don't get."

Many New York lawyers doubt that the law is quite so elementary as Judge Moritt believes. "Judge Moritt decided that case on purely emotional grounds. His decision will be thrown out by the appellate courts," said one Manhattan lawyer. Mrs. Hortense W. Gabel, the city's rent and rehabilitation administrator, also doubts that Judge Moritt's decision will be upheld by the higher courts. Therefore, said Mrs. Gabel, "it would be most unfortunate if tenants were not required to pay their rents to the courts." Privately Mrs. Gabel explained that she feared landlord reprisals against tenants if the ruling is overturned. But Jesse Gray interpreted her statement as an attack on the rent strike. "Hortense Gabel helps landlords, and Hortense Gabel has got to go," he tells his rallies. Hearing this, Mrs. Gabel shrugs and smiles. "If Government is supposed to be the art of managing crises," she says, "I think we could have managed this one a little better."

Jesse Gray himself does not worry about the legality of the rent strike. "Once you've got 15,000 people not paying rents, it's not a legal problem. It's a political problem," he says. "Now it's up to the mayor and the governor."

New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller does not accept Gray's placement of responsibility. Gray's response was to call for a "Rats to Rockefeller" campaign and to order 3,000 black rubber rats from a toy manufacturer which his followers could mail to the governor. This bit of showmanship finally provoked Rockefeller to reply. Climbing out of a plane from New Hampshire, he accused New York City of failing to enforce housing and sanitation laws. "The rent strikers know where the problem is. It's right in City Hall," said the governor. He added that if he found any rats in his mail, he would "readdress" them to Mayor Wagner. In rebuttal to Rockefeller's attack, city officials point to the omission from Governor Rockefeller's annual message to the legislature of any proposals for new low-rent public housing. Instead, Rockefeller's message promised a commission report on the "feasibility of providing low-rent housing with private capital."

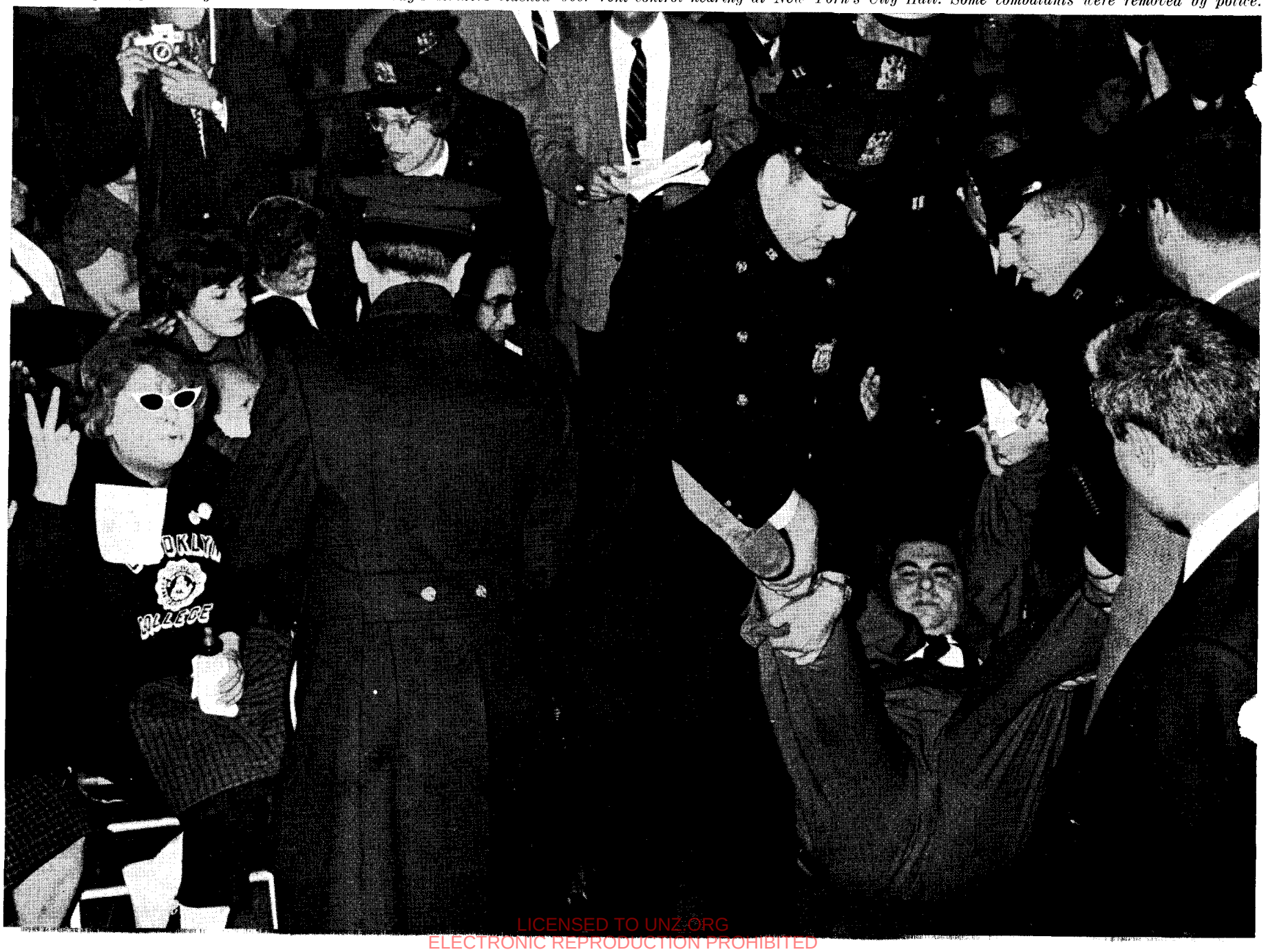
Mayor Wagner, during his 10 years in office, has periodically announced "a massive attack" or a "new and more effective attack" on slumlords. These battle cries come in cycles, as do elections. This year's slogan is "a pocketbook attack on the slumlords." Immediately after Judge Ribaudo's decision, when the number of buildings on strike had jumped to nearly 200, the mayor announced a new program. It included ending duplication and overlap among city agencies with housing responsibilities, stiffer fines and jail sentences for slumlords, a speedup in the processing of complaints and, most important, a legalizing of rent withholding if the Department of Health certified a building as a menace to health. A week later the mayor announced that the city would spend one million dollars to kill rats beginning in March.

"Wagner has talked about helping us for ten years," says Jesse Gray, as he sits in his tiny, windowless office at 6 East 117th Street, "but conditions are worse now than they ever have been. The mayor has authority under the receivership law to take over these substandard buildings."

The more he talks, the madder Jesse Gray gets. "Wagner won't act unless the pressure's on him. We're going to keep it on. I don't care what Wagner does, or Rockefeller, or even L.B.J. It would be the simplest thing in the world for L.B.J. to put up half a billion dollars to tear down these slums and give our people decent housing. Rockefeller? Ha! He owns a whole lot of raggedy property all over this town. He's just like any other landlord. The landlords are fat, fat, fat!" The hand pounds the battered desk.

Despite the attacks, most Harlem landlords have stayed undercover. A few have written to newspapers, stating that their tenants "urinated in the halls, threw garbage in the backyard" and "lived it up on welfare money at the corner ginmills." Two landlords, Arnold Schildhaus and Lee Sterling, appeared on a local

On January 23, protesting landlords and Jesse Gray's strikers clashed over rent-control hearing at New York's City Hall. Some combatants were removed by police.



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ɔVER THE NORTH.

television program with Jesse Gray and counterattacked directly. Sterling, who wns a building at 100th Street and First .venue, said, "I went in last summer and tried to put the building in shape. We plastered and painted, but two weeks later the holes were all back again. Some tenants went up on the roof and tore down the chimney and threw the bricks at the police cars in the street."

Schildhaus went even further. "The truth is that in Harlem today the average family is very destructive," he said. Both landlords claimed that rent controls prevented them from making repairs. "We are losing thousands of dollars," said Schildhaus, "but we can't get rid of these buildings. The law won't even permit us to give them away."

According to several city officials, Schildhaus's statement is not completely accurate. "The owner has an absolute right to withdraw from the rental market if he can prove that the cost of repairing violations is greater than the assessed valuation of the building," said one top city official. "Under the law, when you don't pay taxes for four years, the city may foreclose on a building," added Milton Mollen, Mayor Wagner's chief housing adviser. "But the great majority of landlords, and the slumlords particularly, continue to pay taxes because they are making money."

But while the argument goes on, the rent-strike tactic continues to gather momentum. By mid-February there were 300 buildings and 4,500 families on strike in Harlem. The Congress of Racial Equality already has conducted limited ·ent strikes in other parts of New York ity and in Cleveland, and is planning .iem for other northern cities. But C.O.R.E.'s rent strikes have never been as successful as Jesse Gray's, and C.O.R.E.'s Executive Director James Farmer is not pleased with this situation.

"Rent strikes are a C.O.R.E. project," says Farmer. "I announced last spring that they would be one of our tactics. We are very glad to see others join us. But I would not wish to comment on Mr. Gray." In 10 days of trying, N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins could not be reached for comment.

Fighting slums in a huge metropolis is discouraging work. In 1957 Mayor Wagner told New York *World-Telegram* housing reporter Woody Klein, "There's nothing you can do about slums, you know that. They're always going to be that way." But living in slums is discouraging too. Especially when the people who live there realize that their society could build new buildings if it really wanted to.

Less than five miles from the teeming Harlem streets where Jesse Gray lives and works, where people shiver and guard their children against rats, new buildings worth almost one billion dollars have been erected within the past 18 months. They are the gleaming, well-heated halls ·nd palaces scattered through the Flush- Meadow site of the 1964 New York ·orld's Fair. But these soaring buildings, erected to celebrate the imaginative genius of New York and America, are for people to visit, not to live in. THE END

After a meeting, Harlem's embattled tenants contribute what they can to support the rent-strike program. Here, a child chips in.

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THE EMBARRASSMENT OF OUR PACIFIC TRUST TERRITORIES

There was a time not so many years ago when Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Saipan, Tinian and Peleliu were uppermost in our minds. But after World War II roared through Micronesia, these islands were lost in its wake. Today, as Don Oberdorfer reports (p. 24), they are neglected and ignored, an embarrassment and a shame to the United States. It is ironic that this should happen. Since World War II we have spent more than $104 billion in foreign aid. We have dispatched soldiers, technicians and Peace Corps volunteers to nearly every quarter of the globe, and we have spent vast sums of money in countries that have no legal or moral claim to our aid.

The Pacific Trust Territories are the one area in the world with a valid legal right to our aid. The Trusteeship Agreement of 1947, under which we assumed responsibility for the territories, commits us to "promote the economic advancement and self-sufficiency of the inhabitants," and to lead them to self-government and economic independence. Yet the truth of the matter is that we have failed miserably to discharge our responsibility. "The U.S. had done almost nothing to repair the damages of World War II," Oberdorfer reports. Farmlands still are strewn with hand grenades and shells. Hospitals, schools, bridges, roads and public utilities are sorely needed.

When President Kennedy first learned of this deplorable situation, he called for action at once. Belatedly, a development program was initiated. But President Kennedy is gone now, and much remains to be done. We must act without further delay to discharge the responsibility we incurred 17 years ago.

DE GAULLE, RED CHINA AND THE U.N.

General de Gaulle's recognition of Red China has again revived talk of the "inevitability" of the admission of Red China to the U.N. The argument is familiar. Whether we like it or not, advocates of admission say, we might as well face up to the fact that Red China is in fact the government of the mainland. Recognition and admission to the U.N. do not imply moral approval. They are simply an acknowledgment of the facts of life.

According to the argument, admission to the U.N. may serve a useful purpose. In some mysterious way it may tame the Red Chinese. "The Peking regime has been in effective control of the Chinese mainland for 14 years," says *The New York Times*. "It is not going to vanish as a result of American nonrecognition. Nor will its militancy be sapped by continued exclusion from the United Nations. On the contrary, most of the world believes that U.N. membership could be a restraining influence. This view is even shared by India, which recently has faced a Chinese invasion."

There must be a better authority on Red China than India, and there should be a better argument for admission than the vague assertion that "most of the world believes that U.N. membership could be a restraining influence." How the *Times* determines what "most of the world believes" escapes us.

Most of the argument about the admission of Red China is beside the point. It begins and ends with the question of who controls the mainland. The answer, of course, is Red China. The chances that the Chinese Nationalists will retake the mainland are about as remote as the chances that the Bourbon monarchy will be restored in France.

There are, however, compelling reasons why we should oppose the admission of Red China as long as the question exists. The case does not rest alone on the fact that Red China is an aggressive power; that she has made war on the U.N., committed aggression against Tibet and India, and today is fomenting trouble and violence in Africa, Latin America and Southeast Asia. These facts obviously flout the U.N. charter requirement that member nations must be "peace-loving" states. But Russia is a member of the U.N., and clearly not all of the members are "peace-loving."

The case against Red Chinese admission rests on a stronger argument. That is the simple fact that such a step would either wreck or greatly weaken the U.N. Nothing could be more destructive of that organization. As U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson has said, "The Peking regime, far from being reformed by its experience in the United Nations, would be encouraged by its success in gaining admission to exert, all the more forcefully, by threats and maneuvers, a most disruptive and demoralizing influence on the organization. . . ."

If the pronouncements of its leaders mean anything, Red China is devoted to the destruction of the peace-making principles that motivate the U.N. Red Chinese leaders have proclaimed nuclear war as a means of achieving Communist world domination. Far from being pacified by U.N. membership, Red China in all probability would obstruct that organization and veto its peace-making efforts. It would use the U.N. as a forum to demonstrate that Red China is more militant and warlike than Russia. All the while it would refuse to support the organization or pay its dues.

The U.N. has a limited usefulness, but in certain situations not involving a direct confrontation between the great powers, it can help keep the peace. Those of us who want to see the U.N. survive and grow in strength should exert every effort to keep Red China out. The Johnson Administration, which reacted to General de Gaulle's recognition of Red China with a weak we-disagree-with-you response, should begin now to build and maintain support for our position. General de Gaulle's power and influence are subject to serious question. Admission of Red China to the U.N. will be "inevitable" only when we cease to fight.

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